A GUIDE

TO

THE LAKES.



J. Feary delin.

Engraved by J. Caldwall.

GRASMERE

A GUIDE

TO

THE LAKES,

IN

CUMBERLAND, WESTMORLAND,

AND

LANCASHIRE.

By the Author of The Antiquities of Furneſs.



For Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies.
Wild above rule or art [and beauteous form'd]
A happy rural ſeat of various view.
Paradiſe loſt.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:
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AND W. PENNINGTON, KENDAL.
1793.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

THE speedy ſale of the firſt edition of this work has induced the publiſhers to uſe their beſt endeavours to make the preſent one ſtill more worthy of public encouragement, by ſubjecting it to ſuch alterations and improvements as were judged neceſſary to complete its deſign,—and of which it may be here proper to give ſome account.

The many imperfections of ſtile and compoſition which but too evidently appeared in the firſt impreſſion are attempted to be rectified in this. Some additional matter is introduced into the body of the text, and a few notes are inſerted on incidental ſubjects, which were thought to be properly allied to the leading one. Beſides an elegant frontiſpiece, an ADDENDA *is ſubjoined, containing a collection of ſeveral valuable miſcellaneous pieces which have occaſionally appeared reſpecting the lakes. And a friend of the publiſhers has communicated an original article, called* A TOUR TO THE CAVES, *which it is hoped will not only entertain, but be*

found particularly accurate as to matter of fact.—In short, the publishers have done every thing in their power to make this GUIDE *as complete and useful as its object is curious and popular.*

GUIDES *of every denomination should be well acquainted with the regions in which they exercise their vocation, and it must be natural for the purchasers of this manual to wish to know something of its author, and the pretentions he has to claim their implicit confidence in the character he assumes. This curiosity may* NOW *be properly indulged, as he is no longer within the reach of either praise or censure:—But what we have to say on the subject will be very short.*

Mr. WEST, *late of* ULVERSTON, *author of this tract, and also of the* ANTIQUITIES OF FURNESS, *is supposed to have had the chief part of his education on the Continent, where he afterwards presided as a professor in some of the branches of natural philosophy: whence it will appear, that though, upon some account or other, he had not acquired the habit of composing correctly in English, he must nevertheless have been a man of learning. He had seen many parts of* EUROPE, *and considered what was extraordinary in them with a curious, if not with a judicious and philosophic eye. Having in the latter part of his life much leisure time on his hands, he frequently accompanied genteel parties on the* TOUR OF THE LAKES; *and after*

after he had formed the deſign of drawing up his GUIDE, *beſides conſulting the moſt eſteemed writers on the ſubject (as Dr.* BROWN, *Meſſrs.* GRAY, YOUNG, PENNANT, *&c.) he took ſeveral journeys on purpoſe to examine the lakes, and to collect ſuch information concerning them, from the neighbouring gentlemen, as he thought neceſſary to complete the work, and make it truly deſerving of its title. From theſe particulars, and the internal evidence of the following pages, it is preſumed the reader will be ſatisfied, that the author was, in the moſt eſſential reſpects, well qualified for his undertaking. And ſhould ſome of his digreſſions into antiquity be thought too long, or a few deſcriptions want preciſion, and now and then a ſtation be dubiouſly pointed out,—if, on the whole, the matter be ſelected by no uniform plan, let it be remembered, few writers of tours have been able to avoid blemiſhes of this kind, and that the chief end of the work is accompliſhed, if, along with due copiouſneſs, it be authentic in the principal articles of local information.*

Before the author's death (which happened very lately) he had collected ſome new matter for this*

tract,

* Mr. Weſt died the 10th of July, 1779, at the ancient ſeat of the Stricklands, at Sizergh, in Weſtmorland, in the ſixty-third year of his age; and, according to his own requeſt, was interred in the choir, or chapel, belonging to the Strickland family, in Kendal church.—As he was a man of worth, as well as ingenuity, this further ſhort memorial of his exit will not need an apology.

tract, which is introduced in the preſent edition in the manner he deſigned; but the reviſion of the language, &c. mentioned above, fell of courſe to another perſon; and, in juſtice to him and the author, it is proper to ſay here in what manner it has been executed.

As there is ſomething particular, and often pleaſing, in the author's ſtrokes of deſcription, and manner of thinking, care has been taken, all along, to preſerve his ideas, as much as poſſible, in his own order, terms, and mode of conſtruction. A few needleſs repetitions and redundancies have, indeed, been retrenched, but little has been added which was not neceſſary to complete the ſenſe. On this account, as the work is in itſelf more of an uſeful than entertaining nature, it is preſumed the judicious reader will not yet *expect elegance of language, but be ſatisfied if, on the whole, he find it decently perſpicuous and correct.*

X.

September 28, 1779.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THIS EDITION.

IN each of the ſucceeding editions of this work ſuch corrections and additions have been made as occurred, from the beſt information that could be procured, in order to make it ſtill more and more complete: particular attention having thus been paid to the accuracy of facts, it is hoped it will now be found very authentic and ſatisfactory. To this fifth *edition is added a view of* LOWDORE, *from a drawing by Mr.* Farington, *and engraved by Mr.* Byrne.

The two views which have been ſelected to engrave for this work may ſerve to give a general idea of the features of the country. The view of Graſmere *is in the placid rural ſtile, with its magnificent accompaniments, and that of* Lowdore *exhibits a ſpecimen of the rude grandeur of the environs of Keſwick.*

As a work of this kind is of courſe intended for general uſe, the publiſhers could not be expected to

go

go far into this expenſive ſpecies of ornament, but to thoſe who would wiſh for ſuch an appendage, it may be ſatisfactory to notice here, that a ſeries of Views of the Lakes, of a proper ſize to bind up with this Guide, will be publiſhed in the courſe of the preſent year.*

May 1, 1793.

* See the advertiſement at the end of this book, alſo a liſt of the views by Mr. Farington.

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A GUIDE


A MAP
of the
LAKES
in
Cumberland, Westmorland
and
Lancashire.
The Roads as directed in the Guide are marked thus
Other Roads thus
THE IRISH SEA
WALNEY ISLE
Duddon Sands
Leven and Ulverston Sands
Lancaster Sands
PART OF LOW FURNESS
PART OF HIGH FURNESS
PART OF CUMBERLAND
PART OF WESTMORLAND
PART
BLACK COMB
STONESHEAD FELL
FURNESS FELLS
BORROWDALE FELLS
SKIDDAW
HELVELLYN
PLACE FELL
SWARTH FELL
HARTER FELL
HIGH STREET
MARTINDALE FOREST
SHAPFELLS
EARLSTON KNOT
ARNSIDE FELLS
Scale of Miles.
1 2 3 4 5
Paas sculp.
N.° 55 Holborn



Engraved by Wm. Byrne.

A GUIDE

TO

THE LAKES.

SINCE perſons of genius, taſte, and obſervation began to make the the tour of their own country, and to give ſuch pleaſing accounts of the natural hiſtory, and improving ſtate of the northern part of the kingdom, the ſpirit of viſiting them has diffuſed itſelf among the curious of all ranks.

Particularly, the taſte for one branch of a noble art*, (cheriſhed under the protection of the greateſt of kings and beſt of men) in which the genius of Britain rivals that of ancient Greece and modern Rome, induces many to viſit the lakes of Cumberland, Weſtmorland, and Lancaſhire; there to contemplate in Alpine ſcenery,

 finiſhed

* Landſcape painting.

finiſhed in nature's higheſt tints, the paſtoral and rural landſcape, exhibited in all their ſtiles, the ſoft, the rude, the romantic, and the ſublime; and of which perhaps like inſtances can no where be found aſſembled in ſo ſmall a tract of country. What may be *now* mentioned as another inducement to viſit theſe natural beauties, is the goodneſs of the roads, which are much improved ſince Mr. Gray made his tour in 1765, and Mr. Pennant his, in 1772. The gentlemen of theſe counties have ſet a precedent worthy of imitation in the politeſt parts of the kingdom, by opening, at private expence, carriage roads for the eaſe and ſafety of ſuch as viſit the country; and the public roads are equally properly attended to. And if the entertainment at ſome of the inns be plain, it is accompanied with an eaſy charge, neatneſs, and attention. When the roads are more frequented, the inns may perhaps be more elegantly furniſhed and expenſive; but the entertainment muſt remain much the ſame, as the viands at preſent are not excelled in any other quarter of the empire*.

The deſign of the following ſheets, is to encourage the taſte of viſiting the lakes, by furniſhing the traveller with a Guide; and for that purpoſe, the writer has here collected and laid before

* Since the firſt edition of this work was printed, great improvements have been made in the inns.

before him all the ſelect ſtations and points of view, noticed by thoſe authors who have laſt made the tour of the lakes, verified by his own repeated obſervations. He has alſo added, remarks on the principal objects, as they appear viewed from the different ſtations; and ſuch other incidental information as he judged would greatly facilitate and heighten the pleaſure of the tour, and relieve the traveller from the burthen of thoſe tedious enquiries on the road, or at the inns, which generally embarraſs, and often miſlead.

The local knowledge here communicated, will not, however, injure, much leſs prevent, the agreeable ſurpriſe that attends the firſt ſight of ſcenes that ſurpaſs all deſcription, and of objects which will always affect the ſpectator in the higheſt degree.

Such as wiſh to unbend the mind from anxious cares or fatiguing ſtudies, will meet with agreeable relaxation in making the tour of the lakes. Something new will open itſelf at the turn of every mountain, and a ſucceſſion of ideas will be ſupported by a perpetual change of objects, and a diſplay of ſcenes behind ſcenes in endleſs perſpective. The *contemplative* traveller will be charmed with the ſight of the ſweet retreats, that he will obſerve in theſe enchanting regions of calm repoſe; and the

fanciful may figuratively review the hurry and buſtle of buſy life (in all its gradations) in the variety of unſhaded rills that hang on the mountains ſides, the haſty brooks that warble through the dell, or the mighty torrents precipitating themſelves at once with thundering noiſe from tremendous, rocky heights; all purſuing one general end, their increaſe in the vale, and their union in the ocean.

Such as ſpend their lives in cities, and their time in crowds, will here meet with objects that will enlarge the mind, by contemplation, and raiſe it from nature to nature's firſt cauſe. Whoever takes a walk into theſe ſcenes, muſt return penetrated with a ſenſe of the Creator's power in heaping mountains upon mountains, and enthroning rocks upon rocks. And ſuch exhibitions of ſublime and beautiful objects, cannot but excite at once both rapture and reverence.

When exerciſe and change of air are recommended for health, the convaleſcent will find the latter here in the pureſt ſtate, and the former will be the concomitant of the tour. The many hills and mountains of various heights, ſeparated by narrow vales, through which the air is agitated and hurried on, by a multiplicity of brooks and mountain torrents, keep it in conſtant circulation, which is known to add much

much to its purity. The water is alſo as pure as the air, and on that account recommends itſelf to the valetudinarian.

As there are few people, in eaſy circumſtances, but may find a motive for viſiting this extraordinary region, ſo more eſpecially thoſe who intend to make the continental tour ſhould begin here; as it will give in miniature an idea of what they are to meet with there, in traverſing the Alps and Appenines; to which our northern mountains are not inferior in beauty of line, or variety of ſummit, number of lakes, and tranſparency of water; not in colouring of rock, or ſoftneſs of turf, but in height and extent only. The mountains here are all acceſſible to the ſummit, and furniſh proſpects no leſs ſurpriſing, and with more variety, than the Alps themſelves. The tops of the higheſt Alps are inacceſſible, being covered with everlaſting ſnow, which commencing at regular heights above the cultivated tracts, or wooded and verdant ſides, form indeed the higheſt contraſt in nature. For there may be ſeen all the variety of climate in one view. To this however we oppoſe the ſight of the ocean, from the ſummit of all the higher mountains, as it appears interſected with promontories, decorated with iſlands, and animated with navigation; which adds greatly to the perfection and variety of all grand views.

Thoſe who have traverſed the Alps, viſited the lake of Geneva, and viewed mount Blanc, the higheſt of the Glaziers, from the valley of Chamouni, in Savoy, may ſtill find entertainment in this domeſtic tour. To trace the analogy and differencies of mountainous countries, furniſhes the obſervant traveller with amuſement; and the travelled viſitor of the Cumbrian lakes and mountains, will not be diſappointed of pleaſure in this particular*.

This Guide will alſo be of uſe to the artiſt who may purpoſe to copy any of theſe views and landſcapes, by directing his choice of ſtations, and pointing out the principal objects. Yet it is not preſumed poſitively to decide on theſe particulars, but only to ſuggeſt hints, that may be adopted or rejected, at his pleaſure.

The late Mr. Gray was a great judge of landſcapes, yet whoever makes choice of his ſtation at the three mile ſtone from Lancaſter, on the Hornby

* In truth a more pleaſing tour than theſe lakes hold out to men of leiſure and curioſity cannot be deviſed. We penetrate the Glaciers, traverſe the Rhone and the Rhine, whilſt our domeſtic lakes of Ulls-water, Keſwick, and Windermere, exhibit ſcenes in ſo ſublime a ſtile, with ſuch beautiful colourings of rock, wood, and water, backed with ſo tremendous a diſpoſition of mountains, that if they do not fairly take the lead of all the views of Europe, yet they are indiſputably ſuch as no Engliſh traveller ſhould leave behind him.

Mr. Cumberland's Dedication to Mr. Romney.

Hornby road, will fail in taking one of the fineſt afternoon rural views in England. The ſtation he points out is a quarter of a mile too low, and ſomewhat too much to the left. The more advantageous ſtation, as I apprehend, is on the ſouth ſide of the great, or Queen's road, a little higher than where Mr. Gray ſtood; for there the vale is in full diſplay, including a longer reach of the river, and the wheel of Lune, forming a high crowned iſthmus, fringed with tall trees, that in time paſt was the ſolitary ſite of a hermit*. A few trees preſerved on purpoſe by the owner, conceal the nakedneſs of Caton-moor on the right, and render the view complete.

By company from the ſouth, the lakes may be beſt viſited by beginning with Haws-water, and ending with Coniſton-water, or, vice verſa. Mr. Gray began his tour with Ulls-water, but did not ſee all the lakes. Mr. Pennant proceeded from Coniſton-water to Windermere-water, &c. but omitted Ulls and Haws-waters. Mr. Gray was too late in the ſeaſon for enjoying the beauties of proſpect and rural landſcape in a mountainous country; for in October, the dews lie long on the graſs in the morning, and the clouds deſcend ſoon in the evening, and

 conceal

* Hugh, to whom William de Lancaſtre, ſixth Baron of Kendal, gave a certain place called Aſkeleros and Croc, to look to his fiſhing in the river Loyn [or Lune.]

Burn's Weſtmorland p. 31.

conceal the mountains. Mr. Pennant was too early in the ſpring, when the mountains were mantled with ſnow, and the dells were darkened with impenetrable miſt; hence his gloomy deſcription of the beautiful and romantic vale of St. John, in his journey from Ambleſide to Keſwick. Flora diſplays few of her charms early in May, in a country that has been chilled by ſeven winter months.

The beſt ſeaſon for viſiting the lakes is from the beginning of June to the end of Auguſt *. During theſe months the mountains are decked in all the trim of ſummer vegetation, and the woods and trees which hang on the mountains ſides, and adorn the banks of the lakes, are robed in every variety of foliage and ſummer bloom. In Auguſt nature has given her higheſt tints to all her colours on the enamelled plain and borders of the lakes. Theſe are alſo the months favourable to botanic ſtudies. Some rare plants are then only to be found; ſuch as delight in Alpine heights, or ſuch as appear in ever-ſhaded dells or gloomy vales †.

The

* Thoſe however who love to ſee the variety of *green* and *olive* tints which appear in the *ſpringing* and *decaying* foliage, would be much pleaſed with a ſight of the lakes, either in May or September.

† Can Flora's ſelf recount the ſhrubs and flow'rs,
That ſcent the ſhade, that claſp the rocky bow'rs?

From

The author of *The ſix months tour* viſited the lakes in this fine ſeaſon, and ſaw them all, except Coniſton and Eſthwaite (both Lancaſhire lakes) which are on the weſtern ſide of the others, and lie parallel to Windermere-water.

Nothing but want of information could have prevented that curious traveller from viſiting the whole range of the lakes; which had he done, and deſcribed their ſcenery with that accuracy and glow of colouring he has beſtowed upon the lakes of Keſwick, Windermere, &c. a copy of his account would have been a ſufficient Guide to all who make the ſame tour.

The courſe of viſiting the lakes from Penrith, is by Bampton to Haws-water, and from thence to Ulls-water, and return to Penrith. Next, ſet out for Keſwick, ſeventeen miles good road. Having ſeen the wonders of Keſwick and the environs, depart for Ambleſide, ſixteen miles of excellent mountain road, which afford much entertainment. From Ambleſide ride along the ſide

From the hard veins of ſapleſs marble riſe
The fragrant race, and ſhoot into the ſkies.
Wond'rous the cauſe! can human ſearch explore,
What vegetation lurks in ev'ry pore?
What in the womb of diff'rent ſtrata breeds?
What fills the univerſe with genial ſeeds?
Wond'rous the cauſe! and fruitleſs to enquire,
Our wiſer part is humbly to admire.

Killarney.

ſide of Windermere-water, ſix miles, to Bowneſs, and, having explored the lake, either return to Ambleſide, and from thence to Hawkſhead, five miles, or croſs Windermere-water at the horſe ferry, to Hawkſhead, four miles. The road part of the way, is along the beautiful banks of Eſthwaite-water. From Hawkſhead the road is along the ſkirts of the Furneſs Appenines, to the head of Coniſton-water, three miles, good road. This lake ſtretches from the feet of Coniſton-fells, to the ſouth, ſix miles. The road is on the eaſtern ſide, along its banks, to Lowick-bridge; from thence to Ulverſton by Penny-bridge, or by Lowick-hall, eight miles; good carriage road every where. From Ulverſton, by Dalton, to the ruins of Furneſs Abbey, ſix miles. Return to Ulverſton, from thence to Kendal, twenty-one miles, or to Lancaſter, over the ſands, twenty miles.

This order of making the tour of the lakes is the moſt convenient for company coming from the north, or over Stainmoor; but for ſuch company as come by Lancaſter, it will be more convenient to begin the viſit with Coniſton-water. By this courſe, the lakes lie in an order more agreeable to the eye, and grateful to the imagination. The change of ſcenes is from what is pleaſing, to what is ſurpriſing; from the delicate touches of Claude, verified on Coniſton lake, to the noble ſcenes of Pouſſin, exhibited on Windermere-water; and, from theſe, to the

ſtupendous

ſtupendous, romantic ideas of Salvator Roſa, realized on the lake of Derwent.

This Guide ſhall therefore take up the company at Lancaſter, and attend them in the tour to all the lakes*; pointing out (what only can be deſcribed) the *permanent* features of each ſcene; the vales, the dells, the groves, the hanging woods, the ſcattered cots, the deep mountains, the impending cliff, the broken ridge, &c. Their *accidental* beauties depend upon a variety of circumſtances; light and ſhade, the air, the winds, the clouds, the ſituation with reſpect to objects, and the time of the day. For though the ruling tints be permanent, yet the green and gold of the meadow and vale, and the brown and purple of the mountain, the ſilver grey of the rock, and the azure hue of the cloud-topt pike, are frequently varied in appearance, by an intermixture of reflection from wandering clouds, or other bodies, or a ſudden ſtream of ſunſhine that harmonizes all the parts anew. The pleaſure therefore ariſing from ſuch ſcenes is in ſome ſort accidental.

To render the tour more agreeable, the company ſhould be provided with a teleſcope, for viewing the fronts and ſummits of inacceſſible rocks,

* An abridged view of the tour may be ſeen in a table of the roads at the end.

rocks, and the diſtant country, from the tops of the high mountains Skiddaw and Helvellyn*.

The landſcape mirror will alſo furniſh much amuſement, in this tour. Where the objects are great and near, it removes them to a due diſtance, and ſhews them in the ſoft colours of nature, and in the moſt regular perſpective the eye can perceive, or ſcience demonſtrate.

The mirror is of the greateſt uſe in ſunſhine; and the perſon uſing it ought always to turn his back to the object that he views. It ſhould be ſuſpended by the upper part of the caſe, holding it a little to the right or left (as the poſition of the parts to be viewed require) and the face ſcreened from the ſun. A glaſs of four inches, or four inches and a half diameter, is a proper ſize.

The

* As deſcriptions of proſpects, greatly extended and variegated, are often more tedious than entertaining, perhaps the reader will not lament, that our author has not any where attempted to delineate a view taken from either of theſe capital mountains, but rather wiſh he had ſhewn the ſame judgment of omiſſion in ſome other parts of his work. However as an apology of the moſt perſuaſive kind for what may appear either prolix, or too high-coloured, in ſome of the following deſcriptions, let it be noted by the candid reader, at the out-ſet, that the lakes were his favourite object, and on which he thought enough could ſcarce ever be ſaid, and, that the ſeducing effects of an ardent paſſion, are, in any caſe, eaſier to diſcover in others, than to rectify in ourſelves.

The mirror is a plano-convex glaſs, and ſhould be the ſegment of a large circle; otherwiſe diſtant and ſmall objects are not perceived in it; but if the glaſs be too flat, the perſpective view of great and near objects is leſs pleaſing, as they are repreſented too near. Theſe inconveniencies may be provided againſt by two glaſſes of different convexity. The dark glaſs anſwers well in ſunſhine; but on cloudy and gloomy days the ſilver foil is better.

*** Whoever uſes ſpectacles upon other occaſions, muſt uſe them in viewing landſcapes in theſe mirrors.

LANCASTER*.

THE caſtle here is the firſt object that attracts the attention of the curious traveller. The elevation of the ſite, and magnificence of the front, ſtrike the imagination with the idea of a place of much ſtrength, beauty, and importance; and ſuch it has been ever ſince its foundation, on the arrival of the Romans in theſe parts. An eminence of ſwift deſcent, that commands the fords of a great tiding-river, would not be neglected by ſo able a general as Agricola; and accordingly he occupied the crown of this eminence in the ſummer of his ſecond

* (Longovicum, Notit. Imper.)

ſecond campaign, and of the chriſtian æra 79, and here he erected a ſtation to ſecure his conqueſt and the paſſes of the river, whilſt he proceeded with his army acroſs the bay of Morecambe, into Furneſs. The ſtation was called Longovicum, and in proceſs of time the inhabitants were called Longovices, i. e. a people dwelling upon the Lon or Lune. This ſtation communicated with Overborough, by exploratory mounts (ſome of them ſtill remaining) on the banks of the Lune, which alſo anſwered the purpoſes of guarding the fords of the river, and over-awing the natives. The mounts of Halton, Melling, and at the eaſt end of the bridge of Lune, near Hornby, are ſtill entire. The ſtation at Lancaſter was connected with that at Watercrook, near Kendal, by the intervention of the beacon on Warton-crag, and the caſtellum on the ſummit of a hill that riſes immediately over Watercrook, at preſent called Caſtle-ſteads.

The town that Agricola found here, belonged to the weſtern Brigantes, and in their language was called Caer Werid, i. e. the green town. The name is ſtill retained in that part of the town called Green-aer, for Green-caer; the Britiſh conſtruction being changed, and Werid tranſlated into Engliſh.

The green mount on which the caſtle ſtands, appears to be an artefactum of the Romans. In digging

digging into it a few years ago, a Roman ſilver denarius was found at a great depth. The eminence has been ſurrounded with a great moat. The preſent ſtructure is generally ſuppoſed to have been built by Edward III. but ſome parts of it ſeem to be of a higher date. There are three ſtiles of architecture very evident in the preſent caſtle. 1. Round towers, diſtant from each other about 26 paces, and joined by a wall and open gallery. On the weſtern ſide there remain two entire, and from their diſtance, and the viſible foundation of others, it appears they have been in number ſeven, and that the form of the caſtle was then a polygon. One of theſe towers is called Adrian's Tower, probably from ſomething formerly ſtanding there dedicated to that emperor. They are two ſtages high; the lights are narrow ſlits; the hanging gallery is ſupported by a ſingle row of corbels, and the lower ſtages communicate by a cloſe gallery in the wall. Each ſtage was vaulted with a plain pyramidal vault of great height. Thoſe in the more ſouthern towers are entire, and called John of Gaunt's ovens; but the calling them ſo, is as ridiculous as groundleſs.

Taillebois, baron of Kendal, is the firſt after the conqueſt who was honoured with the command of this caſtle; and William de Taillebois, in the reign of Henry II. obtained leave to take the ſurname of Lancaſter. It is therefore probable

bable that the barons of Kendal either built or repaired the ancient caſtle, in which they reſided, until they erected, upon the ſummer ſite of the ſtation of Concangium, their caſtle at Kendal; for the remains of ſome of the baſtions *there* agree in ſtile with the towers *here*.

2. The ſecond diſtinct ſtile of building in Lancaſter caſtle, is a ſquare tower of great height, the lower part of which is of remote antiquity; the windows are ſmall and round headed, ornamented with plain ſhort pillars on each ſide. The upper part of this magnificent tower is a modern repair; the maſonry ſhews it; and a ſtone in the battlement, on the northern ſide, inſcribed E. R.

1585 $\overline{\text{R A}}$.

proves that the repair was made in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is pretty evident that two towers, with the rampart, have been removed to give light and air to the lower windows on the outſide of the great ſquare tower; and it is joined by a wall of communication to Adrian's Tower, that could not be there when the other two round towers were ſtanding. There are two leſſer ſquare towers on the oppoſite ſide of the *yard*, or *court*.

3. The third ſtile of building is the front, or gateway. This may be given to Edward III. or to his ſon John of Gaunt. It faces the eaſt, and

and is a magnificent building in the Gothic ſtile. It opens with a noble and lofty pointed arch, defended by over-hanging battlements, ſupported by a triple range of corbels, cut in form of boultins. The intervals are pierced for the deſcent of miſſiles, and on each ſide riſe two light watch-towers. Immediately over the gate, is an ornamented niche, which probably once contained the figure of the founder. On one ſide is ſtill to be ſeen, on a ſhield, France quartered with England; on the other ſide, the ſame with a label ermine of three points, the diſtinction of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaſter, fourth ſon of Edward III. the firſt Engliſh monarch that quartered France and England on a ſhield.—It was Henry V. that reduced the lilies of France to three *.

On the north ſide of the hill, below the church-yard, are ſome remains of the wall that encompaſſed the ſtation. It retains part of the ancient name of the place, being called Wery-wall. Thoſe who ſuppoſe it to be that part of the priory-incloſure-wall, which was ſituated on the north ſide of the church yard, may be ſatisfied it is not ſo, by viewing the part of the incloſure-wall yet ſtanding, which is a thin mouldering fabric; whereas the Wery-wall is a cemented maſs, that nothing but great violence

 can

* The improvements now making in the caſtle, under the direction of Mr. Harriſon, will add greatly to the noble appearance of that ancient building.

can injure. Another fragment of it ſtands at the ſtile on the foot-path, under the weſt end of the church-yard*. It is frequently met with in the church-yard, and its direction is to the weſtern ſide of the caſtle. The father of the late William Bradſhaw, Eſq. of Halton, remembered the Wery-wall projecting over Bridge-lane, and pointing directly to the river. This could never be the direction of the priory-wall. To ſay nothing of the name which tradition has preſerved, had Mr. Pennant viewed both, he would not have doubted a moment to join Camden againſt Leland. At Bridge-lane this wall makes an angle, and runs along the brow of the hill, behind the houſes, in a line to Church-ſtreet, which it croſſes about Covell-croſs. This is atteſted by the owners of the gardens, who have met with it in that direction, and always found blue-clay under the foundation ſtones.

Though the ſtation was one of the firſt which the Romans had in theſe parts, and, from its importance, the laſt they abandoned, yet, but few Roman-Britiſh remains have been diſcovered at it.

The Caledonians, the unconquered enemies, and greateſt plague of the Romans in Britain, were particularly galled and offended with the garriſon at Lancaſter, it being always the firſt to oppoſe them, as often as they invaded the empire,

* This has been lately deſtroyed.

pire, by croſſing the Solway-frith. For, having taken the advantage of the ſpring-tides, and the darkneſs of the nights, at the change of the moon, they eſcaped the garriſon at Viroſidium, Ellenborough, Arbeia, and Moreſby; and ſkulking along the Cumberland coaſt, they croſſed the Morecambe-bay, and were firſt diſcovered on the banks of the Lune. Here they were oppoſed by the townſmen, who kept the garriſon; and if they did not return by the way they came, the alarm brought upon them the garriſons of Overborough, Watercrook, and Ambleſide, who ſurrounded and cut them off. Hence aroſe a particular hatred to the Lancaſtrians, which time and repeated injuries fomented into rage. In the end, the barbarous clans, following cloſe upon the heels of the flying Romans, in a particular manner ſatiated their deſire of revenge upon the helpleſs Lancaſtrians, by ſacking and deſtroying their town and fortifications, in order that they might at no future time oppoſe their invaſions. The Saxons arriving ſoon after raiſed on theſe ruins, the town that remains to this day. Hence it may be inferred, that the preſent town of Lancaſter ſtands on a magazine of Roman-Britiſh antiquities; and this is often verified by digging under ancient houſes, where Roman remains are frequently found, and where it appears that the earth has been removed —Beſide what Dr. Leigh mentions, there are many recent inſtances that prove the conjecture.

In the year 1772, in digging a cellar, where an old houſe had ſtood, in a ſtreet or lane, called Pudding-lane, (almoſt in the centre of the town) there was found, reverſed in a bed of fine ſand, above five feet underground, a ſquare inſcribed ſtone, of four feet by two and a half dimenſions. A foot and two inches were broken off the lower corner on the right hand ſide, ſo as to render the inſcription obſcure, but the remaining letters were very evident, elegantly formed, ſquare, and about three inches high. The inſcription had conſiſted of eight or nine lines, of which ſix are entire, and of eaſy explanation; the loſs in the ſeventh is readily ſupplied; but the eighth muſt be made out by the common ſtile of ſuch votive ſtones. The elegance of the characters pronounces them to be the work of the beſt times; but the two ſmall letters in the third and fifth lines, reduce it to the age of the Emperor Gordian; and if the three ſmall letters have been occaſioned by the omiſſion of the ſculptor, then it will be of higher antiquity. It is known by inſcriptions found at Olenacum (old Carliſle) that the Auguſtan wing mentioned on this tablet, was ſtationed there in the time of Gordian; and now from this inſcription, it ſeems alſo to have been at Lancaſter. This memorable ſtone was in the rare collection of Sir Aſhton Lever, Knt. in Leiceſter-houſe, London.

A few

A few years ago, in ſinking a cellar in an old houſe in Church-ſtreet, great quantities of fragments of Roman earthen-ware were thrown out, urns, pateræ, &c. many of them finely glazed, and elegantly marked with emblematic figures. Alſo ſome copper coins were found, and an entire lamp, with a turned up perforated handle to hang it by, the nozle of which was black, from uſe. At the depth of two yards were likewiſe diſcovered a great number of human bones, with burnt aſhes, a wall of great thickneſs, and a well filled with rubbiſh of the ſame kind, probably leading to a vault where other human remains were depoſited; but the curious muſt for ever regret that no further ſearch was made into its uſe and contents.

What throws new light upon the ſtation here, is the late diſcovery of a Roman pottery, by the Honourable Edward Clifford, in his eſtate at Quarmoor, near Lancaſter. That theſe works have been very conſiderable, may be ſuppoſed from the ſpace diſcoloured with broken ware, the holes from whence the clay has been taken, and the great variety of bricks, tiles, and veſſels that are found about them. But the greateſt diſcovery is gathered from a tile with turned up edges, impreſſed on each end with the words *Ale Sebuſia*, which points out a wing of cavalry not heard of before. The ſame inſcription is found on bricks, the label ſmaller, and the letters

Ala Sebuſia. The ſhape of the ſecond letter in the firſt word, is like that in the inſcription on the rock near Brampton, in Cumberland, ſuppoſed to have been cut in the time of the Emperor Severus, A. D. 207, and is the fifth L in Horſley's Alphabet. On the brick the letters are ſquare, from which it may be inferred, that this wing was long ſtationed at Lancaſter.

This town, ever ſince the conqueſt, has been renowned for loyalty, and attachment to eſtabliſhed government; for which King John honoured it with as ample a charter as he had conferred on the burgeſſes of Briſtol and Northampton. Charles II. confirmed it, with additional privileges. But Lancaſter derived its greateſt luſtre and importance, from the title it gave to Edmund, ſecond ſon of Henry III. and to his iſſue, Dukes of Lancaſter, and Kings of England, of the Lancaſtrian line. In the end, however, it ſuffered much by ſupporting their title to the crown, in the conteſt with the houſe of York. And ſo little had it retrieved itſelf when Camden viſited it, in 1609, that he ſpeaks of it, as not populous, and that the inhabitants were all huſbandmen. Since that time it is, however, much enlarged*. The new houſes are peculiarly neat and

* The town ſtill continues to encreaſe. A ſquare and ſeveral additional ſtreets are now building. It has alſo been lately ornamented with a new town-hall, or exchange, (deſigned

and handſome, the ſtreets are well paved, and thronged with inhabitants, buſied in a proſperous trade to the Weſt-Indies, and other places. Along a fine quay, noble ware-houſes are built. And when it ſhall pleaſe thoſe concerned, to deepen the ſhoals in the river, ſhips of great burthen may lie before them; for at preſent we only ſee, in that part of the river, ſuch as do not exceed 250 tons.

The air of Lancaſter is ſalubrious, the environs pleaſant, the inhabitants wealthy, courteous, hoſpitable, and polite. The church is a handſome Gothic ſtructure; but the inſide view of the beautiful eaſt window is obſtructed by a tall ſkreen behind the altar, and the reſt of the church is further hurt by a multiplicity of pews. The only remains it has of ancient furniture are a few turn-up ſeats, carved in the ſtile of the times when it belonged to the priory of St. Martin of Sayes, in France. Some of the carvings are fine, but the figures are either groſs or groteſque. This building ſtands on the crown of an eminence, below the caſtle, from which it

(deſigned by Major Jarrat) eſteemed a handſome building, with a noble portico. An elegant ſteeple has been alſo lately built to the chapel (after a deſign of Mr. Harriſon) by a donation of the late Mr. T. Bowes, which, with the turret on the exchange, add much to the pleaſing, or rather ſtriking appearance this town has at a diſtance, on account of the caſtle, church, and the conſpicuous ſituation of ſeveral good ſtone houſes.

is only ſeparated by the moat. The views from the church-yard are extenſive and pleaſant, particularly the grand and much admired proſpects of the northern mountains. The chapel is a neat and convenient place of worſhip. There are alſo in this town, preſbyterian, quaker, and methodiſt meeting-houſes, and a Romiſh chapel. When the preſent incommodious bridge was lately repaired, ſome braſs pieces of money were met with under a foundation ſtone, from which it was conjectured to be of Daniſh origin. A more ancient bridge ſtood higher up the river, at Skerton town-end; an eligible ſituation for a new one, which would make a fine and convenient entrance into Lancaſter, from the north, and which at preſent on many accounts it much wants*.

Before you leave Lancaſter, take a ride to the third mile-ſtone, on the road to Hornby, and there have Mr. Gray's noble view of the vale of Lonſdale, which he, or his editor, deſcribes in theſe

* A new bridge is now finiſhed on the ſite above pointed out. It is built after a deſign of Mr. Harriſon, and conſiſts of five equal elliptical arches, and is 549 feet long. The expence of the erection, which was paid by the county, amounted to 14000*l.* and it is ſaid to be one of the handſomeſt bridges of its ſize in Europe, and not only does honour to the taſte of the architect, but to the public ſpirit of thoſe who promoted the work on ſo liberal a plan.

theſe words, in the note, page 373, of his life. "This ſcene opens juſt three miles from Lancaſter, on what is called the Queen's road. To ſee the view in perfection, you muſt go into a field on the left*. Here Ingleborough, behind a variety of leſſer mountains, makes the background of the proſpect; on each hand of the middle diſtance, riſe two ſloping hills, the left cloathed with thick wood, the right with variegated rock and herbage. Between them, in the richeſt of valleys, the Lune ſerpentizes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear through a well wooded and richly paſtured foreground. Every feature, which conſtitutes a perfect landſcape of the extenſive ſort, is here not only boldly marked, but alſo in its beſt poſition."

From Lancaſter to Heſt-bank, three miles; ſet out with the Ulverſton carriers at the ſtated hour, or take a guide for the ſands that ſucceed, called Lancaſter Sands†, and which are 9 miles over.

* As ſeveral miſtakes have been made reſpecting this ſtation, it is neceſſary to point it out more preciſely. About a quarter of a mile beyond the third mile-ſtone, where the road makes a turn to the right, there is a gate on the left, which leads into a field, where the ſtation meant is ſhewn by a pole erected for that purpoſe, by Mr. Jones, the proprietor of the field, who gives travellers liberty to go into it with their horſes, or carriages.

† (Morecombe, Ptol.)

over*. On a fine day there is not a more pleaſant ſea-ſide ride in the kingdom. On the right, a bold ſhore, deeply indented in ſome places, and opening into bays in others; valleys that ſtretch far into the country, bounded on each ſide by hanging grounds, cut into incloſures, interſperſed with groves and woods, adorned with ſequeſtered cots, farms, villages, churches, and caſtles; mountains behind mountains, and others again juſt ſeen over them, cloſe the

* Along with the proper guides, croſſing of the ſands in ſummer is thought a journey of little more danger than any other. But thoſe who wiſh to evade them may eaſily go, in one day, round to Ulverſton, by the head of the æſtuary. The roads are in general very good, the ride about 37 miles and not wanting in the natural variety peculiar to the country. [The route will be thus.—From Lancaſter to Bolton 4 miles. (From the Thwaites, a little beyond the town, have a fine view of Lancaſter ſands, and the northern mountains.) From thence to Burton 7 miles. (There obſerve Major Pearſon's neat houſe of freeſtone.) The old venerable building on the right hand of the road, about 2 miles ſhort of Burton, is Borwick-hall, formerly the reſidence of Sir Robert Bindloſs, but now only a farm houſe. From thence to Millthrop 4 miles. (There ſee Dallam Tower, the ſeat of Daniel Wilſon Eſq. in which there are ſeveral elegancies, and more capabilities. Alſo ſee a bold water-fall of the river at Beetham-mill.) From Millthrop to Levens (an ancient ſeat of the late Earl of Suffolk, where a curious ſpecimen of the old ſtile of gardening may be ſeen, as laid out by the gardener of King James II) 2 miles. From thence to the nearer end of the Long-cauſeway, at Beathwaite-green 1 mile. Thence to the Black-bull in Witherſlack 3 miles (which takes you

the fore ſcene. Claude has not introduced Soracte, on the Tyber, in a more happy point of view, than Ingleborough appears in, during the courſe of this ride. At entering on the ſands, to the left, Heyſham-point riſes abruptly, and the village hangs on its ſide in a beautiful manner. Over a vaſt extent of ſands, Peel-caſtle, the ancient bulwark of the bay, rears its venerable head above the tide. In front, appears a fine ſweep of country ſloping to the ſouth. To the right, Warton-crag preſents itſelf in a bold ſtile. On its arched ſummit are the veſtiges of a ſquare encampment, and the ruins of a beacon. Grounds bearing from the eye for many a mile, variegated

you by the foot of Whitbarrow-ſcar, a remarkable precipice of limeſtone rock, formed in ſeveral places like a fortreſs.) Thence to Newton (over the hill Tawtup) 4 miles. Thence to Newby-bridge 3 miles, which is ſituated at the lower end of Windermere-water. From thence to Bouth, on the common turnpike, 3 miles. (But it might be worth while to go a little out of the way, through a valley on the left hand, by Backbarrow and Low-wood furnaces and iron-works, which are very romantically ſituated.) From Bouth to Penny-bridge 2 miles, which there brings you into the tract of the tour by Ulverſton, now only 4 miles diſtant.

If, on account of getting poſt-chaiſes, &c. it be thought more convenient to go by Kendal to Ulverſton, the journey will be about 7 miles more, all good turnpike road, From Burton (where the two roads part) to Kendal is 11 miles, and from Kendal to the abovenamed Newby-bridge (where they meet again) is about 13 miles.—This latter ſtage, though mountainous and uneven, nevertheleſs in many other reſpects affords an agreeable ride.]

variegated in every pleaſing form, by woods and rocks, are terminated by cloud-topt Ingleborough. A little further, on the ſame hand, another vale opens to the ſands, and ſhews a broken ridge of rocks, and beyond them, groups of mountains towering to the ſky. Caſtle-ſteads, a pyramidal hill, that riſes above the ſtation at Kendal, is now in ſight. At the bottom of the bay, ſtands Arnſide-tower, once a manſion of the Stanleys. The Cartmel coaſt, now, as you advance, becomes more pleaſing. Betwixt that and Silverdale-nab (a mountain of naked grey rock) is a great break in the coaſt, and through the opening, the river Kent rolls its waters to join the tide. In the mouth of the æſtuary are two beautiful conical iſles, cloathed with wood and ſweet verdure. As you advance towards them, they ſeem to change their poſition, and hence often vary their appearance. At the ſame time a grand view opens of the Weſtmorland mountains tumbled about in a moſt ſurpriſing manner. At the head of the æſtuary, under a beautiful green hill, Heverſham village and church appear in fine perſpective. To the north, Whitbarrow-ſcar, a huge arched and bended cliff, of an immenſe height, ſhews its ſtorm-beaten front*. The

*A little to the left of Whitbarrow, is Caſtle-head, where an elegant houſe has lately been erected by John Wilkinſon, Eſq. The ſite is ſomething curious, and the owner has made great improvements in the grounds about it.—The houſe is ſeen to advantage as you croſs the ſands, and greatly enlivens the part of the coaſt where it is ſituated.

The intermediate ſpace is a mixture of rocks, and woods, and cultivated patches, that form a romantic view*. At the ſide of the Eau†, or river of the ſands, a guide on horſeback, called *the*

* The above deſcription of this curious and pleaſing ride is, as far as it goes, juſt, but not characteriſtic. What moſt attracts the notice of the traveller is not the objects of the ſurrounding country (though they are fine) but *the ſands themſelves*. For when he has got a few miles from the ſhore the nature of the plain on which he treads, cannot but ſuggeſt a ſeries of ideas of a more ſublime kind than thoſe of rural elegance, and which will therefore gain a ſuperior attention. The plain is then ſeemingly immenſe in extent, continued on in a dead level, and uniform in appearance. As he purſues his *often-tracĭleſs* way, he will recollect, that probably but a few hours before, the whole expanſe was covered with ſome fathoms of water, and that in a few more it will as certainly be covered again. At the ſame time he may alſo perceive, on his left hand, the retreated ocean ready to obey the myſterious laws of its irreſiſtable movement, without any viſible barrier to ſtay it a moment where it is. Theſe laſt conſiderations, though they may not be ſufficient to alarm, muſt yet be able to rouſe the mind to a ſtate of more than ordinary attention; which co-operating with the other ſingular ideas of the proſpect, muſt affect it in a very ſublime and unuſual manner. This the bare appearance of the ſands will do. But when the traveller reaches the ſide of the Eau, theſe affections will be greatly increaſed. He there drops down a gentle deſcent to the edge of a broad and ſeemingly impaſſable river, where the only remains he can perceive of the ſurrounding lands are the tops of diſtant mountains, and where a ſolitary being on horſeback (like ſome ancient genius of the deep) is deſcribed hovering on its brink,

the Carter, is in waiting to conduct paſſengers over the ford. The priory of Cartmel was charged with this important office and had ſynodals

brink, or encountering its ſtream with gentle ſteps, in order to conduct him through it When fairly entered into the water, if a ſtranger to this ſcene, and he do not feel himſelf touched with ſome of the moſt pleaſing emotions, I ſhould think him deſtitute of common ſenſibility. For, in the midſt of apparently great danger, he will ſoon find that there is really none at all; and the complacency which muſt naturally reſult from this conſideration, will be heightened to an unuſual degree, by obſerving, during his paſſage, the anxious and faithful inſtinct of his beaſt, and the friendly behaviour and aſpect of his guide. All the fervours of grateful thankfulneſs will then be raiſed, and if with the uſual perquiſite to his venerable conductor, he can forget to convey his bleſſing, who would not conclude him to want one eſſential requiſite for properly enjoying the tour of the lakes?

Having croſſed the river, the ſtranger traveller (whom we will ſuppoſe *at length* freed from any petty anxiety) will now have more inclination to ſurvey the objects around him. The ſeveral particulars peculiar to an arm of the ſea (as *fiſhermen*, *ſhips*, *ſea-fowl*, *ſhells*, *weeds*, &c.) will attract his notice, and new-model his reflections. But if the ſun ſhine forcibly, he will perhaps be moſt entertained with obſerving the little gay iſles and promontories of land, that ſeem to hover in the air, or ſwim on a luminous vapour, that riſes from the ſand, and fluctuates beautifully on its ſurface.

In ſhort, on a fine ſummer day, a ride acroſs this æſtuary (and that of Leven mentioned a little further on) to a ſpeculative

nodals and peter-pence allowed towards its maintenance. Since the diſſolution of the priory, it is held by patent of the dutchy of Lancaſter, and the ſalary, twenty pounds per annum, is paid by the receiver-general.

Cartmel is a ſmall diſtrict belonging to Lancaſhire, but united to Weſtmorland a little below Bownefs, on Windermere-water, from whence it extends itſelf betwixt the rivers Leven and Kent, and ſo interſects the great bay of Morecambe. It is three miles acroſs from Cark-lane, where you quit the ſands, to Sand-gate. Paſs through Flookburgh,

ſpeculative ſtranger (or to any one who is habituated to conſider the charms of nature *abſtractedly*) will afford a variety of moſt entertaining ideas. Indeed the objects here preſented to the eye, are ſeveral of them ſo *like* in kind, to what will frequently occur in the tour of the lakes; ſome of them are ſo much *more magnificent* from extent, and others ſo truly *peculiar*, that it ſeems rather ſurpriſing that this journey ſhould not often be conſidered by travellers from the ſouth, as one of the firſt curioſities of the tour, in *beauty* as well as in *occurrence*. And if the reader of this note be of a philoſophic turn, this queſtion may perhaps here offer itſelf to him, and to which it is apprehended he may found a ſatisfactory anſwer on very evident principles; viz. "Why a view ſo circumſtanced as this, and, when taken from the ſhore at full ſea, *ſo very like a lake* of greater apparrent extent than any in the kingdom, ſhould never be brought into compariſon with the lakes to be viſited afterwards, and generally fail to ſtrike the mind with images of any peculiar beauty or grandeur?"

† Pronounced commonly *Eea*.

Flookburgh*, once a market town, by charter granted to the prior of Cartmel, lord paramount, from King Edward I. The only thing worthy of notice in Cartmel, is the church, a handſome Gothic edifice. The large eaſt window † is finely ribbed with pointed arches, light and elegant; but the painted glaſs is almoſt all deſtroyed. The preſervation of this edifice reflects honour on the memory of George Preſton, Eſq. of Holker, who, at his own expence, new roofed the whole, and decorated the inſide with a ſtucco ceiling. The choir and chancel he alſo repaired, ſuiting the new parts to the old remains of the canons ſeats, and thereby giving them their ancient uniform appearance. Perſons uninformed of this, always take it to be the ſame it was before the diſſolution. The ſtile of the building, like moſt of its contemporaries, is irregular. The form is a croſs, in length 157 feet; the tranſept 110 feet; the height of the walls 57 feet The tower on the center is of a ſingular conſtruction, being a ſquare within a ſquare, the higher ſet at croſs-angles

* Near this place is a noted ſpaw, called the Holy-well, found to be of great ſervice in moſt cutaneous diſorders, and much reſorted to in the ſummer ſeaſon from diſtant parts. It is an eaſy cathartic, reſtores loſt appetite, and fully anſwers the ancient poetic deſcription of a fountain.

"*Infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.*"

† The dimenſions are, 24 feet wide and 48 high. The great eaſt window of York minſter meaſures 32 by 75 feet.

croſs-angles with the lower. This gives it an odd appearance on all ſides, but may have ſome reference to the octagonal pillars in the church, and both to the memory of ſomething now forgotten. According to ſome accounts, it was built and endowed with the manor of Cartmel, by William Mariſchal the elder, Earl of Pembroke, in 1188, but as in the foundation deed mention is made of Henry II.—Richard,—and Henry the younger, his lord the King, it appears rather to have been founded in the beginning of that reign; for William the elder, Earl of Pembroke, died in the fourth or fifth year of the reign of Henry III. He gave it, never to be erected into an abbey, to the canons regular of St. Auſtin, reſerving to himſelf and his heirs, the right of granting to them the congé d'elire of a prior, who ſhould be independent of all others. Under the north wall, a little below the altar, is the tomb-ſtone of William de Walton, prior of Cartmel. He is mentioned in the confirmation diploma of Edward II. and muſt have been one of the firſt priors. Oppoſite to this, is a magnificent tomb of a Harrington and his lady, which Mr. Pennant thinks may be of Sir John Harrington, who in 1305, was ſummoned by Edward I. "with numbers of other gallant gentlemen, to meet him at Carliſle, and attend him on his expedition into Scotland." But it agrees better with a John de Harrington, called John of Cartmel, or his ſon, of Wraſhholme-

tower, in Cartmel, as Sir Daniel Fleming's account of that family has it, M. S. L. A. 1. 132. The head of the Harrington family, Sir John Harrington, in the reign of Edward I. was of Aldingham, and lived at Gleaſton-caſtle, in Furneſs, and died in an advanced age, in 1347; and is more probably the Sir John Harrington mentioned in Dugdale's baronage, and ſaid, as above, to be ſummoned by Edward I. There is not one veſtige of the monaſtery remaining. There is indeed an ancient gate-houſe, but whether this was connected with the cloiſters or not, tradition is ſilent, and its diſtance from the church is unfavourable to the conjecture.

Proceed through rocky fields and groves to Holker, one mile, the ſeat of the right honourable Lord George Cavendiſh. The carriage road is by Cark-hall. At the top of the hill there opens a fine view of Furneſs. Holker-hall lies at your feet, emboſomed in wood. On the left, Ulverſton bay opens into the great bay, and is three miles over. The coaſt is deeply indented, and the peninſulas are beautifully fringed with wood. On the right, a bold bending rock preſents a noble arched forehead; and a fine ſlope of incloſed grounds, mixed with wood, leads the eye to Ulverſton, the port and mart of Furneſs. Coniſhead ſhews its pyramidal head, compleatly cloathed in wood. At its feet is the Priory, ſhielded

ſhielded by a wing of hanging wood, that climbs up the ſide of a ſteep hill. Bardſea, under its rocks and hanging woods, ſtands in a delightful point of view. In front, a ſweet fall of incloſures, marked with clumps of trees and hedge-rows, gives it a moſt pictureſque effect. Alſo a white houſe on the ſea bank, under the cover of a deep wood, has a moſt inchanting appearance. The coaſt from thence is of ſingular beauty, conſiſting of hanging woods, incloſed lands, and paſture grounds, varied through a great extent of proſpect, in every pleaſing form. Deſcend to Holker, which adds to the ſurrounding ſcenes what is peculiar to itſelf, joined to the improvements of the noble owner, finiſhed in a maſterly ſtile*. The traveller will here obſerve huſbandry in a more flouriſhing ſituation than in the country he is ſoon to viſit. The huſbandmen in this part, as elſewhere, are ſlow in imitating new practices; but the continued ſucceſs which attends his lordſhip's improvements, has not failed to effect a reformation amongſt the Cartmel farmers.

* The connoiſſeur in painting may here have the pleaſure of ſeeing a good collection of pictures; amongſt which are, by Claude Lorrain, a very capital landſcape, exhibiting a view of the Tiber, with the temple of Apollo, the nine muſes, &c. another repreſenting the departure out of Egypt, and two more ſmall views. Alſo a large landſcape by Rubens; two fine church pieces by B. Neefs (the figures by Elſhamer;) and ſeveral others by Woverman, Hobina, Teniers, Swanevelt, Zuccarelli, Ryſdal, and other eminent maſters.

In croſſing Leven-ſands, to Ulverſton, you have, on the right, a grand view of Alpine ſcenery. A rocky hill patched with wood and heath, riſing immediately from the coaſt, directs the eye to an immenſe chain of lofty mountains, apparently increaſed in magnitude and height, ſince they were ſeen from Heſt-bank. On a fine morning, this is a pleaſant ride, when the mountains are ſtrongly illuminated by the ſun-beams, and patched with ſhadows of intervening clouds, that ſail along their ſides; or when they drag their watery ſkirts over the ſummits, and, admitting the ſtreaming beams, adorn their rocky heads with ſilver, and variegate their olive-coloured ſides with ſtripes of gold and green. This fairy ſcene ſoon ſhifting, all is concealed in a mantle of azure miſt. At the Eau, or ford of the river Leven, another *carter* conducts you over. On the diſſolution of the priory of Coniſhead, King Henry VIII. charged himſelf and his ſucceſſors with the payment of the ſalary, fifteen marks per annum, which the guide received from the priory.

Ulverſton, the London of Furneſs, is a neat town, at the foot of a ſwift deſcent of hills to the ſouth-eaſt. The ſtreets are regular, and excellently well paved. The weekly market for Low Furneſs has been long eſtabliſhed here, to the prejudice of Dalton, the ancient capital of Furneſs. The articles of export are, iron-ore in great quantities, pig and bar iron, oats, barley, beans,

beans, potatoes, bark, and limeſtone. The principal inns are kept by the guides, who regularly paſs to and from Lancaſter, on Sunday, Tueſday, and Friday, in every week. Their entertainment is good, the attendants civil, and the charge reaſonable.

Make an excurſion to the weſt, three miles, and viſit the greateſt iron-mines in England. At Whitrigs the works are carried on with much ſpirit, by driving of levels into the boſom of the mountain. The ore is found in a limeſtone ſtratum, mixed with a variety of ſpars of a dirty colour. There is much quartz in ſome of the works, that admits of a high poliſh. At preſent the works in Stone-cloſe and Adgarly are the moſt flouriſhing that have been known in Furneſs. This mineral is not hurtful to any animal or vegetable. The verdure is remarkably fine about the workings, and no one ever ſuffered by drinking the water in the mines, though diſcoloured and much impregnated with the ore.

Proceed by Dalton to the magnificent ruins of Furneſs Abbey, and there

> "See the wild waſte of all devouring years,
> How Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears.
> With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread,
> The very tombs now vaniſh like the dead."

This abbey was founded by Stephen Earl of Mortaign and Boulogne, afterwards King of

England, A. D. 1127, and was endowed with the lordſhip of Furneſs, and many royal privileges. It was peopled from the monaſtery of Savigny, in Normandy, and dedicated to St. Mary. In ancient writings it is ſtiled *St. Mayre's* of Furneſs. The monks were of the order of Savigny, and their dreſs was grey cloth; but on receiving St. Bernard's form, they changed from grey to white, and became Ciſtercians; and ſuch they remained till the diſſolution of the monaſteries.

The ſituation of this abbey, ſo favourable to a contemplative life, juſtifies the choice of the firſt ſettlers. Such a ſequeſtered ſite, in the bottom of a deep dell, through which a haſty brook rolls its murmuring ſtream, and along which the roaring weſt wind would often blow, joined with the deep-toned mattin ſong, muſt have been very favourable to the ſolemn melancholy of a monaſtic life.

To prevent ſurpriſe, and call in aſſiſtance, a beacon was placed on the crown of an eminence, that riſes immediately from the abbey, and is ſeen over all Low-Furneſs. The door leading to the beacon is ſtill remaining in the incloſure wall, on the eaſtern ſide. The magnitude of the abbey may be known from the dimenſions of the ruins; and enough is ſtanding to ſhew the ſtile of the architecture. The round and pointed arches occur in the doors and windows. The fine cluſtered Gothic, and the heavy plain

Saxon

Saxon pillars ſtand contraſted. The walls ſhew excellent maſonry, are in many places counter-arched, and the ruins diſcover a ſtrong cement. The eaſt window has been noble, and ſome of the painted glaſs that once adorned it, is preſerved in a window in Windermere church. On the outſide of the window, under an arched feſtoon, is the head of the founder, and, oppoſite to it, that of Maud, his Queen; both crowned, and well executed. In the ſouth wall, and eaſt end of the church, are four ſeats, adorned with Gothic ornaments. In theſe the officiating prieſt, with his attendants, ſat at intervals, during the ſolemn ſervice of high maſs. In the middle ſpace, where the firſt barons of Kendal are interred, lies a procumbent figure of a man in armour, croſs legged. The chapter-houſe has been a noble room of ſixty feet by forty-five. The vaulted roof, formed of twelve ribbed arches, was ſupported by ſix pillars in two rows, at thirteen feet diſtance from each other. Now, ſuppoſing each of the pillars to be two feet in diameter, the room would be divided into three alleys, or paſſages, each thirteen feet wide. On entrance, the middle one only could be ſeen, lighted by a pair of tall pointed windows at the upper end of the room; the company in the ſide paſſage would be concealed by the pillars, and the vaulted roof, that groined from thoſe pillars, would have a truly Gothic diſproportioned appearance of ſixty feet by thirteen.

The two ſide alleys were lighted each by a pair of ſimilar lights, beſides another pair at the upper end, at preſent entire, and which illuſtrate what is here ſaid. Thus, whilſt the upper end of the room had a profuſion of light, the lower end would be in the ſhade. The noble roof of this ſingular edifice did but lately fall in, and the entrance or porch is ſtill ſtanding; a fine circular arch, beautified with a deep cornice and a portico on each ſide. The only entire roof now remaining, is of a building without the incloſure-wall. It was the ſchool-houſe of the abbot's tenants, and is a ſingle ribbed arch that groins from the walls.

There is a general diſproportion remarkable in Gothic churches, which muſt have originated in ſome effect intended by all the architects. Perhaps to ſtrike the mind with reverential awe at the ſight of magnificence, ariſing from the vaſtneſs of two dimenſions, and a third ſeemingly diſregarded. Or, perhaps ſuch a determinate height and length was found more favourable than any other to the church ſong, by giving a deeper ſwell to the choir of chaunting monks. A remarkable deformity in this edifice, and for which there is no apparent reaſon or neceſſity, is, that the north door, which is the principal entrance, is on one ſide of the window above it. The tower has been ſupported by four magnificent arches, of which only one remains entire.

They

They reſted upon four tall pillars, whereof three are finely cluſtered, but the fourth is of a plain unmeaning conſtruction.

From the abbey, if on horſeback, return by Newton, Stainton, and Adgarly. See on the right, a deep embayed coaſt, the iſlands of Walney and Foulney, Peel-caſtle, and a variety of extenſive views on all ſides. At Adgarly the new iron ore works are carried on under the old workings. The richeſt ore is found here in immenſe quantities: one hundred and forty tons have been raiſed at one ſhaft in twenty-four hours. To the right, you have a view of the ruins of Gleaſton-caſtle, the ſeat of the Flemings ſoon after the conqueſt; which by a ſucceſſion of marriages, went to Cansfield, then to Harrington, who enjoyed it ſix deſcents; after that to Bonville, and laſtly to Gray, and was forfeited by Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, A. D. 1559. Leaving Urſwick behind, aſcend Birkrig, a rocky eminence, and from the beacon have a variety of extenſive and pleaſant views, of land and ſea, mountains and iſlands. Ulverſton appears to the north-eaſt, ſeated under a hanging wood, and beyond that, Furneſs-fells, in various ſhapes, form the grandeſt termination that can be imagined. The back view is the reverſe of this. When the tide is up, you ſee a fine arm of the ſea ſtretching far within land, terminated by bold rocks and ſteep ſhores. Beyond this expanſe,

panſe, a far country is ſeen, and Lancaſter town and caſtle, in a fine point of view, under a ſcreen of high grounds, over which ſable Clougha rears his venerable head. Ingleborough, behind many other mountains, has a fine effect from this ſtation. If in a carriage, return from the abbey by Dalton. This village is finely ſituated on the creſt of a rocky eminence, ſloping to the morning ſun. At the upper end is a ſquare tower, where formerly the abbot held his ſecular court, and ſecured his priſoners. The *keep* is in the bottom of the tower, and is a diſmal dungeon. This village being conveniently ſituated in a fine ſporting country, is honoured with an annual hunt, begun by the late Lord Strange, and which is continued by his ſon, the truly noble Earl of Derby. It commences the Monday after the 24th of October, and continues two whole weeks. For the better accommodation of the company, two excellent long rooms were built a few years ago, and called Sportſman's-hall.

Return to Ulverſton, and from thence to the priory of Coniſhead, the paradiſe of Furneſs; a Mount-Edgecombe in miniature, which well deſerves a viſit from the curious traveller. The houſe ſtands on the ſite of the priory of Coniſhead, at the foot of a fine eminence, and the ground falls gently from it an all ſides. The ſlopes are planted with ſhrubs and trees in ſuch a manner

a manner as to improve the elevation; and the waving woods that fly from it on each wing, give it an airy and noble appearance. The ſouth front is in the modern taſte, extended by an arcade. The north is in the Gothic ſtile, with a piazza and wings. The apartments are elegantly furniſhed, and the houſe is good and convenient. But, what recommends itſelf moſt to the curious, is a plan of pleaſure ground, on a ſmall ſcale, containing beauties equal in number to gardens of the greateſt extent in England. The variety of culminated grounds, and winding ſlopes, comprehended within this ſweet ſpot, furniſhes all the advantage of mountains and vales, woods and water. By the judicious management of theſe aſſemblages, the late owner performed wonders. Conſulting the genius of the place, he called in to aid his plan, and harmonized to his little ſpot, the features of a country vaſt in extent, and by nature highly pictureſque*, whoſe diſtant parts agreeing with what was immediately near him, form a moſt magnificent whole. For, beſides the ornamental grounds, the views from the houſe are both pleaſing and ſurpriſing. They are at once grand and elegant, rural and marine. On the eaſtern ſide, you have a fine æſtuary, ſpotted with rocks, iſles,

* The note intended for this place proving too long, it is inſerted in the Addenda, and makes article VIII.

iſles, and peninſulas, a variety of ſhore, deeply indented in ſome places, in others compoſed of noble arched rocks, craggy, broken, and fringed with wood;—over theſe, hanging woods, intermixed with cultivated incloſures, covered with a back ground of ſtupendous mountains. As a contraſt to this view, from the other end of the gravel walk (between two culminating hills, covered with tall wood) is ſeen, in fine perſpective, a rich cultivated dale, divided by hedge-row trees; beyond theſe, hanging grounds cut into incloſures, with ſcattered farms, and above them all, a long range of waving paſture ground and ſheep walks, ſhining in variety of vegetation. This ſweet paſtoral picture is much heightened by the deep ſhade of the towering wooded hills, between which it is viewed. Turn to the left, the ſcenery is all reverſed. Under a range of tall ſycamores, an expanſe of water burſts upon the eye, and beyond it, land juſt viſible through the azure miſt. Veſſels traverſing this bay are alſo ſeen in a moſt picturesque manner, and, from the lower part of the houſe, appear ſailing through the trees, and approaching it till they drop anchor juſt under the windows. The range of ſycamores has a fine effect in this ſea view, by breaking the line in the watery plain, and forming an elegant frame to a very excellent picture. By turning a little to the right, the proſpect changes. At the head of a

ſloping incloſure, and under the ſkirts of a ſteep wood, a ſequeſtered cottage ſtands in the niceſt point of beauty.

There is a great variety of pleaſing views from the different meandering walks and ſeats in the wood: one at the hermitage, and another at the ſeat in the bottom of the wood, where Ulverſton and the environs make a pretty picture. From under the ſhrubbery (on the eaſtern ſide of the houſe, and from the gate at the north end of the walk, behind a ſwell of green hills) if the afternoon ſun ſhine, the conical ſummits of diſtant mountains are ſeen gliſtening like burniſhed gold, and pointing to the heavens in a noble ſtile. But, as this ſweet ſpot is injured by deſcription, I ſhall only add, that it is a great omiſſion in the curious traveller, to be in Furneſs and not to ſee ſo wonderfully pretty a place, to which nature has been ſo profuſe in noble gifts, and where art has lent its beſt aſſiſtance, under the regulation of an elegant fancy, and a refined taſte*.

CONISTON.

* And, where it is not too much to go on in a language of a ſtill higher kind,——

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again;
Not chaos-like, together cruſh'd and bruiſ'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confuſ'd.
Pope's Windſor Foreſt.

CONISTON.

From Ulverſton to Coniſton-water is eight miles, either by Penny-bridge, or by Lowick, both excellent carriage roads *. By Lowick the road is along a narrow vale, beautifully divided by hanging incloſures and ſcattered farms, half way up the mountains ſides, whoſe various heads are covered with heath and brown vegetation. About three miles from Ulverſton obſerve a farm houſe on the left, and a group of houſes before you on the right.—Stop at the gate on the brow of the hill, and have a diſtant view of the lake, finely interſected with high crowned peninſulas. At the upper end, a ſnow-white houſe is ſeen, under a hanging wood, and to the north-eaſt, the lake ſeems to wind round the mountain's feet. The whole range of Coniſton fells is now in ſight, and under them a lower ſweep of dark rocks frown over the chryſtal ſurface of the lake. Advancing, on the left ſee Lowick-hall, once the ſeat of a family of that name. Behind this, a diſmal ſcene of barrenneſs preſents itſelf; cluſtered grey rocky mountains, variegated with ſome few ſtripes of heath. After croſſing the outlet of the lake, at Lowick-bridge, theſe dreary objects

* Company, that return to Ulverſton the ſame day, ſhould turn off to the left near Lowick-bridge, to Penny-bridge, and have a charming view of a moſt beautiful bay, eſpecially if the tide be up. It opens a little ſhort of Penny-bridge, and continues to Green-Odd, at the meetings of the rivers Leven and Crake, where this country ſlate is laid up for exportation.

objects are found often intercepted by pieces of arable ground, hanging ſweetly to the eaſt, and cut into waving incloſures, with cottages prettily ſituated under ancient oaks, or venerable yews. The white houſes, in theſe parts, covered with blue ſlate, have a neat appearance. The *thatched* cot is eſteemed a more pictureſque object; yet the other kind, ſeen under a deep green wood, or covered with a purple back-ground of heath, have a pleaſing effect.

Reach the ſouth end of the lake. Here it is narrowed by rocky prominences from both ſides, forming between their curvatures, a variety of pretty bays. The whole length of the lake is about ſix meaſured miles, and the greateſt breadth about three quarters of a mile. The greateſt depth, by report, exceeds not forty fathoms. A little higher the broadeſt part commences, and ſtretches, with ſmall curvatures, to Water-head. The ſhores are frequently indented, and one pretty bay opens after another in a variety of forms.

STATION I. A little above the village of Nibthwaite, the lake opens in full view. From the rock, on the left of the road, you have a general proſpect of the lake, upwards. This ſtation is found by obſerving where you have a hanging rock over the road, on the eaſt, and an aſh-tree on the weſt ſide of the road. On the

the oppoſite ſhore, to the left, and cloſe by the water's edge, are ſome ſtripes of meadow and green ground, cut into ſmall incloſures, with ſome dark coloured houſes under aged yew trees. Two promontories project a great way into the lake; the broadeſt is finely terminated by ſteep rocks, and crowned with wood; and both are inſulated when the lake is high. Upwards, over a fine ſheet of water, the lake is again interſected by a far-projecting promontory, that ſwells into two eminences, and betwixt them the lake is again caught, with ſome white houſes at the feet of the mountains. And more to the right, over another headland, you catch a fourth view of the lake, twiſting to the north-eaſt. Almoſt oppoſite to this ſtation, ſtands a houſe on the crown of a rock, covered with ancient trees, that has a moſt romantic appearance.

The noble ſcenery increaſes as you ride along the banks. In ſome places, bold rocks (lately covered with wood) conceal the lake entirely, and when the winds blow, the beating of ſurges is heard juſt under you. In other places, abrupt openings ſhew the lake anew, and there, when calm, its limpid ſurface, ſhining like a chryſtal mirror, reflects the azure ſky, or its dappled clouds, in the fineſt mixture of nature's clare-obſcure. On the weſtern ſide, the ſhore is more variegated with ſmall incloſures, ſcattered cots, groves, and meadows.

The

The road continues along the eaſtern banks of the lake; here bare, there ſweetly fringed with a few tall trees, the ſmall remains of its ancient woods, that till lately cloathed the whole.

STATION II. When you are oppoſite to the peninſula laſt deſcribed, proceed through a gate on the left hand, and from the rocky eminence you have a general view of the lake, both ways. To the ſouth, a ſweet bay is formed between the horns of two peninſulas, and beyond that a fine ſheet of water appears, terminated by the promontories which form the ſtraits, through which the lake has its outlet. From thence, the coaſt is beautifully diverſified by a number of green eminences, crowned with wood; and ſequeſtered cottages, interſperſed amongſt them, half concealed by yew trees, and, above them, a wave of rocky ſpiral mountains, dreſſed in brown vegetation, form the moſt romantic ſcenes. Between this and a wooded eminence, a green hill, cut into incloſures to the very top, in ſome parts patched with rock and little groves, has a beautiful appearance; eſpecially when contraſted with the barren ſcenes on one hand, and the deep ſhade of a waving wood on the other. At the foot of this cultivated tract, and on the margin of the lake, a few white houſes, partly concealed in a grove, look like enchanted ſeats on fairy ground. Behind theſe, a barren, bleak mountain frowns in ſullen majeſty, and down his

furrowed ſide the Black-beck of Torver rolls its fretted torrent. Juſt at your feet lies the oblong rocky iſle of Peel; and near it the dark points of half immerſed rocks juſt ſhew themſelves by turns. Here is the fineſt picture of the lake, and when it is ſmooth, the whole is ſeen reflected on the ſhining ſurface of the watery mirror. On the weſtern ſide the coaſt is ſteep rocks. The eaſtern ſide is much embayed. The high end of the lake is here in view, yet it ſeems to wind both ways behind the oppoſite promontories. The range of naked rocks, that croſs the head of the lake, appear now awful, from their ſable hue, and behind them the immenſe maſs of Cove, Rydal-head, and many nameleſs mountains, have a moſt ſtupendous appearance, and ſeeming inacceſſible height. A ſucceſſion of pretty bays open to the traveller as he advances; the banks become more wooded, and more cultivation appears. On the weſtern margin ſtands the lady of the lake, Coniſton-hall, concealed in a grove of tall trees, and above it, the village of the ſame name. The hall has only changed maſters twice ſince the conqueſt, and has belonged to the family of Fleming moſt of the time.

STATION III. After croſſing the common, where grows a pictureſque yew tree on the right hand, and a ſmall peninſula ruſhes into the lake on the left, crowned with a ſingle tree, enter the grove, and paſs a gate and bridge that croſſes a ſmall

a ſmall rivulet.—Look for a fragment of dark coloured rock on the margin of the water, and near it will be found the beſt ſtand for the artiſt to take the fineſt view on the lake. Looking acroſs the lake, by the ſouth end of the grove that conceals Coniſton-hall, and over the cultivated tract that riſes behind it, between two ſwells of rocks, a cataract will meet the eye, iſſuing from the boſom of the mountains. The ſide-ground, on the right, is a wooded, ſloping rock, and over it the road is catched ſlanting along. The near fore-ground is the greateſt extent of the lake; and behind the immediate mountains, the Weſtmorland fells are ſeen towering to the clouds. This ſtation will be found by company coming down the lake, at the circular bay, where the road firſt joins the level of the water.

The next grand view is had in the boat, and from the centre of the lake, oppoſite to Coniſton-hall. Looking towards the mountains, the lake ſpreads itſelf into a noble expanſe of tranſparent water, and burſts into a bay on each ſide, bordered with verdant meadows, and incloſed with a variety of grounds riſing in an exceedingly bold manner. The objects are beautifully diverſified amongſt themſelves, and contraſted by the fineſt exhibition of rural elegance (cultivation, and paſturage, waving woods, and ſloping incloſures, adorned by nature, and improved by art) under

the bold ſides of ſtupendous mountains, whoſe airy ſummits, the elevated eye cannot now reach, and which almoſt deny acceſs to the human kind.

Following the line of ſhore from Coniſton-hall to the upper end of the lake, the village of Coniſton is in full view, and conſiſts of ſeats, groups of houſes, farms, and cots, ſcattered in a pictureſque manner over the cultivated ſlope. Some are ſnow white, others grey; ſome ſtand forth on bold eminences at the head of green incloſures, backed with ſteep woods; others are pitched on ſwift declivities, and ſeem hanging in the air; ſome again are on a level with the lake; and all are neatly covered with blue ſlate, the produce of the mountains, and beautified with ornamental yews, hollies, and tall pines, or firs. This is a charming ſcene, when the morning ſun tinges the whole with a variety of tints. In the point of beauty and centre of perſpective, a white houſe, under a hanging wood, gives life to this picture. Here a range of dark rugged rocks riſe abruptly, and deeply contraſt the tranſparent ſurface of the lake, and the ſtripe of verdure that ſkirts their feet. The eaſtern ſhore is not leſs bold and embayed*.

It will be allowed, that the views on this lake are beautiful and pictureſque, yet they pleaſe more

* The ſlate brought down from the mountains is laid up here, till put on board boats that tranſport it to the water-foot.

more than ſurpriſe. The hills that immediately incloſe the lake, are ornamental, but humble. The mountains at the head of the lake are great, noble, and ſublime, without any thing that is horrid or terrible. They are bold, and ſteep, without the projecting precipice, the overhanging rock, or pendant cliff. The hanging woods, waving incloſures, and airy ſites, are elegant, beautiful, and picturesque; and the whole may be ſeen with eaſe and pleaſure. In a fine morning, there is not a more pleaſant rural ride; and then the beauties of the lake are ſeen to the moſt advantage. In the afternoon, if the ſun ſhine, much of the effect is loſt by the change of light; and ſuch as viſit it from the north, loſe all the charms ariſing from the ſwell of mountains, by turning their backs upon them.

The feeder of this lake, beſides the Black-beck of Torver, is Coniſton-beck. It deſcends from the mountains, or rather is precipitated, in a ſhort courſe to the lake, which it enters on the weſtern canton, in a clear ſtream, concealed by its banks. The lake bends away to the eaſt, and its intermediate ſhore is a beach of pebble and ſand. This beach is adorned with a cot, ſet under a full-topt tree.

The char here, are ſaid to be the fineſt in England. They are taken later than on Windermere-water, and continue longer in the ſpring.

At Water-head*, the road to the eaſt leads to Ambleſide, eight miles; to Hawkſhead, three. Aſcend a ſteep hill ſurrounded with wood, and have a back view of the lake. To the north is a moſt awful ſcene of mountains heaped upon mountains, in every variety of horrid ſhape. Amongſt them ſweeps to the north a deep winding chaſm, darkened by overhanging rocks, that the eye cannot pierce, nor the imagination fathom; from which turn your face to the eaſt, and you have a view of ſome part of Windermere-water. The road ſoon divides; the left leads to Ambleſide, the right to Hawkſhead, which ſtands under a mountain, at the upper end of a narrow valley. The church is ſeated on the front of an eminence that commands the vale, which is floated with

ESTHWAITE-WATER,

Two miles in length, and half a mile in breadth, interſected by a peninſula from each ſide, jutting far into the lake, finely elevated, crowned with cultivation, and bordered with fringed trees, and coppice wood. The lake is encompaſſed with a good carriage road, and over its outlet is a narrow ſtone bridge. On the banks are villages and

* A little to the weſt, and at the north end of the lake ſtands the houſe of the late George Knott, Eſq. who made many beautiful improvements on his eſtate here, which, contraſted with the native rudeneſs of the ſurrounding hills, have a moſt pleaſing effect, and are well worth viewing by the curious traveller.

and ſcattered houſes, ſweetly ſituated under woods and hanging grounds, enamelled with delightful verdure and ſoft vegetation; all which is heightened by the deep ſhade of the woods, and the ſtrong back-ground of rocky mountains. At the head of a gentle ſlope, with a juſt elevation, a handſome modern houſe, Bell-mont, is charmingly ſituated, and commands a delightful view of the lake, with all its environs.

The fiſh here are perch, pike, eel, and trout. No char are found in this lake, though it is connected with Windermere.

From Hawkſhead to Ambleſide, five miles; to the horſe-ferry on Windermere-water, four miles. On horſeback, this latter is the more eligible route, as it leads immediately to the centre of the lake, where all its beauties are ſeen to the greateſt advantage.

WINDERMERE.

Windermere-water, like that of Coniſton, is viewed to the greateſt advantage by facing the mountains, which riſe in grandeur on the eye, and ſwell upon the imagination as they are approached.

The road to the ferry is round the head of Eſthwaite-water, through the villages of Colt-

houſe and Sawreys. Aſcend a ſteep hill, and from its ſummit, have a view of a long reach of Windermere-water, ſtretching far to the ſouth, till loſt between two high promontories. The road ſerpentizes round a rocky mountain, till you come under a broken ſcar, that in ſome places hangs over the way, and where ancient yews and hollies grow fantaſtically amongſt the fallen rocks. This brings you ſoon to

STATION I. Near the iſthmus of the ferry point, obſerve two ſmall oak trees that incloſe the road; theſe will guide you to this celebrated ſtation. Behind the tree, on the weſtern ſide aſcend to the top of the neareſt rock, and from thence, in two views, command all the beauties of this magnificent lake. But, it will be more convenient to ſtop ſhort of the two trees, and aſcend the weſt ſide of the rock, for here the aſcent is eaſier, and you open on the view at once. —To do this, juſt where you croſs the road, obſerve on the left, a ſharp-edged procumbent rock; turn from that a little to the right, and gain the ſummit of the crag. The trees are of ſingular uſe in anſwering the purpoſes of foreground, and of interſecting the lake. The rock riſes perpendicularly from the lake, and forms a pretty bay. In front, Ramps-holme, or Berkſhire-iſland, preſents itſelf in all its length, cloathed in wood. To the left, the ferry point, cloſing with Crow-holme, a wooded iſland, forms a fine promontory.

promontory. Juſt behind this, the mountain retiring inward, makes a ſemicircular bay, ſurrounded with a few acres of the moſt elegant verdure, ſloping upward from the water's edge, graced with a cottage in the fineſt point of view. Above it, the mountain riſes in an agreeable wildneſs, variegated with ſcattered trees, and ſilver-grey rocks. An extent of water of twelve miles circumference, ſpreads itſelf to the north, frequently interſected with promontories, or ſpotted with iſlands. Amongſt them, the Holme, or great iſland, an oblong tract of thirty acres, traverſes the lake in an oblique line, ſurrounded by a number of inferior iſles, finely formed, and dreſt in wood. The pointed dark rocks of Curlew-crags appear above the water, and others juſt concealed, give a ſable hue to that part of the lake. Rough-holme is a circular iſle, covered with trees. Lady-holme, where in ancient times ſtood an oratory, is an iſle of an oval form, veſted with coppice wood. Hen-holme is a rock covered with ſhrubs. Graſs-holme is at preſent ſhaded with a grove of oaks. And two ſmaller iſlets borrow their names from the lilies of the valley, which decorate them. Theſe, with Crow-holme and Berkſhire-iſland, form this Archipelago.

To the north of this magnificent ſcene, a glorious ſheet of water expands itſelf to the right and left, in curves bearing from the eye; bounded on the weſt by the continuation of the mountain where

where you ſtand, whoſe bold lofty ſide is embelliſhed with growing trees, ſhrubs, and coarſe vegetation, intermixed with grey rocks, that group finely with the deep green of yews and hollies. The eaſtern view is a noble contraſt to this, adorned with all that is beautiful, grand, and ſublime. The immediate ſpace is much cultivated. The variety of hanging grounds are immenſe, conſiſting of woods, groves, and incloſures, all terminating in rocky uplands of various forms. It ſpreads out above in a beautiful variety of waving incloſures, intermixed with hanging woods, and ſhrubby circular ſpots, over-topped with wild grounds, and rocky ridges of broken mountains. In ſome places it ſwells into ſpacious bays, fringed with trees, whoſe buſhy heads wave beautifully over the chryſtal waters. The parſonage houſe is ſeen ſweetly ſeated under a range of tall firs. Following the ſame line of ſhore, above the eaſt ferry point, and on the banks of the bay, the tops of the houſes, and the church of Windermere are juſt ſeen. Above that, Bannerig and Orreſthead riſe gradually into points, cultivated to the top, and cut into incloſures. Theſe are contraſted by the rugged crags of Biſcot-how. Troutbeck-park comes next in view, and over that, Hill-bell rears his conic top, and Fairfield ſwells in Alpine pride, rivalled only by Rydal's loftier head.

The eaſtern coaſt, to the ſouth of what has been deſcribed, is ſtill more pleaſing in variety

of

of little groves, interpoſed incloſures, and ſcattered houſes, ſweetly ſecreted. To the ſouth, and from the weſtern coaſt, at three miles diſtance, Rawlinſon's-nab, a high crowned promontory, ſhoots far into the lake; and from the oppoſite ſhore, you ſee the Storrs, another wooded promontory, ſtretching far into the water, pointing at the rocky iſle of Ling-holme. Over Rawlinſon's-nab, the lake ſpreads out in a magnificent ſheet of water; and following the winding ſhore far to the ſouth, it ſeems loſt behind a promontory on the eaſtern ſide. Over two woody mountains, Park and Landen-nab, the blue ſummits of other diſtant mountains, indented in various forms, cloſe the ſcene.

Return to the road, and at the gate leading to the ferry-houſe, follow the path to the left, having a ſtone-wall on the right, until you approach the farm-houſe called Harrow. Here a charming picture will preſent itſelf in an elegant ſtile. The iſland from this ſtand appears with much variety of ſhore; indented and embayed; almoſt ſurrounded with iſlets; adorned with ancient oaks and ſcattered trees*. Here the lake is caught a ſecond time over the iſland; and the village and church of Bowneſs hang on its banks. A ſweeter picture than this, the lake does not furniſh.—The artiſt will find a proper ſtand on the inſide of the ſtone-wall. Having

* In the collection of *Views of the Lakes*, engraved by Meſſrs. Byrne, &c. Mr. Farington's view from the hill above the ferry-houſe, this ſcene repreſents.

Having from this ſtation enjoyed theſe charming views, deſcend to the ferry-houſe, and proceed to the great iſland, where you will again ſee all that is charming on the lake, or magnificent and ſublime in the environs, in a new point of view.

Of this ſequeſtered ſpot Mr. Young ſpeaks in rapture *, and Mr. Pennant has done it much honour by his deſcription †. But alas! it is no more to be ſeen in that beautiful unaffected ſtate in which thoſe gentlemen ſaw it. The ſweet ſecreted cottage is no more, and the ſycamore grove is fled. The preſent owner has modernized a fine ſlope in the boſom of the iſland into a formal garden. An unpleaſing contraſt to the natural ſimplicity and inſular beauty of the place. What reaſon he had for adopting ſuch a plan, I ſhall not enquire; much leſs ſhall I treat him with abuſe for executing it to his own fancy. The want of choice might juſtify his having a garden on the iſland; but, ſince it is now in his power to have it elſewhere, I hope it will be his pleaſure when he re-viſits the place, to reſtore the iſland to its native ſtate of paſtoral ſimplicity, and rural elegance, by its removal ‡.

This

* *Six month's tour* Vol. 3, page 176.

† *Tour in Scotland*, page 33.

‡ Our author, ſeems, with Mr. Hutchinſon, to have had no good will to Mr. Engliſh's garden. But I query whether their cenſures be critically juſt. In the firſt place, it does not

This iſland was long the property of the Philipſons, once a family of conſequence in theſe parts; and Sir Chriſtopher Philipſon reſided upon it in the beginning of this century.

STATION

not appear that the owner conſidered this incloſure as a ſpecimen of his taſte; where then is the propriety of judging it by the principles of taſte? If this be right, thoſe who make the tour of the lakes will find little but blemiſhes in moſt of the rural habitations they may ſee in landſcapes, and which are often greatly praiſed. For there can be but a very few of them where a moderate fancy could not tell how to make them *better*. Moſt probably the proprietor of the garden, like the founders of moſt country cottages, conſidered *uſe* as the chief object in its formation; and if ſo, by that teſt it ſhould principally be tried. But as an *object merely*, ſeen from the ſhore of the lake, Mr. Hutchinſon tells us, it is *diſguſting*. If I may judge of other people's unbiaſſed notions by my own, I believe very few will concur with this deciſion. On the contrary, I believe it will attract the eye more than moſt other objects then in ſight; and that not on account of its deformity, but from the inherent principles of taſte. In the midſt of ſimple *varigated nature*, *formal works of art*, have have often the moſt pleaſing effect. They pleaſe from contraſt in *form* and *colour*, and alſo from our being accuſtomed to ſee them in ſuch ſituations. For the works of men's hands have always been found amongſt the works of nature. We may be pleaſed, indeed, with the beauties of an intermixture of wood and lawn, but we muſt be better pleaſed, when they are accompanied with water; better ſtill when rocks and mountains are added to them; and higheſt of all, when the proſpect is furniſhed with ſome uſeful (*right-angled*, if you will) erection of brick or ſtone.

If this be not true, the chief reaſons for raiſing objects of *maſonry* on proper ſites (attempted to be recommended in Article

STATION II. The views from this delicious ſpot are many and charming.—From the *ſouth* ſide of the iſland you look over a noble extent of water, bounded in front by waves of diſtant mountains, that riſe from the water's edge. The two ferry-points form a pictureſque ſtrait; and beyond that, the Storrs on one ſide, and

Article VIII. of the Addenda) will vaniſh, and we muſt condemn the taſte of the moſt applauded landſcape pictures that we ſee. In ſhort, though Mr. Engliſh's houſe and garden, might both of them have been much better formed than we find them, with reſpect to the objects amongſt which they ſtand, yet I cannot but think them a conſiderable acceſſion to the beauties of the lake. And could one with a wiſh throw a bridge from ſhore to ſhore, place the uncommon row of houſes near Shap acroſs the iſland, or even conjure a city upon it, I ſhould perſuade myſelf (however it might vary the *character*, or deviate from certain limited and rigid conceptions of rural elegance) that, beautiful as the proſpects of this lake certainly are, there is no eye but would then dwell upon them with more pleaſure than it poſſibly can do at preſent. It might then become a rival to the celebrated lake of Geneva, which owes its principal ſuperiority over all other lakes to its having a city at one end, and being ſurrounded with palaces.—Indeed I preſume it will not be eaſy to point out an inſtance of natural beauty of any kind, which would not receive ſome advantage from the ideas of *richneſs*, *art*, and *contraſt*.

X.

This iſland is now the property of John Chriſtian Curwen, Eſq. who, ſince the writing of the above note, has finiſhed the large manſion-houſe begun by Mr. Engliſh, demoliſhed the garden, and has made many improvements upon it in an elegant ſtile.

and Rawlinſon's-nab on the other, ſhooting far into the lake, form a grand ſinuoſity, while the intermediate ſhores are beautifully indented with wooded promontories, or ornamented with elegant edgings of luxuriant trees. Berkſhire and Crow-holme iſlands break the line in this noble expanſe of water. The eaſtern ſhore diſcovers much cultivation; and the ſucceeding hills are much diverſified, and ſtrangely tumbled about. Some are laid out in graſs incloſures, others cut with hedges, and fringed with trees; one is crowned with wood, and ſkirted with the ſweeteſt verdure; another waves with corn, and the whole is a mixture of objects that conſtitute the moſt pleaſing of rural ſcenes.—The upper grounds are wild, and paſtured with flocks.

STATION III. From the *north* ſide of the iſland, the views are more ſublime and vaſt. The lake is here ſeen both ways. To the ſouth, an expanſe of water ſpreads on both hands, and behind, you ſee a ſucceſſion of promontories, with variety of ſhore, patched with iſlands, and the whole encircled by an amphitheatre of diſtant hills, riſing in a noble ſtile. Turning to the north, the view is over a reach of the lake, ſix miles in length, and above one in breadth, interrupted with ſcattered iſlands of different figure and dreſs; which on a calm day may be ſeen diſtinctly reflected from the limpid ſurface of the water that ſurrounds them. The environs exhibit

hibit all the grandeur of Alpine ſcenes. The conic ſummits of Langdale-pikes, and Hill-bell; the broken ridge of Wrynoſe, and the rocky point of Kirkſtone; the overhanging cliff of Hardknot*; the uniform maſs of Fairfield and Rydal-head, with the far extended mountains of Troutbeck and Kentmere,—form as magnificent an amphitheatre, and as grand an aſſemblage of mountains, dells, and chaſms, as ever the fancy of Pouſſin ſuggeſted, or the genius of Roſa invented. The iſland is the centre of this amphitheatre, and in the oppoſite point, directly over the extremity of the lake, is Rydal-hall, ſweetly ſeated for the enjoyment of theſe ſcenes, and animating the whole in return. The immediate borders of the lake are adorned with villages and ſcattered cots. Calgarth†, and Rayrig, grace its banks.

After

* Langdale-pikes, Wrynoſe, and Hardknot are named, as being in the environs, and in the weſtern canton of this amphitheatre, yet are in reality not ſeen from the iſland, being intercepted by a proceſs of Furneſs-fells.

† This old manſion is built much in the ſtile of Levens and Sizergh. Some of the rooms have been elegantly finiſhed. But having been a long time in the poſſeſſion of farmers, who occupy but a part of it, it is much gone out of repair, and has, on the whole a melancholy appearance. This circumſtance, in concurrence with the ſuperſtitious notions, which have ever been common in country places, and the particular mentioned below, have probably given riſe to a report, which has long prevailed, that the houſe is haunted. And many

are

After enjoying theſe internal views from the boſom of the lake, I recommend ſailing down to Rawlinſon's-nab. On the ſouth ſide of it, a pretty bay opens for landing. In the courſe of the voyage, you ſhould touch at the different iſlands in the way, where every object is varied by a change of features, in ſuch a manner as renders them wholly new. The great iſland changes its appearance, and, joined with the ferry points, cuts the lake in two. The houſe thereon becomes an important object. The ferry-houſe, ſeen under the ſycamore grove, has

F a fine

are the ſtories of frightful viſions, and miſchievous deeds, which the goblins of the place are ſaid to have performed to terrify and diſtreſs the harmleſs neighbourhood. Theſe fables are not yet entirely diſbelieved. Spectres ſtill are ſeen, and there are two human ſkulls, which have lain in the window of a large room as long as can be remembered, whoſe hiſtory and reputed properties, are too ſingular not to contribute ſomething to this ſtory of *the haunted houſe*, and to let them paſs over in this note.

It has been a popular tale in theſe parts, of immemorial ſtanding, that theſe ſkulls formerly belonged to two poor old people, who where unjuſtly executed for a robbery; that, to perpetuate their innocence, ſome ghoſt brought them there, and that they are for that end *indeſtructible*, and, in effect *immoveable*. For, it is ſaid, to what place ſoever they where taken, or however uſed, they were ſtill preſently ſeen again in their old dormitory, the window. As the report goes, they have been buried, burnt, powdered, and diſperſed in the wind, and upon the lake, ſeveral times to no purpoſe, as to their removal or deſtruction. So far ſays common fame.

Certain

a fine effect; and the broken cliff over it, conſtitutes a moſt agreeable picture. The greateſt beauty of ſhore, and the fineſt rural ſcenes in nature, are found by traverſing the lake; and viewing each in turn, they receive improvement from contraſt.—The weſtern ſide is ſpread with enchanting ſylvan ſcenes; the eaſtern waves with all the improved glory of rural magnificence.

STATION IV. Rawlinſon's-nab is a peninſular rock, of a circular figure, ſwelling to a crown in the centre, covered with low wood; there are two of them; but it is from the crown of

Certain it is theſe human remains ſtill exiſt. And it would be thought an impeachment of the taſte and curioſity of the nymphs and ſwains of the neighbouring villages, if they could not ſay they had *once* ſeen the ſkulls of Calgarth.

As a more *rational* account of the matter, (though ſtill lame and unſatisfactory) it is told by ſome, that there formerly lived in the houſe a famous doctreſs, who had two ſkeletons by her, for the uſual purpoſes of her profeſſion; and the ſkulls happening to meet with better preſervation than the reſt of the bones, they were accidently honoured with this ſingular notice. But be their origin what it may, their legend is too whimſical and improbable to deſerve being recorded, otherwiſe than as an inſtance of the never failing credulity of ignorance and ſuperſtition. X.

Calgarth eſtate is now the property of Dr. Watſon, the learned biſhop of Landaff, who has built an elegant manſion thereon, which, with the other improvements now going forward, in that fine ſituation, will make it one of the moſt beautiful places in this country.

of the interior Nab, you have the preſent ſurpriſing view of two fine ſheets of water, that bend different ways.

The view to the ſouth is bounded on both ſides by a bold and various ſhore. The hills are wooded and rough, but ſpotted in parts with ſmall incloſures, and their tops burſt into rocks of various ſhapes.

The view to the north is more beautiful: an extent of three miles of the lake, is broken into by the bold promontory, the Storrs, and, above that, Berkſhire-iſland is charmingly placed. Bannerig and Orreſt-head riſing inward from the ſhore in magnificent ſlopes, are ſeen from hence to great advantage. This beautiful ſcene is well contraſted on the oppoſite ſide, by a ridge of hanging woods, ſpread over wild romantic grounds, that ſhoot abruptly into bold and ſpirited projections*.

Return to Bowneſs, and conclude the ſurvey by taking Mr. Young's general view of the lake, where, at one glance, you command all its ſtriking beauties. No ſtation can better anſwer the purpoſe, and it would here be an injuſtice done to the diſcoverer, to deviate one tittle from his deſcription.

* As it commanded more of the mountains at the head of the lake, Mr. Farington has given the view from Gill-head, on the oppoſite ſhore.

STATION V. "Thus having viewed the moſt pleaſing objects from theſe points, let me next conduct you to a ſpot, where, at one glance, you command them all in freſh ſituations, and all aſſuming a new appearance. For this purpoſe, you return to the village, and taking the bye-road to the turnpike, mount the hill without turning your head (if I was your guide, I would conduct you behind a ſmall hill, that you might come at once upon the view) till you almoſt gain the top, when you will be ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the proſpect ſpread at your feet, which, if not the moſt ſuperlative view that nature can exhibit, ſhe is more fertile in beauties than the reach of my imagination will allow me to conceive. It would be mere vanity to attempt to deſcribe a ſcene which beggars all deſcription; but that you may have ſome faint idea of the outlines of this wonderful picture, I will juſt give the particulars of which it conſiſts.

"The point on which you ſtand is the ſide of a large ridge of hills that form the eaſtern boundary of the lake, and the ſituation high enough to look *down* upon all the objects: a circumſtance of great importance, which painting cannot imitate. In landſcapes you are either on a level with the objects, or look up to them; the painter cannot give the declivity at your feet, which leſſens the object as much in the perpendicular line, as in the horizontal one. You look down upon

upon a noble winding valley, of about twelve miles long, every where incloſed with grounds, which riſe in a very bold and various manner; in ſome places bulging into mountains, abrupt, wild, and uncultivated; in others breaking into rocks, craggy, pointed, and irregular; here riſing into hills covered with the nobleſt woods, preſenting a gloomy brownneſs of ſhade, almoſt from the clouds, to the reflection of the trees in the limpid water of the lake they ſo beautifully ſkirt; there waving in glorious ſlopes of cultivated incloſures, adorned in the ſweeteſt manner with every object that can give variety to art, or elegance to nature; trees, woods, villages, houſes, farms, ſcattered with pictureſque confuſion, and waving to the eye in the moſt romantic landſcapes that nature can exhibit.

"This valley, ſo beautifully incloſed, is floated by the lake, which ſpreads forth to the right and left, in one vaſt, but irregular expanſe of tranſparent water; a more noble object can hardly be imagined. Its immediate ſhore is traced in every variety of line that fancy can imagine; ſometimes contracting the lake into the appearance of a noble winding river; at others retiring from it, and opening into large bays, as if for navies to anchor in; promontories ſpread with woods, or ſcattered with trees and incloſures, projecting into the water in the moſt pictureſque ſtile imaginable; rocky points breaking the ſhore,

and rearing their bold heads above the water; in a word, a variety that amazes the beholder.

" But what finiſhes the ſcene with an elegance too delicious to be imagined, is, this beautiful ſheet of water being dotted with no leſs than ten iſlands, diſtinctly comprehended by the eye; all of the moſt bewitching beauty. The large one preſents a waving various line, which riſes from the water in the moſt pictureſque inequalities of ſurface: high land in one place, low in another, clumps of trees in this ſpot, ſcattered ones in that, adorned by a farm-houſe on the water's edge, and backed with a little wood, vying in ſimple elegance with Baromean palaces: ſome of the ſmaller iſlets riſing from the lake, like little hills of wood; ſome only ſcattered with trees, and others of graſs of the fineſt verdure; a more beautiful variety is no where to be ſeen.

" Strain your imagination to command the idea of ſo noble an expanſe of water, thus glorioufly environed, ſpotted with iſlands, more beautiful than would have iſſued from the happieſt painter. Picture the mountains rearing their majeſtic heads with native ſublimity; the vaſt rocks boldly projecting their terrible craggy points; and, in the path of beauty, the variegated incloſures of the moſt charming verdure, hanging to the eye in every pictureſque form that can grace landſcape, with the moſt exquiſite

ſite touches of *la belle nature*. If you raiſe your fancy to ſomething infinitely beyond this aſſemblage of rural elegancies, you may have a faint notion of the unexampled beauties of this raviſhing landſcape."

If the ſun ſhines, this view of Mr. Young's can only be enjoyed early in the morning; as that on the oppoſite ſhore, behind the two oak trees, is, from a parity of circumſtances, an afternoon proſpect. Theſe are the fineſt ſtations on the lake for pleaſing the eye, but are by much too elevated for the purpoſe of the artiſt, who will find the pictureſque points on the great iſland well ſuited for his intention of morning and evening landſcape, having command of fore-ground, the objects well aſcertained, grouped, and diſpoſed in the fineſt order of nature. A picture of the north end of the lake, taken from this iſland, will far exceed the fanciful production of the happieſt pencil.—This may be eaſily verified by the uſe of the convex reflecting glaſs.

Rawlinſon's-nab is a pictureſque point, either for the eye or the pencil. You are there advanced a great way into the lake, in the midſt of the fineſt ſcenes, and with a charming foreground.

From the low Cat-crag, which is a little to the ſouth of the Nab, you have a view of the ſouth

end of the lake, and as far north as the great iſland. The ferry points, the Storrs, the Nab, and the leſſer iſlands, are diſtinctly viewed in a fine order. The houſe on the iſland is a good object; and the beauties of the weſtern ſhore to the ſouth of the Crag, are only ſeen from thence.

To ſum up the peculiar beauties of Windermere, its great variety of landſcapes, and enchanting views, after what Mr. Young has ſaid of it, is unneceſſary. He allowed himſelf time to examine this lake, and the the lakes in Cumberland, and he deſcribes each of them with much taſte and judgment, and it is evident he gives the preference to Windermere*. Yet this ought not to prejudice the minds of thoſe who have the tour to make, againſt ſuch as prefer Derwent-water, or Ulls-water. The ſtiles are all different, and therefore the ſenſations they excite will alſo be different; and the idea that gives pleaſure or pain in the higheſt degree, will be the rule of comparative judgment. It will, however, perhaps be allowed by all, that the greateſt variety of fine landſcape is found at this lake†.

The

* Mr. Pennant compares it to the chief of the Scotch lakes, and concludes it to be *here* what Lomond is *there*.

† Not one bulruſh or ſwampy reed defiles the margin of this imperial lake. No lake has its border ſo well aſcertained

Theſe ſtations will furniſh much amuſement to thoſe who viſit them; and others may perhaps be occaſionally found, equally pleaſing. And whoever is delighted with water expeditions and entertainments, ſuch as rowing, ſailing, fiſhing, &c. may enjoy them here in the higheſt perfection.

The principal feeders of Windermere-water, are the rivers Rothay and Brathay. They unite their ſtreams at the weſtern corner of the head of the lake, below Clapperſgate, at a place called the Three-foot-brander, and after a ſhort courſe boldly enter the lake.

The fiſh of this lake are char, trout, perch, pike, and eel. Of the char there are two varieties, the *caſe* char, and the *gelt* char; the latter is a fiſh that did not ſpawn the laſt ſeaſon, and is on that account more delicious.

The greateſt depth of the lake is, oppoſite to Ecclerig-crag, 222 feet. The fall from Newby-bridge, where the current of the lake becomes viſible,

tained, and of ſuch eaſy acceſs. Not one, after Lomond, can boaſt of ſo vaſt a guard of mountains, with ſuch variety and diverſity of ſhore.

In navigating the lake upwards from the great iſland, the extremity appears ſingularly noble; its parts great and pictureſque. The view of the ſurrounding mountains, from Cove to Kirkſton, is aſtoniſhing.

viſible, to the high water mark of the tide at Low-wood (diſtant two miles) is 105 feet. The bottom of the lake is therefore 117 feet below the high water mark of the ſea.

In Bowneſs there is nothing ſo remarkable as ſome remains of painted glaſs in the eaſt window of the church, that were brought from the abbey of Furneſs*.

From Bowneſs to Ambleſide, is ſix miles, along the ſide of the lake†. On the top of an eminence,

* "The preſent remains of this window ſhew, that it has contained very fine colouring in its former ſtate. The arms of France and England quartered, are well preſerved at the top of the window. The deſign is a crucifixion, in figures as large as life. By the hands, feet, and parts remaining, it ſeems to have been of ſingular beauty. On the dexter ſide of the crucifixion is St. George ſlaying the dragon;—on the ſiniſter, the Virgin Mary;—an uncouth aſſemblage. Beneath, are the figures of a knight and his lady kneeling; before whom, are a group of kneeling monks, over whoſe heads are wrote W. Hartley, Tho. Honton, and other names, by the breaking of the glaſs rendered not legible."

Hutchinſon's Excurſion, page 192.

† The Low-wood Inn, about two miles ſhort of Ambleſide, will attract the touriſt's notice. No other inn in his route has ſo fine a view of a lake, and the natural beauties of which he is in queſt. A ſmall cannon is kept here to gratify the curious with thoſe remarkable reverberations of ſound, which follow the report of a gun, &c. in theſe ſingular vales, and of which a *general* deſcription is given in the ſubſequent lines.

The

eminence, a little behind Rayrig*, there is a fine view of the northern extremity of the lake. As you proceed along the banks, every ſtep has importance, and the proſpect becomes more and more auguſt, exhibiting much variety of Appenine grandeur. Langdale-pikes, that guard the paſs into Borrowdale on this ſide the Yoak, and ſpiral Hill-bell; the overhanging crags of lofty Rainſbarrow; the broken ridge of Redſcrees, Fairfield, and Scrubby-crag, (on whoſe precipitous front the eagle builds his neſt, ſecure from the envious ſhepherds of the vale) with a chaos of other nameleſs mountains, are all in ſight.

Juſt

——————The cannon's roar
Burſts from the boſom of the hollow ſhore,
The dire exploſion the whole concave fills,
And ſhakes the firm foundations of the hills,
Now pauſing deep, now bellowing from a-far,
Now rages near the elemental war:
Affrighted Echo opens all her cells,
With gather'd ſtrength the poſting clamour ſwells,
Check'd or impell'd and varying in its courſe,
It ſlumbers, now awakes with double force;
Searching the ſtrait, and crooked hill and dale,
Sinks in the breeze, or riſes in the gale:
Chorus of earth and ſky! the mountains ſing,
And heaven's own thunders thro' the valleys ring.

Killarney.

X.

* This place is ſaid to have ſome reſemblance of Ferney, on the lake of Geneva, the ſeat of the late celebrated Voltaire.

Juſt at the head of Windermere, and a little ſhort of Ambleſide, turn down a bye-road to the left, and ſee the veſtige of a Roman ſtation. It lies in a meadow, on a level with the lake, and, as ſuppoſed, was called the Dictis, where a part of the cohort *Nerviorum Dictentium* was ſtationed. It is placed near the meetings of all the roads from Penrith, Keſwick, Ravenglaſs, Furneſs, and Kendal, which it commanded, and was acceſſible only on one ſide.

AMBLESIDE*.

Here nothing at preſent is found of all that Camden mentions of this place. So ſwift is time in

* (Amboglana, Notit. Imper. Dictis, Horſley)—Though the author has not mentioned the circumſtance, it is ſuppoſed that the natural beauties of this part of the country are equal in variety and perfection to any to be ſeen in the tour, and that the lover of *landſcape* in viewing many an undeſcribed ſcene, would be highly gratified and delighted. But it is judged beſt not to deſcend to particulars. Let the admirer of rural nature pleaſe himſelf in their *diſcovery* as well as *examination.*

Alſo, if the touriſt love mountainous proſpects, he may meet with one, in about a three hours ride from this place, that will not fail to pleaſe him. It is on Low-pike, in Rydal-park, from whence may be ſeen many of the lakes, as Rydal-water, Graſmere-water, Windermere-water, Blencow-tarn, Elter-water, Eſthwaite-water, and Coniſton-water: alſo the Iſle of Walney, Pile of Foudry; the whole of Dudden, Ulverſton, Lancaſter, and Millthrop ſands; the mountain Ingleborough,

in deſtroying the laſt remains of ancient magnificence! Roman coins and arms have been frequently found here; and, in forming the turnpike road through Rydal, an urn was lately taken up, which contained aſhes and other Roman remains, and ſerves to prove that the tract of the ancient road laid that way.

In mountainous countries, caſcades, waterfalls, and cataracts, are frequent, but only to be ſeen in high perfection when in full torrent, and that is in wet weather, or ſoon after it. About a mile

gleborough, and, at an opening between two hills, the hideous rocks in Borrowdale. A further walk of about an hour will give a view of Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Ulls-water, the Vale of St. John, and other parts of Cumberland.—This mountainous excurſion over, the following lines may not unaptly be introduced to the reader's notice.—

Deſcending now, from Æther's pure domain,
By Fancy borne to range the nether plain,
Behold all-winning novelty diſplay'd
Along the vale, the mountain, and the ſhade.
The ſcenes but late diminutive, reſume
Their native grandeur, and their wonted bloom.
The woods expand their umbrage o'er the deep,
And with ambitious aim aſcend the ſteep,
Stage above ſtage, their vig'rous arms invade
The talleſt cliffs, and wrap them in the ſhade.
Each in its own pre-emienence regains,
The high dominion of the ſubject plains,
Smiling beneath; ſuch ſmiles the people wear,
Happy in ſome paternal monarch's care.

Killarney.

X.

a mile above Ambleſide, there is, in a place called the Groves, a caſcade, that, though the ſeaſon ſhould be dry, merits a viſit, on account of its ſingular beauty, and diſtinguiſhed features *. It is the moſt curious you will ſee in the courſe of the tour. The ſtream here, though the water be low, is much divided, and broken by a variety of pointed dark rocks; after this, collecting itſelf into one torrent, it is precipitated with a horrid ruſhing noiſe into a dark gulph, unfathomable to the eye; and then, after riſing in foam, it is once more daſhed with a thundering noiſe headlong down a ſteep craggy channel, till it joins the Rothay, below Ambleſide. The parts of this cataract are noble. The deep dark hue of the rocks, in the gloomy boſom of a narrow glen, juſt viſible by day, and the foaming water, tinged with a hue of green, caught from the trees and ſhrubs that wave over the fall, render this ſcene highly awful and picturesque.

From Ambleſide to Keſwick, ſixteen miles of excellent mountain road, furniſhes much amuſement to the traveller. If the ſeaſon be rainy, or immediately after rain, all the poſſible variety of caſcades, water-falls, and cataracts, are ſeen in this ride; ſome precipitating themſelves from immenſe heights, others leaping and bounding from rock to rock, in foaming torrents, hurling huge fragments of them to the vale, that make the

* This caſcade is commonly called Stock-gill force.

the mountains tremble to their fall. The hollow noiſe ſwells and dies upon the ear by turns. The ſcenes are aſtoniſhing, and the ſucceſſion of them matchleſs. At Rydal-hall are two caſcades worthy of notice. One is a little above the houſe, to which Sir Michael le Fleming has made a convenient path, that brings you upon it all at once. This is a mighty torrent tumbling headlong, and uninterruptedly, from an immenſe height of rock, into the rocky baſon below, ſhaking the mountain under you with its fall, and the air above with the rebound. It is a ſurpriſing ſcene. This gentleman's example in opening a road to the fall, recommends itſelf ſtrongly to others of this country, which abounds with ſo many noble objects of curioſity, and which all travellers of the leaſt taſte would viſit with pleaſure, could they do it with convenience and ſafety.

The other caſcade is a ſmall fall of water, ſeen through the window of the ſummer-houſe, in Sir Michael's orchard*. The firſt who brought this ſweet ſcene to light, is the elegant and learned editor of Mr. Gray's letters. And as no one deſcribes theſe views better than Mr. Maſon, the reader ſhall have the account of it in his own words. "Here nature has performed every thing in little that ſhe uſually executes in her larger ſcale; and, on that account, like the

* No. 13. of the views of the lakes.

the miniature painter, ſeems to have finiſhed every part of it in a ſtudied manner. Not a little fragment of a rock thrown into the baſon, not a ſingle ſtem of bruſh-wood that ſtarts from its craggy ſides, but has a pictureſque meaning; and the little central current daſhing down a cleft of the darkeſt coloured ſtone, produces an effect of light and ſhadow beautiful beyond deſcription. This little theatrical ſcene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvas not bigger than thoſe uſually dropped in the opera-houſe*."

Rydal-hall has a grand ſituation, at the feet of ſtupendous mountains (opening to the ſouth, at the entrance of the vale, over a noble foreground) and commands a charming view of Windermere-water†. The river Rothay winds through the vale, amidſt lofty rocks and hanging woods, to join the lake. The road ſerpentizes upwards

* There is a caſcade at Nunnery, near Kirkoſwald, in Cumberland, much in the ſame ſtile as this. The accompaniments are as beautiful, the baſon larger, and the perpendicular fall 18 feet. But it is only one of a ſeries of romantic ſcenes, which abound at Nunnery, and are equal, if not ſuperior in their kind to any we have found in our tour: nor can we forbear to recommend this intereſting ſpot to the notice of every traveller of taſte: it is ſituated about 10 miles from Penrith, on the right of the road to Carliſle.

† The ſtile of this landſcape will be ſeen in No. 15. of views of the lakes.

upwards, round a bulging rock, fringed with trees, and brings you ſoon in ſight of

RYDAL-WATER;

A lake about one mile in length, ſpotted with little iſles, and which communicates, by a narrow channel, with

GRASMERE-WATER.

The river Rothay is their common outlet.

Mount Graſmere hill, and from the top, have a view of as ſweet a ſcene as travelled eye ever beheld*. Mr. Gray's deſcription of this peaceful, happy vale, will raiſe a wiſh in every reader to ſee ſo primæval a place.

"The boſom of the mountains, ſpreading here into a broad baſon, diſcover in the midſt Graſmere-water; its margin is hollowed into ſmall bays, with eminences; ſome of rock, ſome of ſoft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command: from the ſhore, a low promontory puſhes itſelf far into the water, and on it ſtands a white village, with a pariſh church riſing in the midſt of it: hanging incloſures, corn fields, and meadows, green as an emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole ſpace from the edge of

 the

* A little to the left of the road, No. 5. of views of the lakes was taken.

the water: and juſt oppoſite to you is a large farm-houſe, at the bottom of a ſteep, ſmooth lawn, emboſomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountains ſides, and diſcover above, a broken line of crags, that crown the ſcene. Not a ſingle red tile, no flaring gentleman's houſe, or garden wall, break in upon the repoſe of this little unſuſpected paradiſe; but all is peace, ruſticity, and happy poverty, in its neateſt, moſt becoming attire*."

Mr. Gray's deſcription is taken from the road deſcending from Dunmail-raiſe. But the more advantageous ſtation, to view this romantic vale from, is on the ſouth end of the weſtern ſide. Proceed from Ambleſide by Clapperſgate, along the banks of the river Brathay, and at Scale-with-bridge aſcend a ſteep hill called Loughrig, that leads to Graſmere, and a little behind its ſummit you come in ſight of the valley and lake, lying in the ſweeteſt order. Obſerve between two cropt aſh-trees, in the ſtone-wall on the right hand, a few ſteps leading to a ſoft green knoll, and from its crown, you have the fineſt view of the vale, the lake, and their environs†. The iſland is near the centre, unleſs the water be very low. Its margin is graced with a few ſcattered trees, and an embowered hut. The church ſtands at a ſmall

* The whole of Mr. Gray's journal is given in the Addenda, Article III.

† The view of Graſmere, engraved for this work, is taken from near this place.

a ſmall diſtance from the lake, on the ſide of the Rothay, its principal feeder. On each hand ſpread cultivated tracts up the ſteep ſides of ſurrounding mountains, guarded by Steel-fell, and Seat-ſandle, which, advancing towards each other, cloſe the view at Dunmail-raiſe. The broken head of Helme-crag has a fine effect ſeen from this point. Deſcend the hill, leave the church on the right hand, and you will preſently arrive at the great road between Ambleſide and Keſwick. Here you have Mr. Gray's view, and will ſee the difference. Mr. Gray has omitted the iſland in his deſcription, which is a principal feature in this ſcene.

This vale of peace is about four miles in circumference, and guarded at the upper end by Helme-crag, a broken pyramidal mountain, that exhibits an immenſe maſs of antediluvian ruins. After this, the road aſcends Dunmail-raiſe, where lie the hiſtorical ſtones, that perpetuate the name and fall of the laſt King of Cumberland, defeated there by the Saxon monarch Edmund, who put out the eyes of the two ſons of his adverſary, and, for his confederating with Leolin, King of Wales, firſt waſted his kingdom, and then gave it to Malcolm, King of Scots, who held it in fee of Edmund, A. D. 944, or 945. The ſtones are a heap, that have the appearance of a karn, or barrow. The wall that divides the counties is built over them, which proves their priority of time in that form.

From Dunmail-raiſe the road is an eaſy deſcent of nine miles, to Keſwick, except on Caſtle-rigg, which is ſomewhat quick. Leaving the vale of Graſmere behind, you ſoon come in ſight of

LEATHES-WATER,

Called alſo Wythburn, or Thirlemere-water. It begins at the foot of Helvellyn, and ſkirts its baſe for the ſpace of four miles, encreaſed by a variety of paſtoral torrents, that pour their ſilver ſtreams down the mountains ſides, and then, warbling, join the lake. The range of mountains, on the right, are tremendouſly great. Helvellyn and Cachidecam are the chief; and, according to the Wythburn ſhepherds, much higher than Skiddaw. It is, however, certain, that theſe mountains retain ſnow many weeks after Skiddaw. But that may be owing to the ſteepneſs of Skiddaw's northern ſide, and ſhivery ſurface, that attracts more forcibly the ſolar rays, than the verdant front of Helvellyn, and ſo ſooner loſes its winter covering. A thouſand huge rocks hang on Helvellyn's brow, which have been once in motion, and are now ſeemingly prepared to ſtart anew. Many have already reached the lake, and are at reſt. The road ſweeps through them, along the naked margin of the lake. The oppoſite ſhore is beautified with a variety of crown-topt rocks, ſome rent, ſome wooded, others not, riſing immediately from, or hanging towards the water; and

and all ſet off with a back-ground of verdant mountains, riſing in the nobleſt paſtoral ſtile. Its ſingular beauty is its being almoſt interſected in the middle by two peninſulas, that are joined by a bridge, in a taſte ſuitable to the genius of the place, which ſerves for an eaſy communication among the ſhepherds that dwell on the oppoſite banks.

At the ſixth mile-poſt, from the top of an eminence, on the left, there is a good general view of the lake and vale; but the moſt pictureſque point, is from an eminence behind Dale-head houſe. This end is beautifully decorated with two ſmall iſlands, dreſſed with wood, and charmingly placed. The lake terminates ſweetly with a pyramidal rock, wooded to the top; and, oppoſite to it, a ſilver-grey rock, hanging over its baſe, towards the lake, has a fine effect.

The road after this, leads through the narrow green vale of Legberthwaite, divided into ſmall incloſures, peopled with a few cots, and nobly terminated by the romantic, caſtle-like rock of St. John. Below this, the vale contracts into a deep craggy dell, through which Leathes-water rolls, till it joins the Greeta, at New-bridge, under the foot of Threlkeld-fell, a gloomy mountain of dark dun rocks, that ſhuts up the view of the ſweet ſpreading vale of St. John.

The road now winds to the left, by Smalthwaite-bridge, and aſcends Naddle-fell, by Cauſeway-foot, to Caſtle-rigg. At the turn of the hill, and within about a mile of Keſwick, you come at once in ſight of its glorious vale, with all its noble environs, and enchanting ſcenes, which, when Mr. Gray beheld, it almoſt determined him to return to Keſwick again, and repeat his tour.

"I left Keſwick, ſays he, and took the Ambleſide road, in a gloomy morning, and about two miles [or rather about a mile] from the town, mounted an eminence called Caſtle-rigg, and the ſun breaking out, diſcovered the moſt enchanting view I have yet ſeen, of the whole valley behind me; the two lakes, the river, the mountains in all their glory; ſo that I had almoſt a mind to have gone back again." This is certainly a moſt raviſhing morning view, of the bird's-eye kind. For here we have, ſeen in all their beauty, a circuit of twenty miles; two lakes, Derwent and Baſſenthwaite, and the river ſerpentizing between them; the town of Keſwick, and the church of Croſthwaite, in the central points; an extenſive fertile plain, and all the ſtupendous mountains that ſurround this delicious ſpot.

The druid-temple, delineated in Pennant's tour, lies about half a mile to the right; but will

will be more conveniently ſeen from the Penrith road. Deſcend to

KESWICK*.

This ſmall neat town is at preſent renowned for nothing ſo much as the lake it ſtands near, and which is ſometimes called, from the town, the lake of Keſwick, but more properly the lake of DERWENT; and I am inclined to think, and hope to make it appear, that the ancient name of Keſwick is the Derwent town, or the town of Derwent-water. But firſt of the lake itſelf†.

The whole extent of the lake is about three miles, from north to ſouth; the form is irregular, and its greateſt breadth exceeds not a mile and a half. The beſt method of viewing this enchanting water, is in a boat, and from the banks. Mr. Gray viewed it from the banks only, and Mr. Maſon, after trying both, prefers Mr. Gray's choice; and, where the pleaſure of rowing and ſailing is out of the queſtion, it will, in general, be found the beſt, on account of the fore-ground, which the boat does not furniſh. Every dimenſion of the lake however appears more extended from its boſom, than

* (Derventione, Raven. Chor.)

† Some agreeable lines deſcriptive of this lake, by Dr. Dalton, may be ſeen in the Addenda, Article II.

from its banks. I ſhall therefore point out the favourite ſtations round the lake, that have often been verified.

STATION I. Cockſhut-hill is remarkable for a general view. It is covered with a motley mixture of young wood; has an eaſy aſcent to the top, and from it the lake appears in great beauty. On the floor of a ſpacious amphitheatre of the moſt pictureſque mountains imaginable, an elegant ſheet of water is ſpread out before you, ſhining like a mirror, and tranſparent as chryſtal; variegated with iſlands, adorned with wood, or cloathed with the ſweeteſt verdure, that riſe in the moſt pleaſing forms above the watery plain. The effects all around are amazingly great; but no words can deſcribe the ſurpriſing pleaſure of this ſcene on a fine day, when the ſun plays upon the boſom of the lake, and the ſurrounding mountains are illuminated by his refulgent rays, and their rocky broken ſummits invertedly reflected by the ſurface of the water.

STATION II. The next celebrated ſtation is, at a ſmall diſtance, named Crow-park, which contained, till of late, a grove of oaks of immemorial growth, whoſe fall the bard of Lowes-water thus bemoans, in humble plaintive numbers;

—That ancient wood, where beaſts did ſafely reſt,
And where the crow long time had built her neſt,

Now

Now falls a deſtin'd prey to ſavage hands,
Being doom'd, alas! to viſit diſtant lands.
Ah! what avails thy boaſted ſtrength at laſt?
That brav'd the rage of many a furious blaſt;
When now thy body's ſpent with many a wound,
Loud groans its laſt, and thunders on the ground,
Whilſt hills, and dales, and woods, and rocks reſound.

This now ſhadeleſs paſture, is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the lake, which it commands in all its extent, and looks full into the craggy paſs of Borrowdale. Of this ſtation Mr. Gray ſpeaks thus. "October 4, I walked to Crow-park, now a rough paſture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whoſe large roots ſtill remain in the ground, but nothing has ſprung from them. If one ſingle tree had remained, this would have been an unparalleled ſpot; and Smith judged right when he took his print of the lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water, and commands it from end to end, looking full into the gorge of Borrowdale. I prefer it even to Cockſhut-hill, which lies beſide it, and to which I walked in the afternoon; it is covered with young trees, both ſown and planted, oak, ſpruce, Scotch fir, &c. all which thrive wonderfully. There is an eaſy aſcent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on Caſtle-hill, becauſe this is lower and nearer the lake; for I find all points that are much elevated, ſpoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts, which are not large, look poor and diminutive."

STATION

STATION III. A third ſtation, on this ſide, will be found by keeping along the line of ſhore, till Stable-hills be on the right, and Wallow-crag directly over you on the left; then, without the gate, on the edge of the common, obſerve two huge fragments of ferruginous coloured rock, pitched into the ſide of the mountain by their deſcent. Here all that is great and pleaſing on the lake, all that is grand and ſublime in the environs, lie before you in a beautiful order, and natural diſpoſition. Looking down upon the water, the four large iſlands appear diſtinctly over the peninſula of Stable-hills. Lord's-iſland, richly dreſſed in wood. A little to the left, Vicar's-iſle riſes in a beautiful and circular form; Ramps-holme is catched in a line betwixt that and St. Herbert's-iſland, which traverſes the lake in an oblique direction, and has a fine effect. Theſe are the four moſt conſiderable iſlands on the lake. Under Foe-park, a round hill completely cloathed in wood*, two ſmall iſlets interrupt

* As one province of the *Guide* is, to point out the characteriſtic features, and diſtinguiſhed parts of this lake, in order to exhibit the beſt landſcape picture to the artiſt, and to give the moſt pleaſure and entertainment to the company who make the tour, the author has taken all poſſible care to ſecure theſe ends in his choice of ſtations. Yet there is one impediment attends his deſcriptions, which will, in part, prevent their permanency, and that is, the annual fall of timber and coppice wood, and the frequent removal of the picturesque trees, which take place on the borders of the lakes. Theſe accidents

rupt the line of ſhore, and charm the eye in the paſſage from Vicar's-iſle to Ramps-holme. Another iſlet, above St. Herbert's-iſland, has a ſimilar effect. All idea of river or outlet is here excluded; but, over a neck of undulated land, finely ſcattered with trees, diſtant water is juſt ſeen, behind Lord's-iſland. The white church of Croſthwaite is here viſible, under Skiddaw, which forms the ſtrongeſt back-ground. The oppoſite

accidents however, as they cannot be prevented, muſt be allowed for by the candid traveller, where he finds the original differing in theſe reſpects from the account given of it in the book.

The fall of Crow-park, on Derwent-water, has long been regretted. And the late fall of Lord Egr—m—t's woods has denudated a conſiderable part of the weſtern border of the lake. Nor is Mr. Gray's beautiful deſcription of Foe-park above-mentioned, to be now verified. And alas! the waving woods of Barrow-ſide, and Barrow-gill, are no more.

It is true that the painter, by the creative power of his pencil, can ſupply ſuch deficiences in the features of his landſcape; but the plaſtic power of nature, or the careful hand of induſtry, directed by taſte and judgment, can only make up ſuch loſſes to the viſitors of the lakes.

Thus much was thought proper to be ſubjoined in this place, as an apology, once for all, for the caſual differences of this kind, that may be found between the deſcriptions given of theſe lakes in this manual, and their real appearance at any future time.

[This note is formed from matter of the author's, intended to have been prefixed, by way of advertiſement, to the beginning of the ſecond edition. X,]

oppoſite ſhore is bounded by a range of hills, down to the entrance of Newland vale, where Cawſey-pike, and Thornthwaite, riſe in Alpine pride, out-done only by their ſupreme lord, Skiddaw. Their ſkirts deſcend in gentle ſlopes, and end in cultivated grounds. The whole of the weſtern coaſt is beautiful beyond what words can expreſs, and the north end exhibits what is moſt gentle and pleaſing in landſcape. The ſouthern extremity of the lake is a violent contraſt to all this. Falcon-crag, an immenſe rock, hangs over your head, and upwards, a foreſt of broken pointed rocks, in a ſemicircular ſweep, towering inward, form the moſt horrid amphitheatre that ever eye beheld in the wild forms of convulſed nature. The immediate margin of the lake is, however, a ſweet variegated ſhore of meadow and paſture, up to the foot of the rocks. Over a border of hedge-row trees, Lowdore-houſe is ſeen under Hallow-ſtone crag, a ſloping rock, whoſe back is covered with ſoft vegetation. Beyond it appear the awful craggy rocks that conceal the paſs into Borrowdale, and at their feet a ſtripe of verdant meadow, through which the Derwent ſerpentizes to the lake in ſilence.

The road is along Barrowſide, on the margin of the lake, narrow, yet ſafe. It ſoon enters a glade, through which the lake is ſweetly ſeen by turns. In approaching the ruins of Gowdar-crag, which hangs towering forward, the mind recoils

recoils at the ſight of the huge fragments of crags, piled up on both ſides, which are ſeen through a thicket of rocks and wood. But there is nothing of the danger remaining that Mr. Gray apprehended here; the road being carefully kept open. Proceed by the bridge of one arch, over Park-gill, and another over Barrow-beck. Here Gowdar-crag preſents itſelf in all its terrible majeſty of rock, trimmed with trees that hang from its numerous fiſſures. Above this is ſeen a towering grey rock, riſing majeſtically rude, and near it, Shuttenoer, a ſpiral rock not leſs in height, hanging more forward over its baſe. Betwixt theſe, an awful chaſm is formed, through which the waters of Watanlath are hurled. This is the Niagara of the lake, the renowned cataract of Lowdore*. To ſee this, aſcend to an opening in the grove, directly above the mill†. It is the misfortune of this celebrated water-fall to fail entirely, in a dry ſeaſon. The wonderful ſcenes, peculiar to this part, continue to the gorge of Borrowdale, ‡ and higher; and Caſtle-crag may be ſeen, in the centre of the amphitheatre, threatening to block up

* I do not know that the height of this cataract has been aſcertained, but when viewing it, the reader may like to have it recalled to his mind, that Carver ſays, the fall of Niagara does not exceed 140 feet.

† The view of Lowdore, engraved for this edition of this work, is taken from the lake.

‡ This ſcene is the ſubject of No. 2. of views of the lakes.

up the pafs it once defended. The village of Grange is under it, celebrated as well for its hofpitality to Mr. Gray, as for its fweet romantic fite. And to affirm that all that Mr. Gray fays of the young farmer at Grange, is ftrictly applicable to the inhabitants of thefe mountainous regions in general, is but common juftice done to the memory of repeated favours.

> ——————Hail facred flood!
> May ftill thy hofpitable fwains be bleft
> In rural innocence; thy mountains ftill
> Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
> For ever flouriſh; and thy vales look gay.
>
> *Armſtrong on Health.*

On the fummit of Caftle-crag are the remains of a fort; and much freeftone, both red and white, has been quarried out of the ruins. Lately a lead pan with an iron bow was taken out of them, and two maffes of fmelted iron, which probably were from the bloomery at the foot of the Stake in Borrowdale. The fort has moft likely been of Roman origin, to guard the pafs, and fecure the treafure contained in the bofom of thefe mountains. The Saxons, and after them, the Furnefs monks, maintained this fort for the fame purpofe. All Borrowdale was given to the monks of Furnefs, probably by one of the Derwent family, and Adam de Derwentwater gave them free ingrefs and egrefs through all his lands*. The Grange was the place where they

* *Antiquities of Furnefs*, page 106.

they laid up their grain and their tithe, and alſo the ſalt they made at the ſalt ſpring, of which works there are ſtill ſome veſtiges remaining, below Grange. The length of the caſtellum, from eaſt to weſt, is about 70 yards; from ſouth to north, about 40 yards.

STATION IV. From the top of Caſtle-crag, in Borrowdale, there is a moſt aſtoniſhing view of the lake and vale of Keſwick, ſpread out to the north in the moſt pictureſque manner. Every bend of the river is diſtinctly ſeen, from the paſs of Borrowdale, till it joins the lake; the lake itſelf, ſpotted with iſlands; the moſt extraordinary line of ſhore, varied with all the ſurpriſing accompaniments of rock and wood; the village of Grange at the foot of the Crag, and the white houſes of Keſwick, with Croſthwaite church at the lower end of the lake; behind theſe much cultivation, with a beautiful mixture of villages, houſes, cots, and farms, ſtanding round the ſkirts of Skiddaw, which riſes in the grandeſt manner, from a verdant baſe, and cloſes this proſpect in the nobleſt ſtile of nature's true ſublime. From the ſummit of this rock, the views are ſo ſingularly great, and pleaſing, that they ought never to be omitted. The aſcent is by one of the narrow paths, cut in the ſide of the mountain, for carrying down the ſlate that is quarried on its top.

The

The view to the north, or the vale of Keſwick, is already deſcribed; that to the ſouth, lies in Borrowdale. The river is ſeen winding upward from the lake, through the rugged paſs, to where it divides, and embraces a triangular vale, completely cut into incloſures of meadow, enamelled with the ſofteſt verdure, and fields waving with fruitful crops. This truly ſecreted ſpot is completely ſurrounded by the moſt horrid, romantic mountains that are in this region of wonders; and whoever omits this *coup d' oeil*, hath probably ſeen nothing equal to it.

The views here, taken in the glaſs, when the ſun ſhines, are amazingly fine.

This picture is reverſed from the ſummit of Latrigg.

Mr. Gray was ſo much intimidated with the accounts of Borrowdale, that he proceeded no farther than Grange. But no ſuch difficulties as he feared are now to be met with. The road into Borrowdale is improved ſince his time, at leaſt as far as is neceſſary for any one to proceed to ſee what is curious. It ſerpentizes through the paſs above Grange; and, though upon the edge of a precipice that hangs over the river, it is, nevertheleſs, ſafe. This river brings no mixture of mud from the mountains of naked rock, and runs, in a channel of ſlate and granite, as clear

clear as cryſtal. The water of all the lakes in theſe parts is clear; but the Derwent only is pellucid. In it the ſmalleſt pebble is ſeen at a great depth nearly as in the open air.

The rocky ſcenes in Borrowdale are moſt fantaſtic, and the entrance rugged. One rock elbows out, and turns the road directly againſt another. Bowdar-ſtone, on the right, in the very paſs, is a mountain of itſelf, and the road winds round its baſe*. Here rock riots over rock, and mountain interſecting mountain, forms one grand ſemicircular ſweep. Extenſive woods deck their ſteep ſides; trees grow from pointed rocks, and rocks appear like trees. Here the Derwent, rapid as the Rhone, rolls his cryſtal ſtreams through all this labyrinth of embattled obſtacles. Indeed, the ſcenes here are ſo ſublimely terrible, the aſſemblage of magnificent objects ſo ſtupendouſly great, and the arrangement ſo extraordinarily curious, that they muſt excite the moſt ſenſible feelings of wonder and ſurpriſe, and at once impreſs the mind with reverential awe and admiration.

The moſt gigantic mountains that form the outline of this tremendous landſcape, and incloſe

* This looſe ſtone is of a prodigious bulk. It lies like a ſhip on its keel.—Its length is 62 feet; its circumference 84. Its ſolidity is about 23090 feet, and its weight about 1771 tons.

Borrowdale, are Eagle-crag, Glaramara, Bull-crag, and Serjeant-crag. On the front of the firſt, the bird of Jove has his annual neſt *, which the daleſmen are careful to rob, but not without hazard to the aſſailant, who is let down from the ſummit of this dreadful rock by a rope of twenty fathoms, or more, and who is obliged to defend himſelf from the attacks of the parent birds during his deſcent. The devaſtation made on the fold, in the breeding ſeaſon, by one eyrie, is computed at a lamb a day, beſides the carnage made on the *feræ naturâ*. Glaramara is a mountain of perpendicular naked rock, immenſe in height, and much broken. It appears in the weſtern canton, and outline of the picture. Bull-crag and Serjeant-crag are in the centre, and their rugged ſides concealed with hanging woods.

The road continues good to Roſthwaite, the firſt village in this romantic region, where it divides. That on the right leads to the *wad-mines*, and to Ravenglaſs; that on the left, to Hawkſhead.

* Or in more poetical terms.

> Here his dread ſeat the royal bird hath made,
> To awe th' inferior ſubjects of the ſhade,
> Secure he built it for a length of days
> Impervious, but to Phœbus' piercing rays;
> His young he trains to eye the ſolar light,
> And ſoar beyond the fam'd Icarian flight.
>
> *Killarney.*

Hawkſhead. Amidſt theſe tremendous ſcenes, of rocks and mountains, there is a peculiar circumſtance of conſolation to the traveller, that diſtinguiſhes this from other mountainous tracts, where the hills are divided by bogs and moſſes, often difficult to paſs, which is, that the moſſes here, are on the tops of the mountains, and a way over, or round them, is never very difficult to find. The inhabitants of the dales are ſerved with turf-fuel from theſe moſſes, and the manner of procuring it is very ſingular: a man carries on his back a ſledge to the top of the mountain, and conducts it down the moſt awful deſcents, by placing himſelf before it to prevent its running amain. For this purpoſe a narrow furrow is cut in the mountain's ſide, which ſerves for a road to direct the ſledge, and to pitch the conductor's heel in.—A ſledge holds one half of what a horſe can draw on good road.

The mountains here are ſeparated by wooded glens, verdant dells, and fertile vales, which, beſides forming a pleaſing contraſt, relieve the imagination with delighted ideas, that the inhabitants of theſe rude regions are far removed from the want of the neceſſaries of life, for themſelves, their herds, and flocks, during the excluſion months from the reſt of the community, by the winter ſnows. About Roſthwaite, in the centre of the dale, fields wave with crops, and meadows are enamelled with flowery graſs.

This little delightful Eden is marked with every degree of induſtry by the laborious inhabitants, who partake of nothing of the ferocity of the country they live in. For they are hoſpitable, civil, and communicative, and readily and chearfully give aſſiſtance to ſtrangers who viſit their region. On miſſing a tract I was directed to obſerve, I have been ſurpriſed by the dale-lander from the top of a rock, waving me back, and offering me a ſafe conduct through all the difficult parts, and who bluſhed at the mention of a reward. Such is the extenſive influence of virtue in the minds of thoſe that are leaſt acquainted with ſociety*.

The ſhepherds only are converſant in the traditional annals of the mountains, and with all the ſecrets of the myſterious reign of chaos, and old night; and they only can give proper information concerning their *arcana:* for others who live almoſt within the ſhadow of theſe mountains, are often ignorant of their names.

Return

* In parts ſo ſequeſtered from the world, the vulgar language (as well as manners) may be ſuppoſed to continue very little altered from what it has been for many ages, and to be what was once generally uſed through the country. And, in order a little to gratify the curioſity of the reader, in Article X. of the Addenda may be ſeen a ſpecimen of the common Cumberland dialect; and in article XI. a few remarks are made reſpecting the provincial words current within the limits of this tour.

X.

Return to Keſwick, by Grange, and if the ſun ſhines in the evening, the diſplay of rock on the oppoſite ſhore, from Caſtle-rock to Wallow-crag, is amazingly grand. The parts are the ſame as in the morning ride, but the diſpoſitions entirely new. The cryſtal ſurface of the lake reflecting waving woods and rocks, backed by the fineſt arrangement of lofty mountains, interſecting and riſing above each other in great variety of forms, is a ſcene not to be equalled elſewhere. The whole ride down the weſtern ſide is pleaſant, though the road is but indifferent.

Whoever chuſes an Alpine journey of a very extraordinary nature, may return through Borrowdale to Ambleſide, or Hawkſhead. A guide will be neceſſary from Roſthwaite, over the Stake of Borrowdale (a ſteep mountain ſo called) to Langdale chapel. This ride is the wildeſt that can be imagined, for the ſpace of eight miles*. Above the cultivated tract, the dale narrows,

* Every part of nature has ſomething to recommend it to the obſervation of the ſuſceptible and ingenious. A walk, or ride, on the ſummits of mountains, will afford a ſpecies of ideas, which, though often neither of the ſocial nor luxuriant kind, will, nevertheleſs, greatly affect and entertain. The large unvariegated features of theſe hills, their elevation, and even their deſolate appearance, are all ſources of the ſublime. And, in a publication of this kind, a word or two reſpecting their nature and characteriſtic properties, ſeems as requiſite, as on ſeveral other ſubjects, which are here diſcuſſed at ſome length.

The

but the ſkirts of the mountains are covered with the ſweeteſt verdure, and have once waved with aged wood. Many large roots ſtill remain, with ſome ſcattered trees.

Juſt

The mountains among which theſe lakes are ſituated, are formed in general of *two* ſorts of rock, or ſtone. The moſt prevailing kind is a *blue rag*, and, where it appears, the paſturage which is found among it is generally inclined to be moſſy, lingy, and wet. Theſe particulars, and a number of ſwampy patches, or pits of turbary, give the face of theſe mountains a ratherly ſavage and depreſſing look; and the indiſpoſition of their ſoils readily to imbibe the waters which fall in rains, is the occaſion of the number of temporary cataracts which channel their ſides.

The other kind of hills conſiſt of *limeſtone;* and though generally of inferior height, their ſurface is infinitely more pleaſing. They are perfectly dry, and the bent, or graſs, which cover their glades is peculiarly fine. Where this is not found, the bare rocks take place, and appear in every fantaſtic form, which may be ſuppoſed to have ariſen from ſome violent concuſſion, to which the earth has heretofore been ſubject. But, the *whiteneſs* and *neatneſs* of theſe rocks take off every idea of horror that might be ſuggeſted by their bulk, or form. From the nature of the ſoil, and the number of communicating clefts of the rocks underground, they become ſoon dry after the heavieſt rains; and though they diſcover no ſtreams of water iſſuing from their ſides, a number of the moſt pellucid ones imaginable are ſeen bubbling out among the incloſures round their baſes. On theſe accounts the face of ſuch hills always appears ſingularly lightſome and chearful. And, on a fine ſummer day, there is little doubt but that the curious ſtranger would find a walk or ride on their ſummits (though conſiſting of nothing but ſtone and turf) attended with uncommon pleaſure. If he be of a poetical turn, he will ſee ſome of the ſe-

reneſt

Juſt where the road begins to aſcend the Stake, are ſaid to be the remains of a bloomery, cloſe by the water-fall on the left; but no tradition relates at what time it was laſt worked. This I could never verify from any viſible remains.

reneſt haunts for the ſhepherd, that ever fancy formed: if of a philoſophic turn, he may be equally delighted with contemplating ſeveral evident ſigns of the *Moſaic deluge*, and of the *once-ſoft-ſtate* of the calcarious matter which is now hardened into rock.—But our limits will not permit us to purſue the ſubject.

The greateſt quantity of limeſtone hills contained in this tour, lie within the diſtrict bounded by Kendal, Witherſlack, Kellet, and Hutton-roof. And the moſt beautiful of them, as ſeen at a diſtance, are Farlton and Arnſide knots, Witherſlack-ſcar, and Warton-crag. The two firſt have their higheſt parts, which are nearly rounded, covered in a great meaſure with ſmall fragments of limeſtone (called *ſhillow*) which gives them, at all times, an uncommon and beautiful appearance. But at the latter end of the year, when the foliage of the copſes on their ſides, and the graſs which is interſperſed along their glades near their tops, have gained an olive hue, no objects of the kind can appear more elegantly coloured. Farlton-knot, eſpecially, at that time of the year, as ſeen from Burton church-yard, exhibits a brightneſs and harmony of colouring, which could little be expected to reſult from a mixture of graſs, wood, and ſtone.

A travelling party deſirous of being gratified with the pleaſure of one of theſe rides, may have it in perfection by going upon Farlton-knot, from Burton, through Claythrop, or traverſing the heights of Warton-crag; both of which mountains, beſides the particulars here mentioned, afford very extenſive views, including part of the ocean, of a country abounding with agreeable images of rural nature.

X.

The mineral was found in the mountain, and the wood uſed in ſmelting had covered their ſteep ſides. The maſſes of iron found on Caſtle-crag, were probably ſmelted here. Cataracts and water-falls abound on all ſides. A ſucceſſion of water-falls will meet you in the aſcent up the Stake, and others will accompany you down the moſt dreadful deſcent into Langdale. The ſcenes on the Borrowdale ſide are in part ſylvan and paſtoral. On the ſide of Langdale entirely rocky. The Stake exhibits a miniature of very bad Alpine road, acroſs a mountain, juſt not perpendicular, and about five miles over. The road makes many traverſes ſo cloſe, that at every flexure it ſeems almoſt to return into itſelf, and ſuch as are advancing in different traverſes, appear to go different ways. In deſcending the Stake, on the Langdale ſide, a cataract accompanies you on the left, with all the horrors of a precipice. Langdale-pike, called Pike-a-ſtickle, and Steel-pike, is an inacceſſible pyramidal rock, and commands the whole. Here nature ſeems to have diſcharged all her uſeleſs load of matter and rock, when form was firſt impreſſed on chaos. Pavey-ark is a hanging rock 600 feet in height, and under it is Stickle-tarn, a large baſon of water, formed in the boſom of the rock, and which pours down in a cataract at Mill-beck. Below this, Whitegill-crag opens to the centre, a dreadful yawning fiſſure. Beyond Langdale chapel the vale becomes more pleaſing, and the road is good to Ambleſide or Hawkſhead, by Scalewith-bridge.

Mr.

Mr. Gray was much pleaſed with an evening view under Crow-park.—" In the evening, ſays he, I walked alone down to the lake, by the ſide of Crow-park, after ſun-ſet, and ſaw the ſolemn colouring of the night draw on, the laſt gleam of ſunſhine fading away on the hill tops, the deep ſerene of the waters, and the long ſhadows of the mountains thrown acroſs them, till they nearly touched the hithermoſt ſhore. At a diſtance were heard the murmurs of many water-falls not audible in the day time; I wiſhed for the moon, but ſhe was dark to me and ſilent,

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

STATION V. This view is ſeen to much greater advantage from the ſide of Swinſide, a little before ſun-ſet, where the vale and both the lakes are in full view, with the whole extent of rocky ſhore of the upper, and the flexures of the lower lake. And when the laſt beams of the ſun reſt on the purple ſummit of Skiddaw, and the deep ſhade of Wythop's wooded brows is ſtretched over the lake, the effect is amazingly great.

STATION VI. From Swinſide, continue the walk by Foe-park. This is a ſweet evening walk, and had the ſun ſhone out, Mr. Gray would have perceived his miſtake in being here in the morning. " October 5, he writes, I walked through the meadows and corn fields to the Derwent,

Derwent, and, croſſing it, went up How-hill; it looks along Baſſenthwaite-water, and ſees at the ſame time the courſe of the river, and part of the upper lake, with a full view of Skiddaw: then I took my way through Portingſcale village to the park (Foe-park) a hill ſo called, covered entirely with wood; it is all a maſs of crumbling ſlate; paſſed round its foot, between the trees and the edge of the water, and came to a peninſula, that juts out into the lake, and looks along it both ways; in front riſes Wallow-crag and Caſtle-hill, the town, the road to Penrith, Skiddaw, and Saddle-back.—After dinner walked up Penrith road, &c."

STATION VII. Another ſelect ſtation for a morning view is on Latrigg, a ſoft green hill, that interpoſes between the town and Skiddaw. The aſcent is by Monk's-hall, leaving Ormathwaite on the left, and following the mountain road about due eaſt, till you approach the gate in the ſtone-wall incloſure; then ſlant the hill to the right, looking towards Keſwick, till you gain the brow of the hill, which exhibits a fine terrace of verdant turf, as ſmooth as velvet. Below you rolls the Greeta, and, in its courſe, viſits the town, before it joins the Derwent, where it iſſues from the lake, and then their united ſtreams are ſeen meandering through the vale, till they meet the floods of Baſſenthwaite, under the verdant ſkirts of Wythop brows.

The

The proſpect to the ſouth, is the reverſe of that from Caſtle-crag. The view is full into the rocky jaws of Borrowdale, through which the Derwent is ſeen pouring his cryſtal ſtream, and, after winding through ſome verdant meadows, which ſkirt the rocky coaſt, joining the lake at Lowdore. The lake itſelf is ſeen in its full extent, on all ſides, with variety of ſhore, and its boſom ſpotted with diverſity of iſlands. Caſtle-crag, in Borrowdale, ſtands firſt of all the foreſt of embattled rocks, whoſe forked heads, reared to the ſky, ſhine in the ſun like ſpears of burniſhed ſteel. In the rear, Langdale-pike, advancing to the clouds his cone-like head, overlooks them all. What charms the eye in wandering over the vale, is, that not one ſtraight line offends. The roads all ſerpentize round the mountains, and the hedges wave with the incloſures. Every thing is thrown into ſome path of beauty, or agreeable line of nature. But to deſcribe every pictureſque view that this region of landſcape preſents, would be an endleſs labour. And, did language furniſh expreſſion to convey ideas of the inexhauſtible variety that is found in the many grand conſtituent objects of theſe magnificent ſcenes, the imagination would be fatigued with the detail, and deſcription weakened by redundancy. It is more pleaſing to ſpeculative curioſity to diſcover of itſelf the differences among ſuch ſcenes as approach the neareſt in likeneſs, and the agreement between ſuch as appear

appear moſt diſcordant, than to be informed of them. This ſport of fancy, and exerciſe of taſte, ariſing from ſelf-information, has the greateſt effect on the mind, and the province of the Guide is chiefly to point out the ſtation, and leave to the company the enjoyment of reflection, and the pleaſures of the imagination.

Return to the gate, and enter the incloſure. Proceed, as ſoon as you can, to the right, having the wall at ſome diſtance, till you arrive at the brink of a green precipice; there you will be entertained with the noiſe of the rapid Greeta, (roaring through a craggy channel) that in a run of two miles exhibits an uncommon appearance, forming twelve or more of the fineſt bends and ſerpentine curves that ever fancy penciled. The point for viewing this uncommon ſcene, is directly above the bridge, which hangs gracefully over the river. The town of Keſwick appears no where to greater advantage than from this ſtation. Helvellyn, in front, overlooks a vaſt range of varied hills, whoſe rocky ſides are rent with many fiſſures, the paths of ſo many rills and roaring cataracts, that echo through the vales, and ſwell the general torrent. To the eaſt, Croſs-fell is diſcerned like a cloud of blue miſt, hanging over the horizon. In the middle ſpace, Mell-fell, a green pyramidal hill, is a ſingular figure. The eye wandering over Caſtle-rigg will diſcover the druid-temple on the ſouthern ſide

of

of the Penrith road. Return to the path that leads down the ridge of the hill to the eaſt, and, arrived at the gate that opens into a croſs road, deſcend to the right, along the precipitous bank of a brawling brook, Glenderaterra-beck, that is heard tumbling from the mountain, and concealed by the woods that hang on its ſteep banks. In the courſe of the deſcent, remark Threlkeld-pike, browned with ſtorms, and rent by a dreadful wedge-like rock, that tends to the centre. There are many paſtoral cots, and rural ſeats, ſcattered round the cultivated ſkirts of this ſide of the mountains of Skiddaw and Saddle-back, ſweetly placed, and pictureſque. The northern ſide is leſs hoſpitable, being more precipitous, and much concealed in ſhade. From the bridge the road leads to Threlkeld, and falls into the Penrith road, four miles from Keſwick. The laſt mentioned brook, Glenderaterra, divides Skiddaw from Saddle-back, called here Threlkeld-fell. From the front of Mr. Wren's houſe, the eye will be delighted with the vale of St. John, ſweetly ſpread out in rural beauty between two ridges of hills, Lothwaite and Naddle-fells, which, in appearance, join together juſt behind the Caſtle-rocks. Theſe, in the centre point of view, have the ſhew of magnificent ruins. A river is ſeen on both ſides of the vale, lengthening its courſe in meanders, till it meets Threlkeld-water, or Glenderamackin-beck, at New-bridge, where it takes the name of Greeta.

This

This picture is improved at the brow of the hill, on the weſtern ſide of the houſe. Here the Greeta is ſeen from the bridge, running under the hill where you ſtand, and on the right, coming forth in a fine deep-channeled ſtream, between ſteep wooded banks. In a field on the left, near the ſecond mile-poſt, ſtands conſpicuous, the above mentioned wide circus of rude ſtones; the awful monument of the barbarous ſuperſtition which enſlaved the minds of ancient times. Mr. Pennant has in his poſſeſſion an excellent drawing of theſe druidical remains.

STATION VIII. Another ſtation remains, and which ought to be an evening one, in the vicarage garden. Mr. Gray took it in his glaſs from the horſing-block, and ſpeaks of it thus: "From hence I got to the parſonage, a little before ſun-ſet, and ſaw in my glaſs a picture, that if I could tranſmit to you, and fix it in all the ſoftneſs of its living colours, would fairly ſell for a thouſand pounds. This is the ſweeteſt ſcene I can yet diſcover in point of paſtoral beauty; the reſt are in a ſublimer ſtile."

The leading parts of this picture, are, over a rich cultivated fore-ground, the town of Keſwick ſeen under a hill, divided by graſs incloſures, its ſummits crowned with wood. More to the eaſt, Caſtle-rigg is ſweetly laid out, and over it ſweeps in curves the road to Ambleſide. Behind that,

that, are ſeen, the range of vaſt mountains deſcending from Helvellyn. On the weſtern ſide, the chaos of mountains heaped upon mountains, that ſecrete the vale of Newland, make their appearance, and over them Cawſey-pike preſides. Leaving theſe, the eye meets a well-wooded hill on the margin of the lake, ſhining in all the beauties of foliage, ſet off with every advantage of form. Next, a noble expanſe of water, broken juſt in the centre by a large iſland dreſſed in wood; another cultivated and fringed with trees, and a third with a hut upon it, ſtript of its ornamental trees, by the unfeeling hand of avarice*. On the eaſtern ſide, a bold ſhore, ſteep, and wooded to the water's edge, is perceived, and above theſe, riſe daring rocks in every horrid ſhape. Alſo a ſtrange mixture of wood and rock ſucceed one another to the ſouthern extremity of the lake, where the grand pyramidal Caſtle-crag commands the whole. The weſtern ſhore is indented with wooded promontories, down to Foe-park, the hill firſt deſcribed on the lower margin of the lake, and the mountains all around, riſe immediately from its edge, but thoſe that form the outline to the ſouth, are very much broken, and hence more pictureſque.——Theſe are the parts of the ſcene Mr. Gray ſays are the ſweeteſt

* This *third* is Vicar's-iſland, which if our author had ſeen ſince it was purchaſed, built, and improved, by J. Pocklington, Eſq. he would have deſcribed it with pleaſure, as it is one of the moſt beautiful ſpots in the whole compaſs of the tour.

ſweeteſt he ever ſaw in point of paſtoral beauty. But whoever takes this view from Ormathwaite, in a field on the weſtern ſide of the houſe, will be convinced of Mr. Gray's loſs in want of information. For the very ſpot he ſtood upon is there in the centre of the fore-ground, and makes a principal object in the paſtoral part of the picture he praiſes ſo highly.

Sailing round the lake opens a new province for landſcape. Mr. Gray neglected it, and Mr. Maſon thinks he judged well. Meſſrs. Young and Pennant tried it, and admired it. Dr. Brown prefers ſailing, and adviſes landing on every promontory, and anchoring in every bay*. The tranſparent beauty of the lake is only ſeen in the boat, and it is very ſurpriſing. The bottom reſembles a moſaic pavement of party-coloured ſtone. The fragments of ſpar at the depth of ſeven yards, either ſhine like diamonds, or glitter in diverſity of colour; and ſuch is the purity of the water, that no mud or ooze defiles its bottom. Mr. Pennant navigated the lake, and as his deſcription is more compreſſed than any other, and gives a diſtinct idea of its appearances, I ſhall here ſubjoin it.

"The views on every ſide are very different; here all the poſſible variety of Alpine ſcenery is exhibited,

* The whole of Dr. Brown's deſcriptive letter is inſerted in the Addenda, Article I.

exhibited, with the horror of precipice, broken crag, overhanging rock, or inſulated pyramidal hills, contraſted with others whoſe ſmooth and verdant ſides, ſwelling into immenſe ærial heights, at once pleaſe and ſurpriſe the eye.

" The two extremities of the lake afford moſt diſcordant proſpects: the ſouthern is a compoſition of all that is horrible; an immenſe chaſm opens, whoſe entrance is divided by a rude conic hill, once topt with a caſtle, the habitation of the tyrant of the rocks; beyond, a ſeries of broken mountainous crags, now patched with ſnow, ſoar one above the other, overſhadowing the dark winding deep of Borrowdale. In the receſſes are lodged variety of minerals, &c.

" But the oppoſite, or northern view, is in all reſpects a ſtrong and beautiful contraſt. Skiddaw ſhews its vaſt baſe, and, bounding all that part of the vale, riſes gently to a height that ſinks the neighbouring hills; opens a pleaſing front, ſmooth and verdant, ſmiling over the country like a gentle generous lord, while the fells of Borrowdale frown on it like a hardened tyrant.

" Each boundary of the lake ſeems to take part with the extremities, and emulates their appearance: the ſouthern varies in rocks of different forms, from the tremendous precipice of Lady's-leap, the broken front of Falcon's-neſt, to the more diſtant concave curvature of Lowdore,

an extent of precipitous rock, with trees vegetating from their numerous fiſſures, and the foam of a cataract precipitating amidſt.

" The entrance into Borrowdale divides the ſcene, and the northern ſide alters into milder forms; a ſalt ſpring, once the property of the monks of Furneſs, trickles along the ſhore; hills (the reſort of ſhepherds) with downy fronts, and lofty ſummits, ſucceed, with wood cloathing their baſes to the water's edge.

" Not far from hence the environs appear to the navigator of the lake to the greateſt advantage, for, on every ſide mountains cloſe the proſpect, and form an amphitheatre almoſt matchleſs.

" The iſles that decorate this water are finely diſpoſed, and very diſtinct; riſe with gentle and regular curvatures above the ſurface, conſiſt of verdant turf, or are planted with various trees. The principal is Lord's-iſland, above five acres, where the Ratcliff family had ſome time its reſidence, and, from this lake, took the title of Derwent-water.

" St. Herbert's-iſle was noted for the reſidence of that ſaint, the boſom friend of St. Cuthbert, who wiſhed, and obtained his deſire of departing this life on the ſame day, hour, and minute, with that holy man*. " The

* " In the regiſter of Biſhop Appleby, in the year 1374, there is an indulgence of forty days to every of the inhabitants

"The water of Derwent-water is ſubject to violent agitations, and often without any apparent cauſe, as was the caſe this day; the weather was calm, yet the waves ran a great height, and the boat was toſſed violently with what is called a bottom wind."

Dr. Brown recommends as a concluſion of the tour of this lake, that it be viewed by moon-light. He ſays, "A walk by ſtill moon-light (at which time the diſtant water-falls are heard in all the variety of ſound) among theſe enchanting dales, opens a ſcene of ſuch delicate beauty, repoſe, and ſolemnity, as exceeds all deſcription."

An expedition of this kind depends much upon the choice of time in making the tour. It is better a little before, than after the full moon. If the evening be ſtill, the voices of the water-falls are re-echoed from every rock and cavern, in a manner truly ſingular and pleaſing. The ſetting ſun tips the mountain's top with the ſofteſt refulgence; and the riſing moon with her ſilver rays juſt continues in viſion the glories of its baſe. The ſurface of the lake, that in the day reflects the azure ſky, the deep green woods, or hoar-coloured rocks, is now a ſable mirror ſtudded

 with

tants of the pariſh of Croſthwaite, that ſhould attend the vicar to St Herbert's-iſland on the 13th of April, yearly, and there to celebrate maſs in memory of St. Herbert."

Nicolſon's Cumberland, page 86.

with the reflected gems of the ſtarry heavens; a plain on which are pencilled by the moon, the faint outlines and ſhadows of the hills behind which ſhe labours. All now is in faint light, grave ſhade, or ſolemn darkneſs, which apparently increaſes the vaſtneſs of the objects, and enwraps them in a ſolemn horror, that ſtrikes the mind of the beholder with reverential awe, and pleaſing melancholy*.

The

* Here the reader's mind may be fitly prepared for the peruſal of the following beautiful night-piece of Dr. Brown, preſerved to us by Mr. Cumberland, in the dedication of his *Ode to the Sun*.

Now ſunk the ſun, now twilight ſunk, and night
Rode in her zenith; not a paſſing breeze
Sigh'd to the grove, which in the midnight air
Stood motionleſs, and in the peaceful floods
Inverted hung: for now the billow ſlept
Along the ſhore, nor heav'd the deep, but ſpread
A ſhining mirror to the moon's pale orb,
Which, dim and waining, o'er the ſhadowy cliffs,
The ſolemn woods, and ſpiry mountain tops,
Her glimmering faintneſs threw: now every eye,
Oppreſs'd with toil, was drown'd in deep repoſe;
Save that the unſeen ſhepherd in his watch,
Prop'd on his crook, ſtood liſt'ning by the fold,
And gaz'd the ſtarry vault and pendant moon;
Nor voice nor ſound broke on the deep ſerene,
But the ſoft murmur of ſwift-guſhing rills,
Forth-iſſuing from the mountain's diſtant ſteep,
(Unheard till now, and now ſcarce heard) proclaim'd
All things at reſt, and imag'd the ſtill voice
Of quiet whiſpering to the ear of night.

X.

The characteriſtic of this lake is that it retains its form viewed from any point, and never aſſumes the appearance of a river *.

The fiſh here are trout, perch, pike, and eel.

* The following ſketch of the appearance of this amphitheatre, in a hard froſt, appeared in the *Cumberland Pacquet*, February 10, 1784.

"Derwent lake has been frozen over for ſeveral days, and quantities of timber have been drawn acroſs it by horſes. The appearance of this celebrated piece of water and the ſurrounding mountains, is deſcribed by numbers who have ſeen it, as the moſt delightful of any proſpect that can be conceived. The four iſlands have been viſited by crouds of people, who agree that the whole ſcene is at preſent more awfully grand and inchanting, than in the height of ſummer. The ſummits and ſides of the mountains, at preſent clad with ſnow, the icicles hanging from the different cliffs, and the glaſſy ſurface of the lake, all theſe glittering in the ſun, fill the eye with ſuch an aſſemblage of natural magnificence and beauty as beggars all deſcription."

The following paſſage may be worth reading here, taken from a deſcription of the curioſities in the Peak of Derbyſhire, in the *London Magazine*, for October, 1778.

"Long has been the contention between the gentlemen of Derbyſhire and Cumberland, reſpecting Dovedale and Keſwick, each claiming the ſuperiority of natural beauties, and Dr. Brown has by many been thought to carry the diſpute in favour of Keſwick. I have carefully ſurveyed both, without being a native of either country; and if I might preſume to be any judge of the matter, I ſhould compare Dovedale to the ſoft and delicate maiden, and Keſwick to the bold and ſturdy Briton."

BASSENTHWAITE-WATER.

Having ſeen the glory of Keſwick, the beauties of the lake, and wonders of the environs, there remains a pleaſant ride to Ouſe-bridge, in order to viſit the lake of Baſſenthwaite. Meſſrs. Gray and Pennant took the ride, but did not ſee the beauties of the lake, either for want of time or proper information.

Mr. Pennant ſays, "Paſs along the vale of Keſwick, and keep above Baſſenthwaite-water, at a ſmall cultivated diſtance from it: this lake is a fine expanſe of four miles in length, bounded on one ſide by high hills, wooded in many places to their bottoms; on the other ſide, by fields, and the ſkirts of Skiddaw.

"From Mr. Spedding's, of Armathwaite, at the low extremity of the lake, you have a fine view of the whole."

Mr. Gray allowed himſelf more time for particulars. "October 6, he ſays, went in a chaiſe, eight miles, along the eaſt ſide of Baſſenthwaite-water, to Ouſe-bridge, pronounced Ews-bridge, it runs directly along the foot of Skiddaw. Oppoſite to Wythop-brows, cloathed to the top with wood, a very beautiful view opens down to the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of Keſwick, leſs broken into bays, and without iſlands;

iſlands; at the foot of it, a few paces from the brink, gently ſloping upwards, ſtands Armathwaite, in a thick grove of Scotch firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake. At a ſmall diſtance behind this, a ridge of cultivated hills, on which, according to the Keſwick proverb, *the ſun always ſhines;* the inhabitants here, on the contrary, call the vale of Derwent-water, *the Devil's chamberpot*, and pronounce the name of Skiddaw-fell, which terminates here, with a ſort of terror and averſion. Armathwaite-houſe is a modern fabrick, not large, and built of dark red ſtone."

But the ſingular beauties of this lake remain yet unnoticed, viz. the grand ſinuoſity of three noble bays.

STATION I. From Armathwaite, the lower bay is in full diſplay; a fine expanſe of water, ſpreading itſelf both ways, behind a circular peninſula (Caſtle-how) that ſwells in the middle, and is crowned with wood. In former times it has been ſurrounded with water, by the lake on one ſide, and the aſſiſtance of a brook that deſcends from Embleton, on the other. The acceſſible parts have been defended by trenches one above another. The upper part muſt have been occupied with building, as the veſtiges of ruins are viſible; and, like other ſuch places in this region, they were probably ſecured by the firſt inha-

bitants, as places of difficult acceſs, and of eaſy defence. From the bottom of the bay, ſome waving incloſures riſe to the ſide of a green hill, and ſome ſcattered houſes are ſeen at the upper end of a fine ſlope of incloſures. The banks of the lake are fringed with trees, and under them the cryſtal water is caught in a pleaſing manner. At the north-weſt corner the Derwent iſſues from the lake, and is ſpanned by a handſome ſtone-bridge of three arches. The whole weſtern boundary is the noble range of wooded hills, called Wythop-brows. On the eaſtern ſhore the lake retires behind a peninſula, that ruſhes far into the water, and on its extreme point, a ſolitary oak, waving to every wind, is moſt pictureſque. This is Scareneſs. The coaſt upward is a fine cultivated tract to the ſkirts of Skiddaw. Far to the ſouth, Wallow-crag, with all the range of rock, and broken craggy mountains in Borrowdale, are ſeen in fine perſpective; and on their outline, the ſpiral point of Langdale-pike appears blue as glaſs. The deep green woods of Foe-park, and the golden front of Swinſide, form a pleaſing termination.

STATION II. Return to the road by Scareneſs, and deſcend from the houſe to the oak tree, on the extremity of the promontory. The lake is here narroweſt, but immediately ſpreading itſelf on both hands, forms two ſemicircular bays. That on the right is a mile acroſs; the bay

bay on the left is ſmaller; the ſhore on both ſides is finely variegated with low wood and ſcattered buſhes, as is more eſpecially the peninſula itſelf. The upper bay is perfectly circular, and finely wooded. In front, Wythop-brows riſe ſwift from the water's edge. The extremity of ſome incloſures are pictureſquely ſeen juſt over the wood, with part of a cottage. The village of Wythop lies behind it in an ærial ſite. A graſs incloſure, ſcooped in the boſom of the hanging wood, and under it a cot, on the very brink of the lake, ſtands ſweetly. The views downward are fine; the banks high and woody to the bridge, of which two arches are in ſight. Behind it a white houſe is charmingly placed. More to the right, at the head of a gentle ſlope, in the very centre of view, ſtands Armathwaite, winged with groves; and behind it, at a ſmall diſtance, are deep hanging woods, and over them, ſpreading far to the right and left, a great reach of cultivated grounds. This termination is rich, and pleaſing to the eye. The view to the ſouth, is, as on the upper lake, much ſoftened by diſtance. In the afternoon, if the ſun ſhines, the appearance of the ſilver-grey rocks, gliſtening through the green woods that hang on their fiſſures, is moſt elegant. Behind, an appendix of Skiddaw riſes in rude form; and over it this chief of mountains frowns in Alpine majeſty.—This view is alſo well ſeen from the houſe of Scarenefs.

STATION

STATION III. The next remarkable promontory is Bradneſs, a round green hill, that, ſpreading itſelf into the lake, forms a bay, with Bowneſs to the ſouth. The beſt general view of the lake is from the crown of this hill, behind the farm houſe. Here you look over three bays finely formed. Nothing can be imagined more elegant than the ſinuoſity of this ſide, contraſted with the ſteep ſhore and lofty woods of the oppoſite. The view upwards is not leſs charming, being indented and wooded to the water's edge.

If theſe views are taken beginning with Bradneſs, then, from Scareneſs, take the road to Baſſenthwaite-halls, (a few houſes ſo called) and from the road on the north ſide of the village, called Rakes, you have a very fine view of a rich cultivated tract, ſtretching along the banks of the lake, and ſpreading itſelf upwards to the ſkirts of Skiddaw. The elevation is ſuch, that every object is ſeen completely, and every beauty diſtinctly marked. The lake appears in its full magnitude, ſhaded by a bold wooded ſhore on the weſt, and graced by a ſweet ſpreading vale on the eaſt, that terminates in a bold ſtile under the ſurrounding mountains. The ſloping ground to the bridge is charming, and the far extended vales of Embleton and Iſel lie in fine perſpective. The river Derwent has his winding courſe through the latter.

ANTIQUI-

ANTIQUITIES. Caer-mot is about two miles further to the north, on the great road to old Carliſle and Wigton. It is a green high crowned hill, and on its ſkirt, juſt by the road ſide, are the manifeſt veſtiges of a ſquare encampment, incloſed with a double foſs, extending from eaſt to weſt, 120 paces, and from ſouth to north, 100 paces. It is ſubdivided into ſeveral cantonments, and the road from Keſwick to old Carliſle has croſſed it at right angles. Part of the *agger* is viſible where it iſſues from the north ſide of the camp, till where it falls in with the line of the preſent road. It is diſtant about ten miles from Keſwick, and as much from old Carliſle, and is about two miles weſt of Ireby.

Camden propoſes Ireby for the Arbeia of the Romans, where the *Bercarii Tigrinenſes* were garriſoned, but advances nothing in favour of his opinion. The ſituation is ſuch as the Romans never made choice of for a camp or garriſon, and there remain no veſtiges of either. By its being in a deep glen, among ſurrounding hills, where there is no paſs to guard, or country to protect, a body of men could be of no uſe. On the northern extremity of the ſaid hill of Caermot, are the remains of a beacon, and near it the veſtiges of a ſquare encampment, incloſed with a foſs and rampart of 60 feet by 70. This camp is in full view of Blatumbulgii (Bowneſs) and Olenacum (old Carliſle;) and, commanding the whole

whole extent of the Solway-frith, would receive the firſt notice from any frontier ſtation, where the Caledonians might make an attempt to croſs the frith, or had actually broke in upon the province; and notice of this might be communicated by the beacon on Caer-mot to the garriſon at Keſwick, by the watch on Caſtle-crag in Borrowdale. The garriſon at Keſwick would have the care of the beacon on the top of Skiddaw, the mountain being of the eaſieſt acceſs on that ſide. By this means the alarm would ſoon become general, and the invaders be either terrified into flight, or elſe the whole country quickly in arms to oppoſe them.

Whether theſe camps are the Arbeia I pretend not to ſay, but that they were of uſe to the Romans, is evident; and what the Britons thought of them, is recorded in the name they have conferred on the hill where they are ſituated.

The larger camp has no advantage of ſite, and is but ill ſupplied with water. The ground is of a ſpungy nature, and retains wet long, and therefore could only be occupied in the ſummer months. They ſeem to have the ſame relation to old Carliſle and Keſwick, as the camp at Whitbarrow has to old Penrith and Keſwick.

From Caer-mot deſcend to Ouſe-bridge, and return to Keſwick up the weſtern ſide of the lake.

Every

Every lover of landſcape ſhould take this ride in the afternoon; and if the ſun ſhines, it is exceedingly pleaſant. The road branches off from the great road to Cockermouth a little below the bridge, and leads through the wood, and round Caſtle-how. In ſome places it riſes above the lake a conſiderable height, and the water is agreeably ſeen at intervals through a ſcreen of low wood, that decks its banks. Then the road deſcends to the level of the water, and preſents you with a variety of ſurpriſing views in different ſtiles, that ſhew themſelves in an agreeable ſucceſſion, as the eye wanders in amazement along the lake.

STATION IV. At Beck-wythop the lake ſpreads out to a great expanſe of water, and its outlet is concealed by Caſtle-how. The immediate ſhore is lined with rocks, that range along banks completely dreſſed in low wood, and over them, Wythop-brows riſe almoſt perpendicular. The oppoſite ſhore is much variegated, and deeply embayed by the bold promontories of Scareneſs, Bowneſs, and Bradneſs. Juſt oppoſite to you, a little removed from the margin of the lake, and under a range of wood, ſee the ſolitary church of Baſſenthwaite. Its back-ground is gloomy Ullock, a deſcendant hill of parent Skiddaw, robed in purple heath, trimmed with ſoft verdure. The whole cultivated tract between the mountains and the lake, is ſeen here in all its beauty, and Skiddaw appears no where of

ſuch

ſuch majeſtic height as from this point, being ſeemingly magnified by the accompaniments of the leſſer hills that ſurround its baſe.

Over the northern extremity of this expanſe of water, the ground riſes in an eaſy ſlope, and in the point of beauty, Armathwaite is ſeated, queen of the lake, on which ſhe ſmiles in graceful beauty. On each hand are hanging woods. The ſpace between diſplays much cultivation, and is divided by incloſures, waving up the farms ſeen under the ſkirts of Caer-mot, the crown-topt hill, that cloſes this ſcene in the ſweeteſt and moſt elegant manner poſſible. If the ſun ſhines, you may be entertained here for hours with a pleaſing variety of landſcapes. All the views up the lake are in a ſtile great and ſublime. They are ſeen in the boſom of the lake, ſoftened by reflection, but to the glaſs is reſerved the finiſhed picture, in the trueſt colouring, and moſt juſt perſpective. As you come out of the wood, at the gate leading to the open ſpace, there is a magnificent bird's-eye view of Keſwick, in the centre of a grand amphitheatre of mountains. Proceeding along the banks of the lake, the road leads through Thornthwaite and Portingſcale, to Keſwick*.

A morning

* On taking leave of Baſſenthwaite-water we may obſerve, that it was the *firſt* lake that was honoured with one of thoſe amuſements called *Regattas*; this was on the 24th of Auguſt, 1780.

A morning ride up the vale of Newland, to

BUTTERMERE.

This ride remains hitherto unnoticed, though one of the moſt pleaſing and ſurpriſing in the environs

1780. Another was exhibited on it the 1ſt of Auguſt, 1781, (when the *ſwimming ſweepſtakes* were introduced;) and the laſt on the 4th of September, 1782. This ſpecies of entertainment was begun on Derwent-water, on the 28th of Auguſt, 1781, and continued there once in every year till 1791.

That the reader who has not been preſent at one of theſe rural *fêtes* may form ſome idea of their nature and effects, we ſubjoin, from the *Cumberland Pacquet*, the following deſcription of the Regatta exhibited on Derwent-water, the 6th of September, 1782. But it will be allowed, by all who have had an opportunity of ſeeing it, that every repreſentation, in the abſence of the beauties that ſurround the ſcene, muſt fall infinitely ſhort of the romantic grandeur it labours to hold up to the imagination.

"At eight o'clock in the morning, a vaſt concourſe of ladies and gentlemen appeared on the ſide of the Derwent lake, where a number of marquees, extending about four hundred yards, were erected for their accommodation. At twelve, ſuch of the company as were invited by Mr. Pocklington, paſſed over in boats to the iſland which bears his name; and, on their landing, were ſaluted by a diſcharge of his artillery.—This might properly be called the opening of the Regatta; for as ſoon as the echo of this diſcharge had ceaſed, a ſignal gun was fired, and five boats, which lay upon their oars, (on that part of the water which runs neareſt the town of Keſwick) inſtantly puſhed off the ſhore, and began the race.

"A view

environs of Kefwick. Company who viſit the vale of Kefwick, and view its lake from Caſtle-rigg, Latrigg, Swinſide, and the vicarage, imagine

"A view from any of the attendants boats (of which there were ſeveral) preſented a ſcene which beggars all deſcription. The ſides of the hoary mountains were clad with ſpectators, and the glaſſy ſurface of the lake was variegated with a number of pleaſure barges; which, tricked out in all the gayeſt colours, and glittering in the rays of a meridian ſun, gave a new appearance to the celebrated beauties of this matchleſs vale.

"The contending boats paſſed Pocklington's-iſland, and, rounding St. Herbert's and Rampſholme, edged down by the outſide of Lord's-iſland, deſcribing in the race almoſt a perfect circle, and, during the greateſt part of it, in full view of the company.

"About three o'clock, preparations were made for the ſham-attack on Pocklington's-iſland. The fleet (conſiſting of ſeveral barges, armed with ſmall cannon and muſquets) retired out of view, behind Friar-crag, to prepare for action; previous to which, a flag of truce was ſent to the governor, with a ſummons to ſurrender upon honourable terms. A defiance was returned; ſoon after which, the fleet was ſeen advancing, with great ſpirit, before the batteries, and inſtantly forming in a curved line, a terrible cannonade began on both ſides, accompanied with a dreadful diſcharge of muſquetry. This continued for ſome time, and being echoed from hill to hill, in an amazing variety of ſounds, filled the ear with whatever could produce aſtoniſhment and awe. All nature ſeemed to be in an uproar, which impreſſed on the awakened imagination, the moſt lively ideas of the "war of elements," and "cruſh of worlds."

"After

gine inacceſſible mountains only remain beyond the line of this amazing tract. But whoever takes a ride up Newland vale*, will be agreeably

 ſurpriſed

"After a ſevere conflict, the enemies were driven from the attack, in great diſorder. A *Feu-de-joye* was then fired in the fort, and oft repeated by the reſponſive echoes. The fleet, after a little delay, formed again, and, practiſing a variety of beautiful manœuvres, renewed the attack. Uproar again ſprung up, and the deep-toned echoes of the mountains again joined in the ſolemn chorus, which was heard to the diſtance of ten leagues to leeward, through the eaſtern opening of that vaſt amphitheatre, as far as Appleby.

"The garriſon at length capitulated, and the entertainments of the water being finiſhed, (towards the evening) the company moved to Keſwick; to which place, from the water's edge, a range of lamps was fixed, very happily diſpoſed, and a number of fire-works were played off.

"An aſſembly room (which has been built for the purpoſe) next received the ladies and gentlemen, and a dance concluded this annual feſtivity;—a chain of amuſements which, we may venture to aſſert, no other place can poſſibly furniſh, and which wants only to be more univerſally known, to render it a place of more general reſort than any other in the kingdom.

"To thoſe whom nature's works alone can charm, this ſpot will, at all times, be viewed with rapture and aſtoniſhment; but no breaſt, however unſuſceptible of pleaſure, can be indifferent to that diſplay of every beauty which decks the ancient vale of Keſwick on a *Regatta-day*."

X.

* Here, in a hill called Gold-ſcope, are the remains of a famous ancient copper-mine, which exhibits ſome curious excavations

ſurpriſed with ſome of the fineſt ſolemn paſtoral ſcenes they have yet beheld. Here preſent themſelves an arrangement of vaſt mountains, entirely new, both in form and colouring of rock; large hollow craters ſcooped in their boſoms, once the ſeeming ſeats of raging liquid fire, though at preſent overflowing with the pureſt water, that foams down the craggy brows; other woods ornament their baſe, and other lakes, clear as the Derwent, lie at their feet. The ſofter parts of theſe ſcenes are verdant hills patched with wood, ſpotted with rock, and paſtured with herds and flocks.

The ride is along Swinſide; and having turned the brow of the hill, and paſſed the firſt houſes, through

cavations, called the Pen-holes. One ſhaft, reaching from the top of the hill to the bottom, (into which, if a large ſtone be let fall, it occaſions a moſt tremendous noiſe) is met by a level paſſage, cut quite through the mountain, along which a ſtream of water (from Bank-beck) was conveyed to turn a draining wheel, at its meeting with the ſhaft.

Theſe mines were wrought in Henry 8th's time, and ſome of the ſucceeding reigns. But the metal yielding a conſiderable quantity of gold, they came to be conſidered as royal mines, and occaſioned a diſpute between the crown and the Duke of Somerſet, then lord of the manor, and a diſcontinuance of the works. In 1757, Mr. Gilbert and company drained them to the very bottom, at the expence of about 100*l.* but did not find the metal ſuch, or ſo plentiful, as to encourage them to proceed on at ſo prodigious a depth.

X.

through which the road leads, obſerve at the gate on the right, a view down a narrow vale, which is pleaſing in a high degree.

The road continues winding through a glade, along the ſide of a rapid brook, that tumbles down a ſtony channel with water as clear as cryſtal. At the hedge-row-tree, under Rawlingend (a brawny mountain) turn, and have a new and pleaſant view of the vale of Keſwick. The road has then a gentle aſcent, and the rivulet is heard murmuring below. At the upper end of the cultivated part of the vale, a green pyramidal hill, divided into waving incloſures, looks down the vale upon Keſwick, &c. The verdant hills on each ſide terminate in rude awful mountains, that tower to the ſkies in a variety of groteſque forms, and on their murky furrowed ſides hang many a torrent. Above Keſkadale, the laſt houſes in Newland, no traces of human induſtry appear. All is naked ſolitude and ſimple nature. The vale now becomes a dell, the road a path. The lower parts are paſtured with a motley herd; the middle tract is aſſumed by the flocks; the upper regions (to man inacceſſible) are abandoned to the birds of Jove. Here untamed nature holds her reign in ſolemn ſilence, amidſt the gloom and grandeur of dreary ſolitude *.

* And here the following exclamation of young Edwin, may be properly recalled to the reader's remembrance.

Hail,

The morning ſun beaming on the blue and yellow mountains ſides, produces effects of light and ſhade, the moſt charming that ever a ſon of Apelles imagined. In approaching the head of Newland-hawſe, on the left, a mountain of purple-coloured rock, preſents a thouſand gaping chaſms, excavated by torrents that fall into a baſon, formed in the boſom of the mountain, and from thence precipitating themſelves over a wall of rock, become a brook below. In front is a vaſt rocky mountain, the barrier of the dell, that oppoſes itſelf to all further acceſs. Among the variety of water-falls, that diſtinguiſh this awful boundary of rock, one catches the eye at a diſtance that exceeds the boaſted Lowdore, in height of rock, and unity of fall, whilſt the beholder is free from all anxiety of mind in the approach. Not one pebble or grain of ſand offends, but all is nature in her ſweeteſt trim of verdant turf, ſpread out to pleaſe her votaries.

Whoever

Hail, awful ſcenes, that calm the troubled breaſt,
And woo the weary to profound repoſe,
Can paſſion's wildeſt uproar lay to reſt,
And whiſper comfort to the man of woes!
Here innocence may wander, ſafe from foes,
And contemplation ſoar on ſeraph wings.
O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition ſtings,
Shall never know the ſource whence real grandeur ſprings.

Beattie's Minſtrel, B. 2d.

X.

Whoever would enjoy, with eaſe and ſafety, Alpine views, and paſtoral ſcenes in the ſublime ſtile, may have them in this morning ride.

The road, or rather tract, becomes now leſs agreeable than it was, for a few roods, not from any difficulty there is in turning the fineſt mountain turf into good road at a ſmall expence, but from the inattention of the daleſmen, who habituate themſelves to tread in the tract made by their flocks, and wiſh for nothing better. It will not be labour loſt to walk a few roods here, and ſee a new creation of mountains, as unlike thoſe left behind, as the Andes are to the Alps. The contraſt is really ſtriking, and appears at once on the ſummit of the hill. On the right, at the head of a deep green hill, a naked furrowed mountain of an orange hue, has a ſtrange appearance amongſt his verdant neighbours, and ſinks, by his height, even Skiddaw itſelf.

Deſcend the tract on the left, and you ſoon have in ſight the higheſt poſſible contraſt in nature. Four ſpiral towering mountains, dark dun, and gloomy at noon-day, riſe immediately from the weſtern extremity of the deep narrow dell, and hang over Buttermere. The more ſouthern is, by the daleſmen, from its form, called Hay-rick; the more pyramidal High-crag; the third High-ſtile; and the fourth, from its ferruginous colour, Red-pike. Between the ſe-

cond and third there is a large crater, that, from the parched colour of the conical mountains in whoſe boſom it is formed, appears to have been the focus of a volcano in ſome diſtant period of time, when the cones were produced by exploſion. At preſent it is the reſervoir of water that feeds the roaring cataract you ſee in the deſcent to Buttermere. Here all is barrenneſs, ſolitude, and ſilence, only interrupted by the murmurs of a rill, that runs unſeen in the narrow bottom of a deep dell*. The ſmooth verdant ſides of the vaſt hills on the right, have many furrows engraven in their ſides by the winter rains; and the ſable mountains in front preſent all the horrors

* There is one curious ſpectacle often ſeen by the ſhepherd, on the tops of theſe mountains, which the traveller may never chance to ſee, but which is ſo happily delineated in the following ſtanza, that he may the leſs regret it. What I mean is, the effects of miſts, which frequently involve overy object round the baſes of theſe eminences, and which, in the diſtrict of *pointed hills* juſt deſcribed, muſt be experienced in the greateſt perfection.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in miſt the world below was loſt.
What dreadful pleaſure! there to ſtand ſublime,
Like ſhipwreck'd mariner on deſart coaſt,
And view th' enormous waſte of vapour, toſt
In billows length'ning to th' horizon round,
Now ſcoop'd in gulphs with mountains now emboſ'd,
And hear the voice of mirth and ſong rebound,
Flocks, herds, and water-falls, along the hoar profound!

Minſtrel, B. 1ſt.

rors of cloven rock, broken cliff, and mountain ſtreams tumbling headlong. Some traces of induſtry obtruding themſelves at the foot of the glen, diſturb the ſolemn ſolitude with which the eye and mind have been entertained, and point out your return to ſociety; for you now approach the village of Buttermere, which is ſituated betwixt the lakes, and conſiſts of ſixteen houſes. The chapel here is very ſmall, the ſtipend not large, for, though twice augmented with the queen's bounty, it exceeds not twenty pounds per ann. This is one of the cures Mr. Pennant mentions; but the perquiſites of the clog-ſhoes, harden-ſark, whittle-gate, and gooſe-gate, have no better ſupport than in ſome ancient, and, probably, *idle* tale.

The life of the inhabitants is purely paſtoral. A few hands are employed in the ſlate quarries; the women ſpin woollen yarn, and drink tea. Above the village you have a view of the upper lake, two miles in length, and ſhort of one in breadth. It is terminated on the weſtern ſide by the ferruginous mountain already mentioned. A ſtripe of cultivated ground adorns the eaſtern ſhore. A group of houſes, called Gateſgarth, is ſeated on the ſouthern extremity, under the moſt extraordinary amphitheatre of mountainous rocks that ever eye beheld. Here we ſee Honiſter-crag riſe to an immenſe height, flanked by two conic mountains, Fleetwith to the eaſtern,

and Scarf on the weſtern ſide; a hundred mountain torrents form never-failing cataracts, that thunder and foam down the centre of the rock, and form the lake below. Here the rocky ſcenes and mountain landſcapes are diverſified and contraſted with all that aggrandizes the object in the moſt ſublime ſtile, and conſtitute a picture the moſt enchanting of any in theſe parts.

Mr. Gray's account of Barrowſide, and his relation of Borrowdale, are hyperboles; the ſport of fancy he was pleaſed to indulge himſelf in. A perſon that has croſſed the Alps or Appenines will meet here only miniatures of the huge rocks and precipices, the vaſt hills, and ſnow-topt mountains he ſaw there. And though he may obſerve much ſimilarity in the ſtile, there is none in the danger. Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and Cachidecam are but dwarfs, when compared with mount Maudite, above the lake of Geneva, and the guardian mountains of the Rhone. If the roads in ſome places be narrow and difficult, they are at leaſt ſafe. No villainous banditti haunt the mountains; innocent people live in the dells. Every cottager is narrative of all he knows; and mountain virtue, and paſtoral hoſpitality are found at every farm. This conſtitutes a pleaſing difference betwixt travelling here and on the continent, where every inn-holder is an extortioner, and every voiturin an impoſing rogue.

The

The ſpace betwixt the lakes is not a mile, and conſiſts of paſture and meadow ground. The lower lake, called

CROMACK-WATER*,

Soon opens after you leave the village, and paſs through an oaken grove. A fine expanſe of water ſweeps away to the right under a rocky promontory, Randon-knot, or Buttermere-hawſe. The road then ſerpentizes round the rock, and under a rugged, pyramidal, craggy mountain. From the creſt of this rock the whole extent of the lake is diſcovered. On the weſtern ſide the mountains riſe immediately from the water's edge, bold and abrupt. Juſt in front, between Blea-crag and Mellbreak, (two ſpiral hills) the hoarſe reſounding noiſe of a water-fall is heard acroſs the lake, concealed within the boſom of the cliff, through which it has forced its way, and when viewed from the foot of the fall, is a moſt aſtoniſhing phænomenon.

This lake is beautified with three ſmall iſles. One of rock lies juſt before you. The whole eaſtern ſhore is diverſified with bays, the banks with ſcattered trees, and a few incloſures, terminated by a hanging wood. At the foot of the lake, a high crowned hill puſhes forward, fringed with

* This lake abounds with the fineſt char, and red trout; and contains alſo ſome pike and perch.

with trees, and ſweetly laid out with incloſures: And above it, on a cultivated ſlope, is the chapel of Lowes-water, ſurrounded with ſcattered farms. Behind all, Low-fell raiſes his verdant front; a ſweet contraſt to his murky neighbours, and a pleaſing termination, either as ſeen from the top of this rock, or from the boſom of the lake.

The chain of pyramidal mountains on each ſide of this narrow vale, are extremely pictureſque. They riſe from diſtinct baſes, and ſwell into the moſt groteſque forms of ſerrated or broken rocks.

Theſe lakes are of a much greater depth than Derwent-water, and this may be the only reaſon why they have char, and ſome others have not. The char in the ſummer months retire to the deeps, probably to avoid the heat. The water here is clear, but not ſo tranſparent as the lake of Derwent. The outlet is at the north-eaſt corner, by the river Cocker, over which is a handſome ſtone-bridge, of four arches. This lake is four miles in length, and in ſome places almoſt half a mile over.

LOWES-WATER.

Proceed from the bridge, by High-croſs, to Lowes-water. Having paſſed through a gate that leads to the common, the lake ſpreads out before you, a mile in length, and of an equal breadth of about a quarter of a mile. The extremities

tremities are rivals in beauty of hanging woods, little groves, and waving inclofures, with farms ſeated in the ſweeteſt points of view. The ſouth end is overlooked by lofty Mellbreak, at whoſe foot, a white houſe, within ſome graſs inclofures, under a few trees, ſtands in the point of beauty. The eaſtern ſhore is open, and indented with ſmall bays, but the oppoſite ſide is more pleaſing. Carling-knot preſents a broad pyramidal front, of ſwift aſcent, covered with ſoft vegetation, and ſpotted with many aged, ſolitary thorns. On each ſide, the outlines wave upward in the fineſt manner, terminating in a cone of grey rock, patched with verdure.

This lake, in oppoſition to all the other lakes, has its courſe from north to ſouth, and under Mellbreak falls into Cromack-water. It is of no great depth, and without char; but it abounds with pike and perch, and has ſome trout.

An evening view of both lakes, is from the ſide of Mellbreak, at the gate, under a coppice of oaks, in the road to Ennerdale. Nothing exceeds, in compoſition, the parts of this landſcape. They are all great, and lie in fine order of perſpective. If the view be taken from the round knoll at the lower end of the lake, the appearance of the mountains that bound it is aſtoniſhing. You have Mellbreak on the right, and Graſmire on the left, and betwixt them, a ſtupendous amphitheatre

phitheatre of mountains, whoſe tops are all broken and diſſimilar, and of different hues, and their baſes ſkirted with wood, or cloathed with verdure. In the centre point of this amphitheatre, is a huge pyramidal broken rock, that ſeems with its figure to change place, as you move acroſs the foreground, and gives much variety to the ſcenes, and alters the picture at every pace. In ſhort, the picturesque views in this diſtrict are many, ſome mixt, others purely ſublime, but all ſurpriſe and pleaſe. The genius of the greateſt adepts in landſcape, might here improve in taſte and judgment; and the moſt enthuſiaſtic ardour for paſtoral poetry and painting, will here find an inexhauſtible ſource of ſcenes and images.

When the roads to ENNERDALE and WASTWATER are improved, they may be taken in this morning ride*.

From the bridge, at the foot of the lake, aſcend the road to Brackenthwaite. At the alehouſe, Scale-hill, take a guide to the top of the rock, above Mr. Bertie's woods, and have an entirely new view of Cromack-water. The river Cocker is ſeen winding through a beautiful and rich cultivated vale, ſpreading far to the north, variegated with woods, groves, and hanging grounds,

* An account a ride from Keſwick to Ennerdale has been communicated by a friend of the publiſhers, and is inſerted in the Addenda, Article IX.

grounds, in every pleaſing variety. The moſt ſingular object in this vale of Lorton and Brackenthwaite, is a high crown-topt rock that divides the vale, and raiſes a broken craggy head over hanging woods, that ſkirt the ſloping ſides, which are cut into waving incloſures, and varied with groves, and patches of coppice wood. To the weſt, a part of Lowes-water is ſeen, under a fringe of trees at High-croſs. Behind you, awful Graſmire (the Skiddaw of the vale) frowns in all the majeſty of furrowed rock, cut almoſt perpendicularly to the centre by the water-falls of ages. The ſwell of a cataract is here heard, but entirely concealed within the gloomy receſs of a rocky dell, formed by the rival mountains, Graſmire and White-ſide. At their feet, lie the mighty ruins, brought down from the mountains, by the memorable water-ſpout, that deluged all the vale, in September, 1760*.

After

* I don't know whether an account of the effects of this ſtorm has been publiſhed; but the following deſcription of a ſimilar one which happened in St. John's vale, given as the moſt authentic that has yet appeared, by a native of the place, may here merit a peruſal.

In the evening of the 22d of Auguſt, 1749, that day having been much hotter than was ever known in theſe parts, a ſtrange and frightful noiſe was heard in the air, which continued for ſome time, to the great ſurpriſe of the inhabitants, ſounding over them like a ſtrong wind, though they could not perceive it. This was ſucceeded by the moſt terrible claps of thunder, and inceſſant flaſhes of lightning breaking over

After this, the mountains become humble hills, and terminate the ſweet vale, that ſtretches from the feet of Black-crag and Carling-knot, and

over their heads. At the ſame time the clouds poured down whole torrents of water on the mountains to the eaſt, which in a very little time ſwelled the channels of their rivulets and brooks, ſo as to overflow every bank, and overwhelm almoſt every obſtacle in their way. In a moment they deluged the whole valley below, and covered with ſtones, earth, and ſand many acres of fine cultivated ground. Several thouſands of huge fragments of broken rocks were driven by the impetuoſity of theſe dreadful cataracts into the fields below, and ſuch was their bulk that ſome of them were more than ten horſes could move, and one fairly meaſured nineteen yards in circumference. A corn-mill, dwelling-houſe, and ſtable, all under one roof, lay in the tract of one of theſe currents, and the mill from the one end, and the ſtable from the other, were both ſwept away, leaving the little habitation ſtanding in the middle, rent open at both ends, with the miller who was very old and infirm, in bed, and who was ignorant of the matter till he roſe the next morning to behold nothing but ruin and deſolation. His mill was no more; and inſtead of ſeeing green ground in the vale below, all was covered with large ſtones and rubbiſh, four yards deep, and among which one of the mill-ſtones was irrecoverably loſt. The old channel of the ſtream too was entirely choaked up, and a new one cut open on the other ſide of the building, through the middle of a large rock, four yards wide, and nine deep.—Something ſimilar to this happened at ſeveral other places in the neighbourhood, for the ſpace of two miles, along Legberthwaite, and Fornſide, but happily, through the providence of the Almighty, no perſon's life was loſt.

[An account of this innundation is given in the Philoſophical Tranſactions for the year 1750, No. 494.]

X.

and ſpreads itſelf into a country watered by the Cocker.

The ride down this vale is pleaſant. All the ſcenes are ſmiling, rich, and rural. Every dale-lander appears to be a man of taſte, and every village, houſe, and cot is placed in the choiceſt ſite, and decorated in the neateſt manner, and ſtile of natural elegance. Not one formal avenue, or ſtraight lined hedge, or ſquare fiſh-pond, offends the eye in all this charming vale. The variety of ſituation gives diverſity of views, and a ſucceſſion of pleaſing objects creates the deſire of ſeeing.

The back view is under a wooded hill, near the fifth mile-poſt, and is fine. Here return up the great road to Keſwick.

From Keſwick to Penrith, ſeventeen miles of very good road, through an open wild country.

ANTIQUITIES. Upon Hutton-moor, and on the north ſide of the great road, may be traced the path of the Roman way, that leads from old Penrith, or Plumpton-wall, in a line almoſt due weſt, to Keſwick. Upon the moor are the traces of a large encampment that the road traverſes. And a little beyond the eighth mile-poſt, on the left, at Whitbarrow, are ſtrong veſtiges of a ſquare encampment. The Roman road, beyond that, is met with in the incloſed fields of Whitbarrow, and is known by the farmers from the oppoſition

oppoſition they meet with in plowing acroſs it. After that, it is found entirely on the common called Greyſtock-low-moor; and lately they have formed a new road on the *agger* of it. It proceeds in a right line to Greyſtock town, where it makes a flexure to the left, and continues in a line to Blencow; it is then found in a plowed field, about 200 yards to the north of Little-Blencow, pointing at Coach-gate; from thence it paſſes on the north ſide of Kell-barrow, and through Cow-cloſe, and was diſcovered in making the new turnpike road from Penrith to Cockermouth, which it croſſed near the toll-gate. From thence it ſtretches over Whitrigg in a right line, is viſible on the edge of the wood at Fairbank, and in the lane called Low-ſtreet. From thence it points through incloſed land, to the ſouth end of the ſtation called Plumpton-wall, and old Penrith.—It croſſed the brook Petteral, at Topin-holme.

In the year 1772, near Little-Blencow, in removing a heap of ſtones, two urns were taken up, about two feet and a half high, made of very coarſe earth, and cruſted on both ſides with a brown clay, the tops remarkably wide, and covered with a red flat ſtone. Beſides aſhes and bones, each urn had a ſmall cup within it, of a fine clay, in the ſhape of a tea-cup. One was pierced in the centre of the bottom part. The place where they were taken up, is called Lod-

don-how,

don-how, within 20 yards of the road between Penrith and Skelton, and about 200 yards from the Roman road, and four miles from the ſtation. Alſo, on the banks of the Petteral, a few roods from the ſouth corner of the ſtation, a curious altar was lately found. It was three feet four inches in height, and near ſixteen inches ſquare. It had been thrown down from the upper ground, and the corners broken off in the fall. The front has been filled with an inſcription; the letters ſhort and ſquare, but not one word remains legible. On the right hand ſide is the *patera*, with a handle, and underneath the *feceſpita*. On the oppoſite ſide is the *ampula*, and from its lip a ſerpent or viper deſcends in waves. The back part is rude, as if intended to ſtand againſt a wall. The emblems are in excellent preſervation*.

The caſtrum is 168 paces from ſouth to north, by 110 within the foſs; which was alſo ſurrounded with a ſtone-wall. The ſtones have been removed to the fence-wall on the road ſide, and being in Plumpton, is called Plumpton-wall.

The ſtation is a vaſt heap of ruins, of ſtone building. The walls are of great thickneſs, and cemented. The town has ſurrounded the ſta-

 tion,

* This curious altar, after being ſome time in the poſſeſſion of the late Dr. James, of Arthuret, was lately removed into the valuable collection of antiques at Netherby.

tion, except on the ſide of the Petteral. But whether the ſtation took its name from the river, as being upon its banks, and was called the Pettriana, or whether the ſtation gave name to the river (which is perhaps the leaſt probable) let him who can determine.

The ſtation is twelve miles and three quarters from Carliſle; five and a quarter from Penrith; about ſeven from Brougham-caſtle; and about eighteen from Keſwick, where an intermediate ſtation muſt have been, between Ambleſide and Moreſby, and between old Penrith and Moreſby, having Caer-mot between it and old Carliſle, and Papcaſtle between it and Moreſby. The ſummer ſtation would be on Caſtle-hill, and the winter ſtation on the area of the preſent town of Keſwick, or on ſome convenient place betwixt the conflux of the rivers Greeta and Derwent. And it is more probable that the Derventione of the Chorographia was here, than at Papcaſtle, which comes better in for the Pampocalio of the ſame Chorographia. A ſtation here would be an efficacious check on any body of the enemy that might croſs the æſtuaries, above or below Boulneſs, and paſs the watch there, and the garriſons at old Carliſle, Ellenborough, Papcaſtle, and Moreſby; for it was impoſſible for any body of men to proceed to the ſouth, but by Borrowdale or Dunmail-raiſe, and a garriſon at Keſwick commanded both theſe paſſes. The watch at Caer-

mot

mot would give the alarm to that on Caſtle-crag, in the paſs of Borrowdale, and the centinel on Caſtlet-head, that overlooks Kefwick, would communicate the ſame to the garriſon there; ſo it is apparently impoſſible that any body of men could paſs that way unnoticed or unmoleſted. But if they attempted a route on the northern ſide of Skiddaw, and over Hutton-moor, to Patterdale, the watch at Caer-mot was in ſight, both of old Carliſle and Kefwick, and the garriſon of the latter might either purſue, or give notice to Whitbarrow and Ambleſide, to meet them in the paſs at the head of Patterdale, called Kirkſton, which is ſo ſteep, narrow, and crowded with rocks, that a few veteran troops would eaſily ſtop the career of a tumultuous croud. If they made good the paſs, and turned to the eaſt before the Romans arrived, they would, in that caſe, be harraſſed in the rear, till they arrived at Kendal, where the watchmen from Watercrook would be ready to receive them, and then they would be attacked in front and rear. That the Romans have had engagements at Kirkſton paſs is evident, from the Roman arms that were lately found in the adjoining moſs, and the many heaps of ſtones collected thereabouts, which have the appearance of barrows.

Theſe are the only paſſes amongſt the mountains, that a body of Caledonians could attempt in their way to the ſouth, and theſe could not be

ſecured without a ſtation at Keſwick; and that could not be more advantageouſly placed, than where the town now ſtands, on the meeting of the roads from the ſurrounding ſtations; all being about an equal diſtance from it, and at ſuch a diſtance as rendered a ſtation there neceſſary, and the ſeveral caſtellums, on Caſtle-crag, and Caſtle-hill, and Caſtlet, uſeful in giving notice, in order to guard theſe important poſts. That no veſtige is now viſible of a ſtation ever being there, nor any notice taken of it by Camden, Horſley, and others, nor even a traditional record of its exiſtence, are ſeeming difficulties, which put the negative on what has been advanced. But this may only prove, that no care was taken to preſerve the memory of ſuch remains, and that the town occupies the whole area of the ſtation, and that the ſtation had been placed within the ſite of the town, probably in the lower part, facing the paſs of the Greeta. In the wheel of the Greeta, in a meadow peninſulated by the river, juſt below the town, and called Goats-field, there are veſtiges of a foſs, but too imperfect to draw a concluſion from, in favour of the ſtation. The ground round the town is very fertile, and has been long enough cultivated to deſtroy any remains of it, and what have been accidentally diſcovered, may be gone into oblivion, and no change happening in the town itſelf to occaſion new diſcoveries, farther proofs may ſtill be wanting. If Camden viſited Keſwick, he

was

was ſatisfied with the then preſent ſtate of the "little town, which King Edward I. made a market." The face of the country only drew his attention. That Horſley never viſited theſe parts is evident, from his miſtaken account of the road from Plumpton-wall to Keſwick, which he ſays paſſed through Greyſtock-park. This, had he but ſeen the face of the country, he could never have imagined. His miſtake, and Camden's ſilence, gave occaſion to a regular ſurvey of the ſaid road, and finding the military roads from Papcaſtle, Ellenborough, Moreſby, Ambleſide, and Plumpton, all to coincide at Keſwick; for this and the other reaſons already aſſigned, it appeared evident, that a ſtation muſt be ſomewhere near. The Caſtle-hill, above Keſwick, is a faithful record of the exiſtence of a ſtation in this country. Here was the ſeat of the ancient lords of the manor of Derwent-water, probably raiſed on the ruins of the Roman fortreſs: but after the heireſs of that family was married to Ratcliff's, the family ſeat was removed into Northumberland, and the caſtle went to ruins; and with the ſtones thereof the Ratcliffs built a houſe of pleaſure in one of the iſlands in Derwent-water*. The name Caſtle-hill being more ancient than the laſt erection, is ſtill retained. At Ambleſide, when I enquired for the Roman ſtation, a few years ago, no perſon could inform me of it, till one conſidering my deſcription, an-

* *Nicolſon's hiſtory of Cumberland*, page 86.

ſwered, it is the caſtle. The ſtation at Plumpton is called by the ſame name; and at Kendal, the caſtellum that overlooks the ſtation, is alſo called the Caſtle-ſteads. So here the Caſtle-hill was probably the place of the ſummer ſtation, but being a fruitful tract, and much plowed, I have not been able to trace any appearance of a foſs, or vallum, and therefore the whole muſt reſt upon the neceſſity, or at leaſt on the expediency, of a ſtation here.——Since the above was written, an urn, with other remains, were turned up by the plow, in a field below the town, and ſaid to be Roman*.

ULLS-WATER.

Thoſe who do not chuſe to go as far as Penrith, may, near the eighth mile-poſt, turn off to the right (leaving Mell-fell, a round green hill, on the left) to Matterdale, and proceed into Gowbarrow-park, which will bring them upon Ulls-water, about the middle part of it, where it is ſeen to great advantage. But here it muſt

* Our author's predilection for antiquities will perhaps by ſome be thought no recommendation to his book. Others, however, will no doubt conſider the accounts he has given us of that kind very well worth the room they occupy. And ſhould the proofs here offered of a Roman ſtation at Keſwick (and which the author always conſidered as one of the beſt parts of his performance) not appear fully ſatisfactory, they muſt at leaſt be owned to be very ingenious.

muſt be obſerved, that ſome of the principal beauties of the lake, and the ſweeteſt paſtoral ſcenes, are entirely loſt by this route. Dunmallet, the greateſt ornament of the lake, with the whole of the firſt great bend, cannot here be ſeen, and much of the dignity of the lake is thereby loſt. It is therefore better to ride on to the gate on the right, that leads to Dacre, and over Dacre common, to the foot of Dunmallet. By this courſe, every part of the lake will be viewed to the greateſt advantage.

Mr. Gray's choice of viſiting this lake, was from Penrith, up the vale of Emont. "A grey autumnal day, he writes, went to ſee Ulls-water, five miles diſtant; ſoon left Keſwick road, and turned to the left, through ſhady lanes, along the vale of Emont, which runs rapidly on near the way, rippling over the ſtones; to the right, Dalemain, a large fabrick of pale red ſtone, with nine windows in front, and ſeven on the ſide. Further on Hutton St. John, a caſtle-like old manſion of Mr. Huddleſton's. Approach Dunmallet, a fine pointed hill, covered with wood. Began to mount the hill, and with ſome toil gained the ſummit. From hence, ſaw the lake opening directly at my feet, majeſtic in its calmneſs, clear and ſmooth as a blue mirror, with winding ſhores, and low points of land, covered with green incloſures, white farm houſes looking out among the trees, and cattle feeding. The

water is almoſt every where bordered with cultivated lands, gently ſloping upwards, from a mile to a quarter of a mile, in breadth, till they reach the feet of the mountains, which riſe very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hand. Directly in front, at better than three miles diſtance, Place-fell, one of the braveſt amongſt them, puſhes its bold breaſt into the midſt of the lake, and forces it to alter its courſe, forming firſt a large bay to the left, and then bending to the right. Deſcended Dunmallet by a ſide avenue, only not perpendicular, and came to Barton-bridge over the Emont. Then walked through a path in the wood, round the bottom of the hill, came forth where the Emont iſſues out of the lake, and continued my way along the weſtern ſhore, cloſe to the water, and generally on a level with it; it is nine miles long, and at wideſt under a mile in breadth. After extending itſelf three miles and a half in a line to the ſouth-weſt, it turns at the foot of Place-fell, almoſt due weſt, and is here not twice the breadth of the Thames at London. It is ſoon again interrupted by the root of Helvellyn, a lofty and very rugged mountain, and ſpreading again, turns off to the ſouth-eaſt, and is loſt among the deep receſſes of hills. To this ſecond turning I purſued my way, about four miles along its borders, beyond a village ſcattered among trees, and called Watermillock." Here Mr. Gray leaves us, and the greateſt part of the lake unſeen, and

its

its moſt picturesque parts undeſcribed. For the laſt bend of the lake is ſpotted with rocky iſles, deeply indented with wooded promontories on one ſide, and rocks on the other, from which reſult many a truly pleaſing picture.

ANTIQUITIES. Before you quit the top of Dunmallet, obſerve the veſtiges of its former importance, in the remains of a Roman fort. An area of 110 paces by 37, ſurrounded with a foſs, is yet viſible, and ſtones of the rampart ſtill peep through the graſs. The well that ſupplied the guard kept here, was but lately filled with ſtones. This fort muſt have been of much conſequence in guarding the lake, and commanding the paſs, and in maintaining a connection between the garriſons of Ambleſide and Brougham, it being five or ſix miles diſtant from the latter, and nineteen from the former. There are alſo ſtrong veſtiges of a ſquare fort on Soulby-fell, which communicates with this, and the camp at Whitbarrow.

Oppoſite to Watermillock, a cataract deſcends down the front of Swarth-fell, in Martindale-foreſt. At Skelling-nab, a bold promontory, the lake is contracted to a ſpan, but it ſoon ſpreads itſelf again both ways, forming a variety of ſweet bays and promontories. After a reach of three miles, it winds, with a grand ſweep, round the ſmooth breaſt of Place-fell, and, making a turn directly

directly ſouth, advances with equal breadth towards Patterdale. The weſtern ſhore is various. Drawing near the ſecond bend, the mountains ſtrangely interſect each other. Behind many wooded hills riſes Stone-croſs-pike, and over all, ſteep Helvellyn ſhews his ſovereign head. On the weſtern ſide, Yew-crag, a noble pile of rock, fronts Place-fell, where its ſtreams tumble in a cataract to the lake. Gowbarrow-park opens with a grand amphitheatre of ſhining rock, the floor of which is ſpread with ſoft green paſture, once ſhaded with ancient oaks, to which many decayed roots bear witneſs. Scattered thorns, trees, and buſhes vary the ground, which is paſtured with flocks, herds of cattle, and fallow deer. The road winds along the margin of the lake, and at every turn preſents the fineſt ſcenes that can be imagined. At the upper end of Gowbarrow-park, the laſt bend of the lake, which is by much the fineſt, opens, ſcattered with ſmall rocky iſlands. The ſhores are bold, rocky, wooded, and much embayed. Paſs Newbridge, and the road winds up a ſteep rock, having the lake underneath you on the left. From the top, you have a view under the trees, both up and down the lake. Martindale-fell, a naked grey rock, on the oppoſite ſhore, riſes abruptly from the water, to an Alpine height, and with an aſtoniſhing effect. The rock you ſtand upon hangs over the lake, which ſeems blue and unfathomable to the eye. An iſland in the middle

ſpace

ſpace has a beautiful appearance. This is the moſt romantic, ſtriking, and terrible ſituation upon the lake, eſpecially if the wind blow the ſurges of the water againſt the rock below you. The ſhores on both ſides upward are very pleaſing, and the little decorating iſles are ſcattered in the moſt exquiſite taſte, and delightful order. The ride along the banks, ſince the repair of the road, is charming.

The upper end terminates in ſweet meadows, ſurrounded on the right by towering rocky hills, broken and wooded. Martindale-fell is the oppoſite boundary, ſkirted here with hanging incloſures, cots, and farms.

The principal feeders of this lake are Gryſdale-beck, on the weſtern corner, and Goldrill-beck, which deſcends from Kirkſton-fell. They enter it in a freer manner than the feeder of Derwent does, and make a much finer appearance at their junction.

From the bridge in Patterdale*, Goldrill-beck ſerpentizes ſweetly through the meadows, and falls eaſily into the lake about the middle of the vale.

* After croſſing the bridge in Patterdale, and aſcending the ſide of Martindale-fell, to a certain height, in the view acroſs the head of the lake, the mountains aſſume more pointed and Alpine forms than any we have ſeen in this country. No. 12. of views of the lakes repreſents this ſubject.

vale. Glencairn-beck, deſcending from Helvellyn, joins the lake at the bridge which unites the counties of Weſtmorland and Cumberland.

There is, from the top of the rock, above the inn, a very charming view of the laſt bend of the lake, which conſtitutes one of the fineſt landſcapes on it, and takes in juſt enough for a delightful picture. The neareſt fore-ground is a fall of incloſures. A rocky wooded mountain that hangs over Patterdale-houſe (called Martindale-fell) is in a proper point of diſtance on the right. Steep rocks, and ſhaggy woods hanging from their ſides, are on the left. Gowbarrow-park riſes in a fine ſtile from the water edge for the back-ground, and a noble reach of water, beautifully ſpotted with rocky iſles, charmingly diſpoſed, with perpetual change of rocky ſhore, fill the middle ſpace of this beautiful picture.

This lake is of a depth ſufficient for breeding char, and abounds with variety of other fiſh. Trout of thirty pounds weight and upwards, are ſaid to be taken in it.

The water of the lake is very clear, but has nothing of the tranſparency of Derwent, and is inferior to Buttermere and Cromack-water alſo in this reſpect. The ſtones in the bottom, and along the ſhores, are coated with mud.

Mr.

Mr. Gray viewed this lake in the ſame manner as that at Keſwick, proceeding along its banks, and facing the mountains, judging that the idea of magnitude and magnificence were thereby increaſed, and the whole ſet off with every advantage of fore-ground. But this lake viewed from any height, except Dunmallet, alſo loſes much of its dignity, as a lake, from the number of its flexures, and juttings out of promontories; it nevertheleſs retains the appearance of a magnificent river, ingulphed in rocks.

The bold winding hills, the interſecting mountains, the pyramidal cliffs, the bulging, broken, rugged rocks, the hanging woods, and the tumbling, roaring cataract, are parts of the ſublimer ſcenes preſented in this ſurpriſing vale. The cultivated ſpots wave upward from the water in beautiful ſlopes, interſected by hedges, decorated with trees, in the moſt pleaſing manner; manſions, cottages, and farms, placed in the ſweeteſt ſituations, are the rural parts, and altogether form the moſt delightful and charming ſcenes. The accompaniments of this lake are diſpoſed in the moſt pictureſque order, bending round its margin, and ſpreading upwards in craggy rocks and mountains, irregular in outline; yet they are certainly much inferior in ſublimity and horrible grandeur, to the environs of Keſwick, and the dreadful rocks in Borrowdale. But in this opinion we have Mr. Cumberland againſt us,

us, who, having viſited the other lakes in dark unfavourable weather, when nothing could be ſeen beſides weeping rocks, flooded roads, and watery plains, darkened by ſable clouds that hovered over them, and concealed their variegated ſhores,—entertained an unfavourable idea of them; and being more fortunate in a fine day, in that part of the tour, where he viſited Ulls-water, he attuned his lyre in honour of this enchanting lake, and ſung its charms in preference not only to Windermere, Graſmere, and the vale of Keſwick, but he alſo raiſes it above the pride of Lomond, and the marvellous Killarney.

Our bard, in the ſweet ode alluded to, repreſents himſelf upon the banks of the lake of Ulls-water, bemoaning the hardneſs of his fate, in being deprived of a fine day for this view, when the ſun beaming forth, bleſſed him with a full diſplay of all the beauties of this enchanting lake. In gratitude for ſo ſpecial a favour, in a true poetic rapture, he dedicates this ode to the God of Day, and commemorates his partiality to the lake of Patterdale, in the following harmonious numbers.

Me turbid ſkies and threat'ning clouds await,
Emblems, alas! of my ignoble fate.

But ſee the embattled vapours break,
Diſperſe and fly,
Poſting like couriers down the ſky;
The grey rock glitters in the glaſſy lake;

And

And now the mountain tops are ſeen
Frowning amidſt the blue ſerene;
The variegated groves appear,
Deckt in the colours of the waning yᵉ
And, as new beauties they unfold,
Dip their ſkirts in beaming gold,
Thee ſavage Wyburn, now I hail,
Delicious Graſmere's calm retreat,
And ſtately Windermere I greet,
And Keſwick's ſweet fantaſtic vale:
But let her naiads yield to thee,
And lowly bend the ſubject knee,
Imperial lake of Patrick's dale:
For neither Scottiſh Lomond's pride,
Nor ſmooth Killarney's ſilver tide,
Nor ought that learned Pouſſin drew,
Or daſhing Roſa flung upon my view,
Shall ſhake thy ſovereign undiſturbed right,
Great ſcene of wonder and ſublime delight!

Hail to thy beams, O ſun! for this diſplay,
What, glorious orb, can I repay?
—The thanks of an unproſtituted muſe*.

The navigators of this lake find much amuſement by diſcharging guns, or ſmall cannon, at certain ſtations. The effect is indeed truly curious. For the report is reverberated from rock to rock, promontory, cavern, and hill, with every variety of ſound; now dying away upon the ear, and again returning like peals of thunder, and thus

* *Ode to the ſun*, page 18. The whole of this ode is inſerted in the Addenda, Article IV.

thus re-echoed ſeven times diſtinctly *.—Oppoſite to Watermillock is one of thoſe ſtations.

The higher end of the lake is fourteen miles from Penrith, and ten from Ambleſide, of good turnpike road, ſave only at Styboar-crag, where it is cut into the rock that awfully overhangs it, and is too narrow.

Above

* This effect is thus deſcribed by Mr. Hutchinſon.

"Whilſt we ſat to regale, the barge put off from ſhore to a ſtation where the fineſt echoes where to be obtained from the ſurrounding mountains. The veſſel was provided with ſix braſs cannon mounted on ſwivels;—on diſcharging one of theſe pieces, the report was echoed from the oppoſite rocks, where by reverberation it ſeemed to roll from cliff to cliff, and return through every cave and valley, till the decreaſing tumult gradually died away upon the ear.

——The inſtant it had ceaſed, the ſound of every diſtant water-fall was heard, but for an inſtant only; for the momentary ſtillneſs was interrupted by the returning echo on the hills behind; where the report was repeated like a peal of thunder burſting over our heads, continuing for ſeveral ſeconds, flying from haunt to haunt, till once more the ſound gradually declined;—again the voice of water-falls poſſeſſed the interval—till, to the right, the more diſtant thunder aroſe upon ſome other mountain, and ſeemed to take its way up every winding dell and creek, ſometimes behind, on this ſide, or on that, in wonderous ſpeed running its dreadful courſe; when the echo reached the mountains within the line and channel of the breeze, it was heard at once on the right and left, at the extremities of the lake.—In this manner was the report of every diſcharge re-echoed ſeven times diſtinctly."

Excurſion to the Lakes, page 65.

Above Goldrill-bridge the vale becomes narrow and poor, the mountains ſteep, naked, and rocky. Much blue ſlate, of an excellent kind, is excavated out of their bowels. The aſcent from the lake to the top of Kirkſton is eaſy, and there are many water-falls from the mountains on both ſides. From the top of Kirkſton to Ambleſide the deſcent is quick. Some remarkable ſtones near the gorge of the paſs are called High-croſs.

After what we have ſeen, the only lake that remains to be viſited in this tour is

HAWS-WATER.

This is a pretty morning ride from Penrith; or it may be taken in the way to Shap, or from Shap, and return to Kendal. There is alſo a road from Pooly-bridge, over the mountain, to Bampton vale, a beautiful ſecreted valley.

Aſcending the road from Pooly-bridge to the ſouth, from the brow of the common, you have a grand general view of Ulls-water, with all its winding ſhore, and accompaniments of woods, rocks, mountains, bays, and promontories, to the entrance of Patterdale. To the north-eaſt, you look down on Pooly-bridge, and the winding of the river guides the eye to a beautiful valley, much ornamented with plantations, in the midſt of which Dalemain is ſeated, queen of the vale of

Emont. Turning ſouth, proceed by White-raiſe, a large karn of ſtones, and near it are the remains of a ſmall circus, ten ſtones of which are ſtill erect. A little further on, are the veſtiges of a larger one of 22 paces by 25. All the ſtones, except the pillar, are removed. It ſtands on the ſouth ſide of the circus, and the place is called Moor-dovack. Here the vale of Bampton opens ſweetly to the view, aſcending to the ſouth, and ſpreading upwards in variety of daleland beauty. At the bridge the road turns to the right, and ſoon brings you upon Haws-water.

Mr. Young is the firſt that ſays any thing in favour of this ſweet but unfrequented lake.

"The approach to the lake is very pictureſque: you paſs between two high ridges of mountains, the banks finely ſpread with incloſures; upon the right, two ſmall beautiful hills, one of them covered with wood; they are moſt pleaſingly elegant. The lake is a ſmall one, above three miles long, half a mile over in ſome places, and a quarter in others; almoſt divided in the middle by a promontory of incloſures, joined only by a ſtrait, ſo that it conſiſts of two ſheets of water. The upper end of it is fine, quite incloſed, with bold, ſteep, craggy rocks and mountains; and in the centre of the end, a few little incloſures at their feet, waving upward in a very beautiful manner. The ſouth ſide of the lake is a noble ridge

ridge of mountains, very bold and prominent down to the water's edge. They bulge out in the centre in a fine, bold, pendent, broad head, that is venerably magnificent: and the view of the firſt ſheet of the lake, loſing itſelf in the ſecond, among hills, rocks, woods, &c. is pictureſque. The oppoſite ſhore conſiſts of incloſures, riſing one above another, and crowned with craggy rocks*."

The narroweſt part, by report, is 50 fathoms deep, and a man may throw a ſtone acroſs it. Thwaite-force, or fall, is a fine cataract on the right, and oppoſite to it, the firſt ſheet of water is loſt among the rocks and wood, in a beautiful manner. Bleak-how-crag, a ruinous rock, and over it, Caſtle-crag, a ſtaring ſhattered rock, have a formidable appearance; and above all is ſeen Kidſtow-pike, on whoſe ſummit the clouds weep into a crater of rock that is never empty. On the eaſtern ſide, a front of prominent rock bulges out in a ſolemn naked maſs, and a waving cataract deſcends the furrowed ſide of a ſoft green hill. The contraſt is fine.—At Bleak-how-crag there is a pleaſing back view.

Above the chapel all is hopeleſs waſte and deſolation. The little vale contracts into a glen, ſtrewed with the precipitated ruins of mouldering mountains, and the deſtruction of perpetual waterfalls.

* *Six month's Tour*, vol. 3d, page 168.

Kendal is fourteen miles from the chapel, and whoever chuſes an Alpine ride may proceed to it up this vale. From the chapel to the top of the mountain is three miles, and the deſcent into Long-ſledale is as much more. In approaching the mountain, Harter-fell ſcowls forward in all the terrific grandeur of hanging rock. As you advance, a yawning chaſm appears to divide it upwards from the baſe, and within it is heard the hoarſe noiſe of ingulphed waters. The tumult of cataracts and water-falls on all ſides, adds much to the ſolemnity of theſe tremendous ſcenes. The path ſoon becomes winding, ſteep, and narrow, and is the only poſſible one acroſs the mountain. The noiſe of a cataract on the left accompanies you during the aſcent. On the ſummit of the mountain, you ſoon come in ſight of Long-ſledale, Lancaſter-ſands, &c. and in the courſe of your deſcent you will preſently be accompanied with a cataract on the right. The road traverſes the mountain as on the other ſide, but is much better made, and wider, on account of the ſlate taken from the ſides of theſe mountains, and carried to Kendal, &c. The water-falls on the right are extremely curious. You enter Long-ſledale between two ſhattered rocky mountains. That on the left, Crowbarrow, is not leſs terrible to look up at, when under it, than any rock in Barrowſide or Borrowdale, and it has covered a much larger ſpace with ruins. Here is every poſſible variety of water-falls and

cataracts;

cataracts; the moſt remarkable of which is on the left. Over a moſt tremendons wall of rock, a mountain torrent, in one unbroken ſheet, leaps headlong one hundred yards and more. The whole vale is narrow; the hills riſe ſwift on each hand; their brows are wooded; their feet covered with graſs, or cultivated, and their ſummits broken. The road along the vale is tolerable, and joins the great road at Watch-gate, about four miles from Kendal.

Haws-water may be taken the firſt in the morning, and then croſs the mountains by the road to Pooly-bridge for Ulls-water, and return in the evening to

PENRITH*.

So much is already ſaid of this town, that little remains new to be added here. The ſituation is pleaſant and open to the ſouth. It is tolerably well built, and rather a genteel than a trading town. The town's people are polite and civil, and the inns commodious and well ſerved.

Saving the few reſident families, the life of this town is its being a thorough-fare. For, although ſeated in the midſt of a rich and fruitful country, no manufacturers have been induced to fix here. Before the intereſt of the ſiſter kingdoms became one, Penrith was a place

* (Bereda, Rav. Chor. Vereda, Anton. Inter.)

of uncertain tranquility, and too precarious for the repoſe of trade and manual induſtry; being better circumſtanced for a place of arms and military exerciſe. Yet ſince this happy change of circumſtances, no more than one branch of tanning, and a ſmall manufacture of checks have taken place. This muſt be owing either to want of attention in people of property, or of induſtry in the inhabitants. The latter is not to be ſuppoſed; for the ſpirit of agriculture, introduced by the gentlemen of the environs, is in as flouriſhing a way amongſt the farmers of this neighbourhood, as in other parts of the kingdom. The ſuperfluities of the market are bought up for Kendal, where much of that produce is wanting which ſuperabounds here.

The moſt remarkable objects at Penrith are the beacon, on the ſummit of the hill above the town, and the awful remains of a royal fortreſs, on the creſt of the riſing ground that commands the town. It is ſuppoſed to be an erection of Henry VI. out of the ruins of a more ancient ſtructure called Mayburgh; but this is not very probable, ſince ſtones are eaſier quarried here than they could be got there. But as popular records have generally ſome fact to reſt upon, and ſome truth in the bottom, ſo ſome facings and other principal ſtones taken from Mayburgh, might give riſe to the tradition. There might alſo have been a ſtrong hold here in the time of the

the Romans. At preſent the buildings are ruins in the laſt ſtage. One ſtone-arched vault only remains, that from its ſituation appears to have been the *keep*, now no longer terrible, ſince the border ſervice ceaſed, and a mutual intercourſe of trade and alliance happily took place of national repriſals, and family feuds.

The antiquity of this town is ſuppoſed to be found in its name, being of Britiſh derivation, from Pen and Rhudd, ſignifying, in the language, a red head or hill; and ſuch is the colour of the hill above the town, and the ground and ſtones round it. But, with reſpect to ſituation, it may as well be derived from Pen, the head, and Rhyn, a promontory, and ſo be referred to the beacon hill. It might however be judged a more honourable etymon to derive the name from Pen and Rhydd, of Rhyddaw, to make free, and that on account of ſpecial ſervice or fidelity to the Roman government, the Britons of this town were emancipated from the abject ſlavery which the nation in general were ſubjected to by their tyrannical maſters. This, in their own language, might be Penrhydd, and pronounced by the Britons, as by the Welch at this day, Penrith. However this may be, it has been the happineſs of this town to remain a royal franchiſe through all the ages of feudal ſervitude; at leaſt ever ſince the reign of Edward I. without the incumbrance of a charter, and it is now peaceably

governed by the ſteward of the honours, and a free jury. The honours of both town and caſtle belong to the Duke of Portland.

In the church-yard are ſome ſepulchral monuments, which have long been the ſubject of antiquarian ſpeculation, not yet decided. Thus much is evident, that the pillars alluded to are of one ſtone, formed like the ancient ſpears; the ſhafts round, for about ſeven feet high; above that, they appear to be ſquare, and to have terminated in a point. They are about ten feet high, ſtand parallel to the church, diſtant from each other fifteen feet. The ſpace between is incloſed with circular ſtones, by ſome conjectured to repreſent boars. There remains viſible, on the upper part of the pillars, ſome ornamental work, but no inſcription, or figures, appear at preſent, and the ſtones are ſo much fretted by time, that it reſts upon mere conjecture to affirm there ever were any. They probably mark the tomb of ſome great man, or family, before the cuſtom was introduced of interring within churches, and are moſt likely Britiſh, or if not, muſt be Saxon.

There are many pleaſing rides in the environs of Penrith; moſt of them lead to curious remains of ancient monuments, or to modern rural improvements. In Whinfield-park are the Countеſs-pillar, the White-hart-tree, and the Three-brothers-tree:

brothers-tree: the firſt particular is a filial tribute of Ann, Counteſs Dowager of Pembroke, to the memory of her pious mother, Mary, Counteſs Dowager of Cumberland; and the trees are the remains of large aged oaks, that have long outlived their own ſtrength. One of them is upwards of nine yards in circumference. Brougham-caſtle is an awful ruin, the Brovoniacum of the Romans, and ſince that, the bulwark of Weſtmorland, on that ſide, and the pride of its earls, for many deſcents. In the roof of a gallery, is a ſtone with a Roman ſepulchral inſcription, much defaced. At Little-Salkeld is the largeſt druidical circle in the northern parts. Near Emont-bridge is Arthur's-round-table, and at a ſmall diſtance from it is Mayburgh, both of remote antiquity, and doubtful uſe. The firſt may be preſumed to have been a place of public exhibition for martial exerciſes, and the latter has the circumſtances of a Britiſh fort; but the rude pillar inclines ſome to believe it the remains of a druid-temple. It is entirely formed of looſe ſtones and pebbles, collected from the adjacent rivers and fields. That the height has once been great, may be collected from the vaſt breadth of the baſe, increaſed by the fall of ſtones from the top. It incloſes a circular area of 80 yards or more, and near the middle ſtands a red ſtone, upwards of three yards high. The entrance is on the eaſtern ſide, and opens to a ſweet view of Brougham-houſe, to which the rude pillar when

when whitened (and of this Mr. Brougham is very careful) is a fine obeliſk. If the name of this very extraordinary monument was Breingwin, then Mr. Pennant, from Rowland, has pointed out its uſe, viz. "a ſupreme conſiſtory of druidical adminiſtration, as the Britiſh name imports." But if the preſent name be a Saxon corruption of the ancient name, which probably was Myſirion, by the Saxons pronounced Maybirion, or Maybir, and to bring it ſtill nearer to their own language, Mayburgh, then this conjecture being admitted, it will ſignify a place of ſtudy and contemplation*. Such places the druids had, and were the public ſchools deſtined for the colloquial inſtruction of pupils in myſteries of religion, and the arcana of civil government. Druidical remains are frequent in this neighbourhood, and many of them ſimilar; but Mayburgh is ſuch a huge and ſingular conſtruction, that it muſt have been deſigned for ſome extraordinary uſe.

From the beacon the views are many, all extenſive and vaſt. The eye is in the centre of a plain, incloſed with a circle of ſtupendous mountains of various forms. The plain is adorned with many ancient towns, and more ancient caſtles, ſtations, and caſtellums, where the Roman eagle long diſplayed her wings; but which are now poſſeſſed by a happier people, who enjoy,

* *Mona antiqua*, page 84.

enjoy, with freedom, all the refinements of liberal taſte, and flouriſhing induſtry.

Haws-water may be conveniently viſited from Penrith, returning from it by the ruins of Shap (or Heppe) abbey, to Shap. The remains of this ancient ſtructure are inconſiderable, yet pictureſque. A ſquare tower, with piked windows, is the chief part of the ruins, and does honour to the reign of King John, when it was built for canons of the præmonſtratenſian order, that had been firſt placed at Preſton-patrick, near Kendal, by Thomas, ſon of Goſpatrick.

This abbey was dedicated by the firſt founder to St. Mary Magdalene, and he endowed it with a large portion of his lands, in Preſton, near Kendal. His ſon tranſlated it to Magdalene vale, near Shap, and further endowed it with the lands of Karl, or Karlwath. Robert de Viteripont (Vipont) firſt Lord of Weſtmorland, confirmed the precedent grants, and added, to that of Matilda his mother, and Ive his brother, the tithes of all his mills, and of the game killed in all his lands, in Weſtmorland. This grant is dated on Saturday, April 24, in the 13th of King John.

From this ſequeſtered ſpot continue the route to the village of Shap, a proper place for refreſhment, before you face Shap fells, a dreary melancholy

lancholy tract of twelve miles*. On the eaſt ſide of the road, ſoon after you leave the village, obſerve a double range of huge granites, pitched in

* This elevated tract being pretty near the centre of Weſtmorland, and where we may ſuppoſe its Genius moſt likely to ſit enthroned, it may afford the reader a ſeaſonable amuſement to peruſe in this place a little ode addreſſed to that imaginary being, by a late elegant bard, when on one of his viſits to his native country.

Ode to the Genius of Weſtmorland.

Hail hidden Power of theſe wild groves,
Theſe uncouth rocks, and mountains grey!
Where oft, as fades the cloſing day,
The family of Fancy roves.

In what lone cave, what ſacred cell,
Coævel with the birth of time,
Wrapt in high cares, and thought ſublime,
In awful ſilence doſt thou dwell?

Oft in the depth of winter's reign,
As blew the bleak winds o'er the dale,
Moaning along the diſtant gale,
Has Fancy heard thy voice complain.

Oft in the dark wood's lonely way,
Swift has ſhe ſeen thee glancing by;
Or down the ſummer evening ſky,
Sporting in clouds of gilded day.

I caught from thee the ſacred fire
That glow'd within my youthful breaſt;—
Thoſe thoughts too high to be expreſt,
Genius, if thou did'ſt once inſpire.

O pleaſ'd

in the ground, and at ſome diſtance from each other, leading to circles of ſmall ſtones, and encreaſing the ſpace between the rows as they approach the circles, where the avenue is about 27 paces wide. They are ſuppoſed to have run quite through the village, and terminated in a point. It has long embarraſſed the antiquaries, what to call this very uncommon monument of ancient date. Mr. Pennant has given a plauſible explanation of it from *Olaus Magnus*, and ſuppoſes the rows of granites to be the recording ſtones of a Daniſh victory obtained on the ſpot, and the ſtony circles to be grateful tributes to the memory of conſanguineous heroes ſlain in the action.

There is at a ſmall diſtance to the eaſt from theſe ſtones a ſpring, called Shap-ſpaw, in ſmell and taſte like that of Harrowgate, and much frequented by the people of the country for ſcorbutic complaints, and eruptions of the ſkin. Leaving this gloomy region of black moors and ſhapeleſs mountains behind you, you approach a charming vale, which Mr. Young in his elegant manner deſcribes thus,

"After

O pleaſ'd accept this votive lay,
That in my native ſhades retir'd,
And once, once more by the inſpir'd
In gratitude I pay.

See *Langhorne's Effuſions of Friendſhip and Fancy*, Vol. I. Let. 25.

" After croſſing this dreary tract, the firſt appearance of a good country is moſt exquiſitely fine; about three miles from Kendal, you at once look down from off this deſolate country upon one of the fineſt landſcapes in the world; a noble range of fertile incloſures, richly enamelled with moſt beautiful verdure: and coming to the brow of the hill, have a moſt elegant picturesque view of a variegated tract of waving incloſures, ſpreading over hills, and hanging to the eye in the moſt picturesque and pleaſing manner that fancy can conceive: three hills in particular are overlooked, cut into incloſures in a charming ſtile, of themſelves forming a moſt elegant landſcape, and worthy the imitation of thoſe who would give the embelliſhments of art to the ſimplicity of nature."

The ſtation from whence this deſcription is taken, is about the midway between the third and fourth mile-ſtone, on the top of a rock on the eaſt ſide of the road, called Stone-crag, which cannot be miſtaken. The three hills referred to in the deſcription, are on the near-ground of the landſcape. There are many beautiful hills and knolls ſcattered about the valley; ſome cultivated, others covered with wood, or ſhining in the ſofteſt verdure. But the moſt remarkable one for picturesque form, is an oval green hill crowned with the ruins of a caſtle; it divides the valley, and overlooks a town hanging on the ſide of a ſteep mountain: this is

KENDAL

KENDAL*.

The approach to it from the north is pleaſant. A noble river, the Kent, is diſcovered flowing briſkly through fertile fields, and viſiting the town in its whole length. It is croſſed by a bridge more venerable than handſome, where three great roads coincide, from Sedbergh, Kirkby-Stephen, and Penrith. The main ſtreet leading from the bridge ſlopes upwards to the centre of the town, where it jons another principal ſtreet, which falls and contracts itſelf into an inconvenient paſſage†, with a gentle declivity both ways, and is a mile in length, and of a ſpacious breadth. Was an area for a market-place opened at the incidence of theſe two ſtreets, it would be a noble improvement. The entrance from the ſouth is by another bridge, which makes a ſhort aukward turn into the ſuberbs, but after that, the ſtreet opens well, and the town has a chearful appearance.

Here is a workhouſe for the poor, which for neatneſs and œconomy, exceeds moſt of the kind in the kingdom‡. The principal inns are genteel, commodious, and plentifully ſerved.

The

* (Concangium, Not. Imp.)

† This paſſage is now widened, and a new ſtreet has lately been opened from near the centre of the town, to the river ſide, which has much improved the road through it for carriages.

‡ There have alſo lately been erected near the middle of this town, butcher's ſhambles, ſaid to be the neateſt and moſt convenient of any in the north of England.

The objects moſt worthy of notice here are the manufactures. The chief of theſe are of Kendal-cottons (a coarſe woollen cloth) of linſeys, and of knit worſted ſtockings. Alſo a conſiderable tannery is carried on in this town. The leſſer manufactures are, of fiſh hooks, of waſte ſilk, (which is received from London, and after ſcouring, combing and ſpinning, is returned) and of wool cards, in which branch conſiderable improvements have been made by the curious machines invented here for that purpoſe. There are other articles of induſtry well worth ſeeing; as the mills for ſcouring, fulling, and frizing cloth, for cutting and raſping dying wood, &c. But what is moſt to the credit of this place, is, that notwithſtanding many inconveniences, which this town has ever laboured under, the manufactures have all along continued to flouriſh, and have of late years been greatly increaſed by the ſpirit and induſtry of the inhabitants. Theſe manufactures are particularly noticed ſo early as the reign of King Richard II. and Henry IV. when ſpecial laws were enacted for the better regulation of the Kendal cloths, &c*.

When

* A navigable canal is now making from Kendal, by way of Burton, Lancaſter, Garſtang, and Preſton, to communicate with the canals in the ſouth of Lancaſhire, and to go through the great coal country in the neighbourhood of Chorley and Wigan. It is expected that, when completed, it will be of the greateſt utility to the trade, manufactures, and agriculture of the country: the fine blue ſlate, which abounds

When William the conqueror gave the barony of Kendal to Ivo de Taillebois, the inhabitants of the town were villain-tenants of the baronial lord; but one of his ſucceſſors emancipated them, and confirmed their burgages to them, by charter. Queen Elizabeth, in the 18th year of her reign, erected it into a corporation, by the name of alderman and burgeſſes; and afterwards King James I. incorporrated it with a mayor, 12 aldermen, and 24 capital burgeſſes.

Mr. Gray's deſcription of this town is equally injurious to it and his memory; but his account of the church and caſtle is worth tranſcribing. "Near the end of the town ſtands a handſome houſe of Colonel Wilſon's*, and adjoining to it, the church, a very large Gothic fabrick, with a ſquare tower; it has no particular ornaments, but double aiſles, and at the eaſt end four chapels or choirs." Mr. Gray's account then proceeds to the inſide of the church†, which he deſcribes

abounds in ſome of the Weſtmorland mountains, and the limeſtone, which is inexhauſtable, will be thereby conveyed from the north, being articles much wanted in the ſouth parts of the line; and coal, equally wanted in the north, will be returned.

* This is called Abbot-Hall, and is now the property of Alan Chambre, Eſq.

† The following epitaph, compoſed for himſelf by Mr. Ralph Tirer, vicar of Kendal (who died in 1627) and placed in

with his uſual accuracy and eaſe. Speaking of the four chapels or choirs, he ſays, "there is one of Parrs, another of the Stricklands, the third is the proper choir of the church, and the fourth of the Bellinghams, a family now extinct. The Bellinghams came into Weſtmorland before the reign of Henry VII. and were ſeated at Burneſide*. In the reign of King Henry VIII. Adam Bellingham purchaſed of the King the 20th part of a knight's fee in Helſington, parcel of the poſſeſſion of Henry Duke of Richmond, and of Sir John Lumley (Lord Lumley) which his father, Thomas Bellingham, had farmed of the crown; he was ſucceeded by his ſon, James Bellingham, who erected the tomb in the Bellingham's chapel. There is an altar tomb of one of them (viz. Adam Bellingham) dated 1577, with

in the choir, may be worth the reader's peruſal, on account of its quaintneſs, and yet uncommon hiſtorical preciſion.

London bredd me, Weſtminſter fedd me,
Cambridge ſped me, my ſiſter wed me,
Study taught me, Liuing fought me,
Learning brought me, Kendal caught me,
Labour preſſed me, Sicknes diſtreſſed me,
Death oppreſſed me, & Graue poſſeſſed me,
God firſt gaue me, Chriſt did ſaue me,
Earth did craue me, & Heauen would haue me.

X.

* In the reign of King Edward II. Richard Bellingham married Margaret daughter and heireſs of Gilbert Burnſhead, of Burnſhead, Knt. near Kendal.

with a flat braſs arms and quarterings; and in the window their arms alone, argent, a hunting horn ſable, ſtrung gules. In the Strickland's chapel are ſeveral modern monuments, and another old altar tomb, not belonging to the family: on the ſide of it, a feſs dancette between ten billets deincourt. This tomb is probably of Ralph D'Aincourt, who, in the reign of King John, married Helen, daughter of Anſelm de Furneſs, whoſe daughter and ſole heireſs, Elizabeth D'Aincourt, was married to William, ſon and heir of Sir Robert de Strickland, of Great-Strickland, Knt. 23d of Henry III. The ſon and heir was Walter de Strickland, who lived in the reign of Edward I. was poſſeſſed of the fortunes of Anſelm de Furneſs and D'Aincourt in Weſtmorland, and erected the above tomb, to the memory of his grandfather, Ralph D'Aincourt. The deſcendents of the ſaid Walter de Strickland have lived at Sizergh, in this neighbourhood, ever ſince, and this chapel is the family burial place. In Parr's chapel is a third altar tomb, in the corner, no figure or inſcription, but on the ſide, cut in ſtone, an eſcutcheon of Roſs of Kendal, three water-budgets, quarterring Parr, two bars in a bordure engrailed; 2dly, an eſcutcheon, vaire, a feſs for marmion; 3dly, an eſcutcheon, three chevronels braced, and a chief, which I take for Fitzhugh: at the foot is an eſcutcheon, ſurrounded with the garter, bearing Roſs and Parr quarterly, quartering the other two before-

mentioned. I have no books to look in, therefore cannot ſay whether this is Lord Parr, of Kendal, Queen Catharine's father, or her brother, the Marquis of Northampton. Perhaps it is a cenotaph for the latter, who was buried at Warwick, 1571."

The caſtle he deſcribes thus. "The remains of the caſtle are ſeated on a fine hill, on the ſide of the river oppoſite to the town; almoſt the whole incloſure wall remains, with four towers, two ſquare and two round, but their upper parts and embattlements are demoliſhed: it is of rough ſtone and cement, without any ornament or arms, round, incloſing a court of the like form, and ſurrounded by a moat; nor ever could it have been larger than it is, for there are no traces of out-works. There is a good view of the town and river, with a fertile open valley through which it winds."

Had Mr. Gray aſcended from the end of Stramongate-bridge to the caſtle, which was the only way to it when in its glory, and is the eaſieſt at preſent, he would have obſerved a ſquare area that had been fortified with a deep moat, and connected to the caſtle by a draw-bridge, where was probably the baſe-court. The ſtones now are entirely removed, and the ground levelled, "and laughing Ceres reaſſumes the land." The preſent ſtructure was undoubtedly raiſed by the

firſt

firſt barons of Kendal, and probably on the ruins of a Roman ſtation; this being the moſt eligible ſite in the country for a ſummer encampment, and at a ſmall diſtance from Watercrook. There are ſtill ſome remains of a dark red freeſtone, uſed in facings, and in the doors and windows, that have been brought from the environs of Penrith, more probably by the Romans, than by either the Saxon or Norman lords. Fame ſays this caſtle held out againſt Oliver Cromwell, and was battered from the Caſtle-law-hill, but this is not ſo probable, as that its preſent ruinous ſtate is owing to the jealouſy of that uſurper.

There is a moſt pleaſant morning ride of five miles, down the eaſt ſide of the river. Waetrcrook is one mile diſtant, on the right, cloſe by the ſide of the Kent. This is the Concangium of the Romans, where a body of the Vigilatores (or watchmen) kept guard, and was the intermediate ſtation betwixt the Dictis at Ambleſide, and the garriſon at Overborough. The line of the foſs may be ſtill traced, though much defaced by the plow. Altars, coins, and inſcribed ſtones have been found here. And in the wall of the barn, on the very area of the ſtation, is ſtill legible, the inſcription preſerved by Mr. Horſley*, to the memory of two freed-men, with an imprecation againſt any one who ſhould contaminate their ſepulchre, and a fine to the fiſcal.

* *Brit.* page 300.

There is alſo an altar without an inſcription, and a Silenus without a head. At a ſmall diſtance is a pyramidal knoll, crowned with a ſingle tree, called Sattury, where probably ſomething dedicated to the god Saturn has ſtood. Paſs through the village of Natland, and on the creſt of a green hill, on the left, called Helm, are the veſtiges of a caſtellum, called Caſtle-ſteads, which, during the reſidence of the watchmen at Watercrook, correſponded (by ſmoke in the day, and flame in the night) with the garriſon at Lancaſter, by the beacon on Warton-crag. There is a houſe at a diſtance to the north, called Watchhouſe, where Roman coins have been found.

Proceed through Sedgwick*, and fall in with the courſe of the river at Force-bridge, and from the crown of it, have a very ſingular romantic view of the river both ways, working its paſſage in a narrow deep channel of rocks, hanging over it in variety of forms, and ſtreaming a thouſand rills into the flood. The rocks in the bottom are ſtrangely excavated into deep holes of various ſhapes, which, when the river is low, remain full of water, and from their depth are black as ink. The bridge is one bold arch, ſupported by the oppoſite rocks, of unknown antiquity. A mantle of ivy vails its ancient front, and gives it a moſt venerable appearance. If you ride down the weſt

* Near this place are large works for the manufactory of gunpowder.

weſt ſide of the river from the bridge, as far as the forge, to ſee the water-fall of the whole river, let it be remembered, that the ſtream is much impaired in beauty ſince the forge was erected. And if, from the end of the uppermoſt houſe, you look up between two trees in the midſt of the channel, you will ſee the whole body of the river iſſuing from a ſable cavern, and tumbling over a rock, of height juſt ſufficient to convert it into froth as white as ſnow, and behind it, the arch of the bridge is partly catched in a diſpoſition that forms a very uncommon aſſemblage of pictureſque beauties. This is ſeen in higheſt perfection when the ſtream is full. Return to the bridge, and ride down the eaſt ſide of the river to Levens-park.——In order to ride through the park, you muſt be favoured with a key from Kendal.

Here is one of the ſweeteſt ſpots that fancy can imagine. The woods, the rocks, the river, the grounds, are rivals in beauty of ſtile, and variety of contraſt. The bends of the river, the bulging of rocks over it, under which in ſome places it retires in haſte, and again breaks out in a calm and ſpreading ſtream, are matchleſs beauties. The ground in ſome places is bold, and hangs abruptly over the river, or falls into gentle ſlopes, and eaſy plains. All is variety, with pleaſing tranſition. Thickets cover the brows; ancient thorns, and more ancient oaks,

are ſcattered over the plain, and clumps, and ſolitary beach trees of enormous ſize, equal, if not ſurpaſs, any thing the Chiltern-hills can boaſt. The park is well ſtocked with fallow-deer. The ſide of the Kent is famous for petrifying ſprings, that incruſt vegetable bodies, as moſs, leaves of trees, &c. There is one in the park, called the Dropping-well.

At a ſmall diſtance is Hincaſter, where the Romans had a camp. Within the park is Kirkſhead, mentioned by Camden as a place frequented by the Romans, yet nothing of late belonging to that people has been diſcovered at either place. Levens-hall was the ſeat of a family of that name, for many ages; then of Redman, for ſeveral deſcents; afterwards it came to Bellingham, and Adam, or his ſon James Bellingham gave it the preſent form in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in taſte of carvings in wood attempted to outdo his cotemporary, Walter Strickland, Eſq. of Sizergh. After Bellingham it came to Colonel Graham, and from his daughter, by marriage, to the anceſtor of the late noble poſſeſſor *.

Return

* The Earl of Suffolk.——The gardens belonging to this ſeat are rather curious in the old ſtile, and ſaid to have been planned by the gardener of James II. who reſided here with Colonel Graham during ſome part of the troubles of his royal maſter.

Return by Levens-bridge, to Kendal, five miles. Have a new view of the valley, and the eaſt ſide of Kent. At the park-gate have a charming view of Sizergh, ſhewing itſelf to the morning ſun, and appearing to advantage from an elevated ſite under a bold and wooded back-ground. The tower was built in the reign of Henry III. or Edward I. by Sir William Strickland, who had married Elizabeth, the general heireſs of Ralph D'Aincourt. This is evident from an eſcutcheon cut in ſtone, on the weſt ſide of the tower, and hung cornerwiſe, D'Aincourt quartering Strickland, three eſcalop ſhells, the creſt, on a cloſe helmet, a full-topt holly-buſh. The ſame are the arms of the family at this time, and this has been their chief reſidence ever ſince *.

Before you leave Kendal viſit the Caſtle-law-hill. This is an artificial mount, that overlooks the town, and faces the caſtle, and ſurpaſſes it in antiquity, being one of thoſe hills called *Laws*, where in ancient times diſtributive juſtice was adminiſtered.

* Sizergh-hall is a venerable old building, in a pleaſant ſituation, formed like the reſt in ancient time, for a place of defence. The tower is a ſquare building, defended by two ſquare turrets and battlements. One of them is over the great entrance, and has a guard room capable of containing ten or a dozen men with embraſures. The winding ſtair-caſe terminates in a turret, which defends the other entrance.

Burn's Weſtmorland.

adminiſtered. From its preſent appearance it ſeems to have been converted to different purpoſes, but though well ſituated as a watch upon the caſtle, it could never be a proper place to batter it from, as has been reported*.

To Lancaſter, by Burton in Kendal†, is 22 miles. Obſerve on the left, before you reach Burton,

* An obeliſk was erected on the top of this hill, by a ſubſcription of the inhabitants of Kendal, in 1788, which, ſeen from almoſt every part of the vale, is a handſome object, and being the centenary of the revolution in 1688, has the following inſcription.

SACRED TO LIBERTY.

THIS OBELISK

WAS ERECTED IN THE YEAR 1788,

IN MEMORY OF

THE REVOLUTION IN 1688.

† (Coccium, Rav. Chor.)—On the edge of a mountain, about a mile and a half to the north of this town, is a natural curioſity, called Claythrop-clints, or Curwenwood-kins, which many touriſts would probably like to ſee. It conſiſts of a large plain of naked limeſtone rock, a little inclined to the horizon, which has evidently once been one continued calcarious maſs, in a ſtate of ſoftneſs like that of mud at the bottom of a pond. It is now deeply rent with a number of fiſſures, of 6, 8, or 10 inches wide, juſt in the form of thoſe which take place in clay or mud that is dried in the ſun. It alſo exhibits ſuch channels in its ſurface, as can only be accounted for by ſuppoſing them formed by the ebbing of copious waters (probably thoſe of the Deluge) before the matter was

Burton, Farlton-knot*, a beautiful naked limeſtone mountain, ſaid to reſemble much in form the rock of Gibralter.

Between Burton and Lancaſter, ſee Dunald-mill-hole †, a ſubterraneous cavern, with a brook running through it, and many curious petrifactions, in ſtile and kind like thoſe in Derbyſhire.

LANCASTER—

Finis chartæque viæque.

was become hard. It is five or ſix hundred yards in length, and about two hundred in breadth. There are ſeveral other limeſtone plains of the ſame kind in the neighbourhood, but this is the moſt remarkable and extenſive.

In the crevices of the rocks, the botaniſt may meet with the Belladonna, or Solanum Lethale (the Deadly Night-ſhade) and ſome other curious plants.

X.

* By a trigonometrical proceſs, the height of this mountain was found to be 594 feet above the level of the turnpike.

† This place is particularly deſcribed in Article V. of the following Addenda.

A VIEW OF THE

HEIGHT OF THE MOUNTAINS,

SEEN IN THIS TOUR,

And the moſt remarkable ones in other parts of the world,

TAKEN FROM THE LATEST SURVEYS.

Heights of mountains above the level of the ſea.

By Mr. Waddington, A. D. 1770.

	FEET
Snowden, in Wales	* 3456
Whernſide	4050
Pendle-hill	3411
Pennygant	3930
Ingleborough	3987

By Mr. Donald.

Helvellyn	3324
Skiddaw	3270
Croſs-fell	3390
Saddleback	3048

In North Britain.

Pennant's Tour in Scotland, 1769.

Ben-lomond	3240
	Beneviſh

* Mr. Pennant makes Snowden 3568 feet high.

	FEET
Beneviſh - - - - - - - - - - - -	4350
Ben-y-bourd ſtill higher*.	
Laghin-y-gair.	
Benewewiſh †.	

Heights above the level of the Mediterranean ſea.

By M. T. Bourrit.

Lake of Geneva, at the lower paſſage of the Rhone - - - - - - - - - -	1194
Summit of Dole, the higheſt mountain of Jura - - - - - - - - - - -	5400
Valley of Chamouni, in Savoy - - - -	3363
Ridge de Brevin, a Glacier in the valley of Chamouni - - - - - - - - -	8847
Valley of Mountainvert, in Savoy - -	5595
Abbey of Sixt, ibid - - - - - - - -	2391
Summit of Grenier - - - - - - - - -	8346
Summit of Grenarion - - - - - - - -	8874
Summit of Buet - - - - - - - - -	9945
Mount Blanc - - - - - - - - - -	15243
Mount Ætna - - - - - - - - - - -	12000

Heights above the level of the ocean.

Higheſt part of the Table, at the Cape of Good Hope - - - - - - - - - -	3459
Pike Rucio, in the iſland of Madeira -	5067

Pike

* From its ſummit to the ſea is a quick deſcent of ſeventy miles.

† The laſt three mountains are never without ſnow.

	FEET
Pike Teneriffe - - - - - - - - -	13197
The ſame according to Dr. Heberden in Madeira - - - - - - - - - - -	15396
Summit of Cotopaxi, in the province of Quito, according to Don Antonio de Ulloa - - - - - - - - - - -	19929
Carambour, under the equator - - -	18000
Chimboraco - - - - - - - - -	19320
Petchincha - - - - - - - - - -	14580
Caraſon - - - - - - - - - - -	14820

From this ſurvey of mountains it appears that Whernſide is the higheſt in South Britain, yet below the point of permanent ſnow. It has been obſerved, by the French academicians, that amongſt the Cordilleras, in the province of Quito, Petchincha and Caraſon are the higheſt acceſſible mountains, and that all of greater heights are veſted with eternal ſnow.

On the Glaciers ſnow is permanent at a much inferior height; and where the ſun's rays fall more obliquely, leſs height is found the boundary between temporary and eternal ſnow. But no mountain in South Britain touches the zone of barrenneſs, that intervenes between this region and the limits of vegetation. Sheep paſture the ſummits of Snowden, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, and barrenneſs only prevails where rock and precipice are the invincible obſtacles to vegetation.

ROADS

ROADS

FROM

LANCASTER TO THE LAKES.

MILES.	
	Lancaſter.
3	Heſt-bank.
9	Over Lancaſter-ſands to Carter-houſe.
2	Cartmel or Flookburgh.
2	Holker-gate.
3	Over Ulverſton-ſands to Carter-houſe.
1	Ulverſton.
12	Dalton, Furneſs-abbey, and back to Ulverſton.
4	Penny-bridge.
2	Lowick-bridge.
Or 5	from Ulverſton to Lowick-bridge.
2½	Through Nibthwaite to Coniſton Water-foot.
6	Coniſton Water-head.
3	Hawkſhead.
5	To Ambleſide.
Or 4	to the ferry on Windermere-water.
1	Bowneſs acroſs Windermere-water.
6	Ambleſide.
2	Rydal.
2	Graſmere.
2½	Dunmail-raiſe-ſtones.
3¾	Dale-head.
4¾	Caſtle-rigg.
1	Keſwick.
3	Lowdore water-fall.
1	Grange.
1	Bowdar-ſtone, Caſtle-hill.
2½	Roſthwaite.
2½	Seathwaite.

MILES.

2½ Seathwaite.
9 Keſwick.
8 Down Baſſenthwaite-water, by Bowneſs, Bradneſs, Scareneſs, to Armathwaite.
9 Up the other ſide of the lake to Keſwick.
5 Keſkadale.
3 Buttermere.
6 Down Cromack-water to Lorton.
7½ Keſwick.
4 Threlkeld.
6 Whitbarrow.
1 Penruddock.
6¾ Penrith.
5 Dunmallet, at the foot of Ulls-water, and Pooly-bridge.
9 Watermillock, Gowbarrow-park, Airy-bridge, to the head of Ulls-water.
9 Ambleſide.
Or 14 to Penrith.
10½ By Lowther, Aſkham, and Bampton, to Haws-water.
15 From the head of Haws-water, through Long-ſledale, to Kendal.
Or 5 to Shap, by Roſgil and Shap-abbey.
7 Hawſe-foot.
8 Kendal.
10 Down the eaſt ſide of Kent to Levens-park, and return to Kendal by Sizergh.
11 Burton in Kendal.
11 Lancaſter.

ADDENDA.

ADDENDA.

IT having been judged, that the principal detached pieces, which have appeared on the ſubject of the *lakes*, by eſteemed writers, if collected together, might accommodate the reader, and contribute to the chief purpoſe of this manual,—they are here ſubjoined, *in the order* they were firſt publiſhed, along with ſome other connected articles, and ſimilar deſcriptions, which relate to the ſame country. X.

ARTICLE I.

DR. BROWN'S LETTER,

DESCRIBING THE VALE AND LAKE OF KESWICK.

IN my way to the north from Hagley, I paſſed thro' Dovedale; and to ſay the truth, was diſappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I viſited another or two of their romantic ſcenes; but theſe are inferior to Dovedale. They are but poor miniatures of Keſwick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than I can give you to imagine; and more, if poſſible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Inſtead of the narrow ſlip of valley which is ſeen at Dovedale, you have at Keſwick a vaſt amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Inſtead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with

a vraiety of wooded iſlands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, moraſs, and bruſhwood.—But at Keſwick, you will on one ſide of the lake, ſee a rich and beautiful landſcape of cultivated fields, riſing to the eye, in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily diſperſed, and climbing the adjacent hills, ſhade above ſhade, in the moſt various and pictureſque forms. On the oppoſite ſhore you will find rocks and cliffs of ſtupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, ſome of them a thouſand feet high, the woods climbing up their ſteep and ſhaggy ſides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On theſe dreadful heights the eagles build their neſts; a variety of water-falls are ſeen pouring from their ſummits, and tumbling in vaſt ſheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence: while on all ſides of this immenſe amphitheatre the lofty mountains riſe round, piercing the clouds in ſhapes as ſpiry and fantaſtic, as the very rocks of Dovedale.—To this I muſt add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories: in other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chaſms or cliffs, thro' which at hand, you ſee rich and cultivated vales, and beyond theſe at various diſtances, mountain riſing over mountain, among which, new proſpects preſent themſelves in miſt, till the eye is loſt in an agreeable perplexity:

> Where active fancy travels beyond ſenſe,
> And pictures things unſeen.———

Were I to analyſe the two places into their conſtituent principles, I ſhould tell you, that the full perfection of Keſwick, conſiſts of three circumſtances, *beauty*, *horror*, and *immenſity* united; the ſecond of which is alone found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little: nature having left it almoſt a deſart: neither its ſmall extent, nor the diminutive and lifeleſs form of the hills admit magnifience.—But to give you a complete

complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming water-falls; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the *permanent* beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its *varying* or *accidental* beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospects: the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes, retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, and the other the eastern side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate: the natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing; the ruling tints in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields: these are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills: at others you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the val-

lies, as in a vaſt furnace.—When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns, like a peal of thunder; then too the clouds are ſeen in vaſt bodies, ſweeping along the hills in gloomy greatneſs, while the lake joins the tumult and toſſes like a ſea. But in calm weather the whole ſcene becomes new: the lake is a perfect mirror; and the landſcape in all its beauty, iſlands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains are ſeen inverted and floating on its ſurface.—I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where if you dare approach the ridge, a new ſcene of aſtoniſhment preſents itſelf, where the valley, lake, and iſlands, ſeem lying at your feet, where this expanſe of water appears diminiſhed to a little pool amidſt the vaſt immeaſurable objects that ſurround it; for here the ſummits of more diſtant hills appear beyond thoſe you had already ſeen; and riſing behind each other in ſucceſſive ranges, and azure groops of craggy and broken ſteeps, form an immenſe and awful picture, which can only be expreſſed by the image of a tempeſtuous ſea of mountains.—Let me now conduct you down again, to the valley, and conclude with one circumſtance more, which is, that a walk by ſtill moonlight (at which time the diſtant water-falls are heard in all their variety of ſound) among theſe enchanting dales, opens a ſcene of ſuch delicate beauty, repoſe and ſolemnity, as exceeds all deſcription.

ARTICLE

ARTICLE II.

EXTRACT FROM

DR. DALTON'S DESCRIPTIVE POEM,

ENUMERATING THE BEAUTIES OF THE VALE OF KESWICK*.

——TO nature's pride,
Sweet Keſwick's vale, the muſe will guide,
The muſe who trod th' inchanted ground,
Who fail'd the wond'rous lake around,
With you will haſte once more to hail
The beauteous brook of Borrowdale.

From ſavage parent, gentle ſtream!
Be thou the muſe's favourite theme:
O ſoft inſinuating glide
Silent along the meadow's ſide,
Smooth o'er the ſandy bottom paſs,
Reſplendent all through fluid glaſs,
Unleſs upon thy yielding breaſt
Their painted heads the lilies reſt,
To where in deep capacious bed
The widely liquid lake is ſpread.

Let other ſtreams rejoice to roar
Down the rough rocks of dread Lowdore,
Ruſh raving on with boiſt'rous ſweep,
And foaming rend the frighted deep,
Thy gentle genius ſhrinks away
From ſuch a rude unequal fray;
Through thine own native dale, where riſe
Tremendous rocks amid the ſkies,
Thy waves with patience ſlowly wind,
Till they the ſmootheſt channel find,

* Firſt printed in 1775.---See *Pearch's Collection of Poems*, Vol. I.

Soften the horrors of the ſcene,
And through confuſion flow ſerene.

Horrors like theſe at firſt alarm,
But ſoon with ſavage grandeur charm,
And raiſe to nobleſt thoughts the mind:
Thus by thy fall, Lowdore, reclin'd,
The craggy cliff, impendent wood,
Whoſe ſhadows mix o'er half the flood,
The gloomy clouds, which ſolemn ſail,
Scarce lifted by the languid gale,
O'er the capp'd hill, and dark'ned vale;
The rav'ning kite, and bird of Jove,
Which round the ærial ocean rove,
And, floating on the billowy ſky,
With full expanded pinions fly,
Their flutt'ring or their bleating prey
Thence with death-dooming eye ſurvey;
Channels by rocky torrents torn,
Rocks to the lake in thunders borne,
Or ſuch as o'er our heads appear
Suſpended in their mid career,
To ſtart again at his command
Who rules fire, water, air, and land,
I view with wonder and delight,
A pleaſing, though an awful ſight:
For, ſeen with them, the verdant iſles
Soften with more delicious ſmiles,
More tempting twine their op'ning bow'rs,
More lively glow the purple flow'rs,
More ſmoothly ſlopes the border gay,
In fairer circles bend the bay,
And laſt, to fix our wand'ring eyes,
Thy roofs, O Keſwick, brighter riſe,
The lake, and lofty hills between,
Where giant Skiddaw ſhuts the ſcene.

ARTICLE

ARTICLE III.

Mr. GRAY's JOURNAL.

IN A LETTER TO DR. WHARTON, OCTOBER 18th, 1769, PUBLISHED IN THE MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE, BY MR. MASON.

I Hope you got safe and well home after that troublesome night*. I long to hear you say so. For me I have continued well, been so favoured by the weather, that my walks have never once been hindered till yesterday (that is a fortnight and three or four days, and a journey of more than 300 miles.) I am now at Aston for two days. To-morrow I go to Cambridge. Mason is not here; but Mr. Alderson receives me. According to my promise, I send you the first sheet of my journal to be continued without end.

Sep. 30.

* Dr. Wharton, who had intended to accompany Mr. Gray to Keswick, was seized as Brough with a violent fit of his asthma, which obliged him to return home. This was the reason that Mr. Gray undertook to write the following journal of his tour for his friend's amusement. He sent it under different covers; I give it here in continuation. It may not be amiss, however, to hint to the reader, that if he expects to find, elaborate and nicely turned periods in this narration, he will be greatly disappointed. When Mr. Gray described places, he aimed only to be exact, clear, and intelligible; to convey peculiar, not general ideas, and to paint by the eye not the fancy. There have been many accounts of the Westmorland and Cumberland lakes, both before and since this was written, and all of them better calculated to please readers who are fond of what they call fine writing: yet those who can content themselves with an elegant simplicity of narrative, will, I flatter myself, find this to their taste; they will perceive it was written with a view, rather to inform than surprise; and, if they make it their companion when they take the same tour, it will enhance their opinion of its intrinsic excellence; in this way I tried it myself before I resolved to print it.

Sep. 30. A mile and a half from Brough, where we parted, on a hill lay a great army* encamped: to the left opened a fine valley with green meadows and hedge-rows, a gentleman's houſe peeping forth from a grove of old trees. On a nearer approach appeared myriads of cattle and horſes in the road itſelf, and in all the fields round me, a briſk ſtream hurrying croſs the way, thouſands of clean healthy people in their beſt party-coloured apparel: farmers and their families, eſquires and their daughters haſtening up from the dales and down the fells from every quarter, glittering in the ſun, and preſſing forward to join the throng. While the dark hills, on whoſe tops the miſts were yet hanging, ſerved as a contraſt to this gay and moving ſcene, which continued for near two miles more along the road, and the crowd (coming towards it) reached on as far as Appleby. On the aſcent of the hill above Appleby the thick hanging wood, and the long reaches of the Eden, clear, rapid, and full as ever, winding below, with views of the caſtle and town, gave much employment to the mirror †: but now the ſun was wanting, and the ſky overcaſt. Oats and barley cut every where, but not carried in. Paſſed Kirbythore, Sir William Dalſton's houſe at Acorn-bank, Winfield-park, Harthorn-oaks Counteſs-pillar, Brough-am-caſtle, Mr. Brougham's large new houſe; croſſed the Eden and the Emont with its green vale, and dined at three o'clock with Mrs. Buchanan at Penrith, on trout and partridge. In the afternoon walked up beacon-hill, a mile to the top, and could ſee Ulls-water through an opening in the boſom of that cluſter of broken mountains, which the Dr. well remembers, Winfield and Lowther parks, &c. and the craggy

* There is a great fair for cattle kept on the hill near Brough on this and the preceeding day.

† Mr. Gray carried uſually with him on theſe tours a plano-convex mirror of about four inches diameter on a black foil, and bound up like a pocket-book. A glaſs of this ſort is perhaps the beſt and moſt convenient ſubſtitute for a camera obſcura of any thing that has hitherto been invented, and may be had of any optician.

craggy tops of an hundred nameleſs hills: theſe lie to the weſt and ſouth. To the north, a great extent of black and dreary plains. To the eaſt, Croſs-fell, juſt viſible through miſts and vapours hovering round it.

Oct. 1. A grey autumnal day, the air perfectly calm, and mild, went to ſee Ulls-water, five miles diſtant; ſoon left the Keſwick road, and turned to the left, through ſhady lanes along the vale of Emont, which runs rapidly on near the way rippling over the ſtones; to the right is Dalemain, a large fabrick of pale red ſtone, with nine windows in front and ſeven on the ſide, built by Mr. Haſſell; behind it a fine lawn ſurrounded by woods, and a long rocky eminence riſing over them: a clear and briſk rivulet runs by the houſe to join the Emont, whoſe courſe is in ſight and at a ſmall diſtance. Further on appears Hutton St. John, a caſtle-like old manſion of Mr. Huddleſton. Approached Dunmallet, a fine pointed hill, covered with wood, planted by old Mr. Haſſell before mentioned, who lives always at home, and delights in planting. Walked over a ſpongy meadow or two, and began to mount the hill through a broad ſtraight green alley among the trees, and with ſome toil gained the ſummit. From hence ſaw the lake opening directly at my feet, majeſtic in its calmneſs, clear and ſmooth as a blue mirror, with winding ſhores and low points of land covered with green incloſures, white farm houſes looking out among the trees, and cattle feeding. The water is almoſt every where bordered with cultivated lands, gently ſloping upwards from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth, till they reach the feet of the mountains which riſe very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hand. Directly in front, at better than three miles diſtance, Place-fell, one of the braveſt among them, puſhes its bold broad breaſt into the midſt of the lake, and forces it to alter its courſe, forming firſt a large bay to the left, and then bending to the right. I deſcended Dunmallet again by a ſide avenue, that was only not perpendicular, and came to Barton-bridge over the Emont; then walking through

through a path in the wood round the bottom of the hill, came forth where the Emont iſſues out of the lake, and continued my way along its weſtern ſhore, cloſe to the water, and generally on a level with it. Saw a cormorant flying over it and fiſhing. The figure of the lake nothing reſembles that laid down in our maps: It is nine miles long; and at wideſt under a mile in breadth. After extending itſelf three miles and a half in a line to ſouth weſt, it turns at the foot of Place-fell almoſt due weſt, and is here not twice the breadth of the Thames at London. It is ſoon again interrupted by the root of Helvellyn, a lofty and very rugged mountain, and ſpreading again turns off to the ſouth-eaſt, and is loſt among the deep receſſes of the hills. To this ſecond turning I purſued my way about four miles along its border beyond a village ſcattered among trees and called Wattermillock, in a pleaſant grave day, perfectly calm and warm, but without a gleam of ſunſhine; then the ſky ſeeming to thicken, and the valley to grow more deſolate, and the evening drawing on, I returned by the way I came to Penrith.

Oct. 2. I ſet out at ten for Kefwick, by the road we went in 1767; ſaw Greyſtock town and caſtle to the right, which lie about three miles from Ulls-water over the fells; paſſed through Penruddock and Threlkeld at the foot of Saddleback, whoſe furrowed ſides were gilt by the noon-day ſun, whilſt its brow appeared of a ſad purple from the ſhadow of the clouds as they ſailed ſlowly by it. The broad and green valley of Gardies and Lowſide, with a ſwift ſtream glittering among the cottages and meadows, lay to the left, and the much finer but narrower valley of St. John's opening into it: Hill-top, the large though low manſion of the Gaſgarths now a farm houſe, ſeated on an eminence among woods, under a ſteep fell, was what appeared the moſt conſpicuous, and beſide it a great rock, like ſome ancient tower nodding to its fall. Paſſed by the ſide of Skiddaw and its cub, called Latrigg; and ſaw from an eminence, at two miles diſtance, the vale of Elyſium in all its verdure; the ſun then playing

on

on the boſom of the lake, and lighting up all the mountains with its luſtre. Dined by two o'clock at the Queen's-head, and then ſtraggled out alone to the parſonage, where I ſaw the ſun ſet in all its glory.

Oct. 3. A heavenly day; roſe at ſeven, and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to Borrowdale; the graſs was covered with a hoar-froſt, which ſoon melted and exhaled in a thin bluiſh ſmoke; croſſed the meadows, obliquely catching a diverſity of views among the hills, over the lake and iſlands, and changing proſpect at every ten paces. Left Cockſhut (which we formerly mounted) and Caſtle-hill, a loftier and more rugged hill behind me, and drew near the foot of Wallow-crag, whoſe bare and rocky brow cut perpendicularly down above 400 feet (as I gueſs, though the people call it much more) awfully overlooks the way. Our path here tends to the left, and the ground gently riſing, and covered with a glade of ſcattered trees and buſhes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the moſt delicious view that my eyes ever beheld. Oppoſite, are the thick woods of Lord Egremont, and Newland valley, with green and ſmiling fields emboſomed in the dark cliffs; to the left, the jaws of Borrowdale, with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confuſion; beneath you and ſtretching far away to the right, the ſhining purity of the lake reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of hills, juſt ruffled by the breeze, enough to ſhew it is alive, with the white buildings of Keſwick, Croſthwaite church, and Skiddaw for a background at a diſtance. Behind you the magnificent heights of Wallow-crag: here the glaſs played its part divinely; the place is called Carf-cloſe-reeds; and I chuſe to ſet down theſe barbarous names, that any body may enquire on the place, and eaſily find the particular ſtation that I mean. This ſcene continues to Barrowgate, and a little farther, paſſing a brook called Barrow-beck, we entered Borrowdale: the crags named Lowdore-banks begin now to impend terribly over the way, and more terribly when you hear that three years ſince

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an immenſe maſs of rock tumbled at once from the brow, barred all acceſs to the dale (for this is the only road) till they could work their way through it. Luckily no one was paſſing by at the time of this fall; but down the ſide of the mountain, and far into the lake, lie diſperſed the huge fragments of this ruin, in all ſhapes and in all directions: ſomething farther we turned aſide into a coppice, aſcending a little in front of Lowdore water-fall; the height appeared to be about 200 feet, the quantity of water not great, though (theſe three days excepted) it had rained daily in the hills for near two months before: but then the ſtream was nobly broken, leaping from rock to rock, and foaming with fury. On one ſide a towering crag, that ſpired up to equal, if not overtop the neighbouring cliffs (this lay all in ſhade and darkneſs;) on the other hand a rounder, broader, projecting hill, ſhagged with wood, and illuminated by the ſun, which glanced ſideways on the upper part of the cataract. The force of the water wearing a deep channel in the ground, hurries away to join the lake. We deſcended again, and paſſed the ſtream over a rude bridge. Soon after we came under Gowdar-crag, a hill more formidable to the eye, and to the apprehenſion, than that of Lowdore; the rocks at top deep-cloven perpendicularly by the rains, hanging looſe and nodding forwards, ſeen juſt ſtarting from their baſe in ſhivers. The whole way down, and the road on both ſides is ſtrewed with piles of the fragments, ſtrangely thrown acroſs each other, and of a dreadful bulk; the place reminds me of thoſe paſſes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move with ſpeed, and ſay nothing, leſt the agitation of the air ſhould looſen the ſnows above, and bring down a maſs that would overwhelm a caravan. I took their counſel here, and haſtened on in ſilence.

Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda, e paſſa.

The hills here are cloathed all up their ſteep ſides with oak, aſh, birch, holly, &c. ſome of it has been cut forty years ago,

ago, ſome within theſe eight years; yet all is ſprung again, green, flouriſhing, and tall, for its age, in a place where no ſoil appears but the ſtaring rock, and where a man could ſcarce ſtand upright. Here we met a civil young farmer overſeeing his reapers (for it is now oat harveſt) who conducted us to a neat white houſe in the village of Grange, which is built on a riſing ground, in the midſt of a valley; round it the mountains form an awful amphitheatre, and through it obliquely runs the Derwent, clear as glaſs, and ſhewing under its bridge every trout that paſſes. Beſide the village riſes a round eminence of a rock covered intirely with old trees, and over that more proudly towers Caſtle-crag, inveſted alſo with wood on its ſides, and bearing on its naked top ſome traces of a fort, ſaid to be Roman. By the ſide of this hill, which almoſt blocks up the way, the valley turns to the left, and contracts its dimenſions till there is hardly any road but the rocky bed of the river. The wood of the mountains increaſes, and their ſummits grow loftier to the eye, and of more fantaſtic forms; among them appear Eagle's-cliff, Dove's-neſt, Whitedale-pike, &c. celebrated names in the annals of Keſwick. The dale opens about four miles higher, till you come to Seathwaite (where lies the way, mounting the hill to the right, that leads to the wad-mines;) all farther acceſs is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the fells, and for ſome weeks in the year paſſable to the daleſmen; but the mountains know well that theſe innocent people will not reveal the myſteries of their ancient kingdom, "the reign of *Chaos* and *Old Night*:" only I learned that this dreadful road, divided again, leads one branch to Ravenglaſs, and the other to Hawkſhead.

For me, I went no farther than the farmer's (better than four miles from Keſwick) at Grange; his mother and he brought us butter that Siſerah would have jumped at, though not in a lordly diſh, bowls of milk, thin oaten-cakes, and ale; and we had carried a cold tongue thither with us. Our farmer

farmer was himſelf the man that laſt year plundered the eagle's eyrie; all the dale are up in arms on ſuch an occaſion, for they loſe abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridges, grouſe, &c. He was let down from the cliff in ropes to the ſhelf of the rock on which the neſt was built, the people above ſhouting and hallooing to fright the old birds, which flew ſcreaming around, but did not dare to attack him. He brought off the eaglet (for there is rarely more than one) and an addle egg. The neſt was roundiſh, and more than a yard over, made of twigs twiſted together. Seldom a year paſſes but they take the brood, or eggs, and ſometimes they ſhoot one, ſometimes the other, parent; but the ſurvivor has always found a mate (probably in Ireland) and they breed near the old place. By his deſcription I learn that this ſpecies is the Erne, the vulture Abicilla of Linnæus, in his laſt edition (but in yours Falco Albicilla) ſo conſult him and Pennant about it.

We returned leiſurely home the way we came, but ſaw a new landſcape; the features indeed were the ſame in part, but many new ones were diſcloſed by the mid-day ſun, and the tints were intirely changed: take notice this was the beſt, or perhaps the only day for going up Skiddaw, but I thought it better employed; it was perfectly ſerene, and hot as midſummer.

In the evening I walked alone down to the lake, by the ſide of Crow-park, after ſun-ſet, and ſaw the ſolemn colouring of the night draw on, the laſt gleam of ſunſhine fading away on the hill tops, the deep ſerene of the waters, and the long ſhadows of the mountains thrown acroſs them, till they nearly touched the hithermoſt ſhore. At a diſtance were heard the murmurs of many water-falls, not audible in the day-time; I wiſhed for the moon, but ſhe was dark to me, and ſilent,

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Oct. 4.

Oct. 4. I walked to Crow-park, now a rough paſture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whoſe large roots ſtill remain in the ground, but nothing has ſprung from them. If one ſingle tree had remained, this would have been an unparallel'd ſpot; and Smith judged right when he took his print of the lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high on the very margin of the water, and commanding it from end to end, looking full into the gorge of Borrowdale. I prefer it even to Cockſhut-hill which lies beſide it, and to which I walked in the afternoon; it is covered with young trees both ſown and planted, oak, ſpruce, Scotch-fir, &c. all which thrive wonderfully. There is an eaſy aſcent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on Caſtle-hill (which you remember) becauſe this is lower and nearer to the lake; for I find all points that are much elevated, ſpoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts, which are not large, look poor and diminutive*. While I was here a little ſhower fell, red clouds came marching up the hills from the eaſt, and part of a bright rainbow ſeemed to riſe along the ſide of Caſtle-hill.

From hence I got to the parſonage a little before ſun-ſet, and ſaw in my glaſs a picture that if I could tranſmit to you, and fix it in all the ſoftneſs of its living colours, would fairly ſell for a thouſand pounds. This is the ſweeteſt ſcene I can yet diſcover in point of paſtoral beauty; the reſt are in a ſublimer ſtile.

* The pictureſque point is always thus low in all proſpects: a truth, which though the landſcape painter knows, he cannot always obſerve; ſince the patron who employs him to take a view of his place, uſually carries him to ſome elevation for that purpoſe, in order, I ſuppoſe, that he may have more of him for his money. Yet when I ſay this I would not be thought to mean that a drawing ſhould be made from the loweſt point poſſible; as for inſtance, in this very view, from the lake itſelf, for then a fore-ground would be wanting. On this account, when I ſailed on Derwent-water, I did not receive ſo much pleaſure from the ſuperb amphitheatre of mountains around me, as when, like Mr. Gray, I traverſed its margin; and therefore think he did not loſe much by not taking boat.

Oct. 5. I walked through the meadows and corn-fields to the Derwent, and croſſing it went up How-hill; it looks along Baſſenthwaite-water, and ſees at the ſame time the courſe of the river, and a part of the upper lake, with a full view of Skiddaw: then I took my way through Portingſcale village to the Park, a hill ſo called, covered entirely with wood; it is all a maſs of crumbling ſlate. Paſſed round its foot between trees and the edge of the water, and came to a peninſula that juts out into the lake, and looks along it both ways, in front riſes Wallow-crag and Caſtle-hill, the town, the road to Penrith, Skiddaw, and Saddle-back. Returning met a briſk and cold north-eaſtern blaſt, that ruffled all the ſurface of the lake, and made it riſe in little waves that broke at the foot of the wood. After dinner walked up the Penrith road two miles, or more, and turning into a corn-field to the right, called Caſtle-rigg, ſaw a druid circle of large ſtones, 108 feet in diameter, the biggeſt not eight feet high, but moſt of them ſtill erect; they are fifty in number*. The valley of St. John's appeared in ſight, and the ſummits of Cachidecam (called by Camden, Caſticand) and Helvellyn, ſaid to be as high as Skiddaw, and to riſe from a much higher baſe.

Oct. 6. Went in a chaiſe eight miles along the eaſt ſide of Baſſenthwaite-water to Ouſe-bridge (pronounced Ews-bridge;) the road in ſome part made, and very good, the reſt ſlippery and dangerous cart road, or narrow rugged lanes but no precipices; it runs directly along the foot of Skiddaw. Oppoſite to Wythope-brows, cloathed to the top with wood, a very beautiful view opens down to the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of Keſwick, leſs broken into bays, and without iſlands †. At the foot of it, a few paces from

* See this piece of antiquity more fully deſcribed, with a plate annexed, by Mr. Pennant, in his ſecond tour to Scotland, in 1772, page 38.

† It is ſomewhat extraordinary that Mr. Gray omitted to mention the iſlands on Derwent-water; one of which, I think they call it Vicar's-iſland, makes a principal object in the ſcene. See Smith's view of Derwent-water.

from the brink, gently ſloping upwards, ſtands Armathwaite in a thick grove of Scotch-firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake; at a ſmall diſtance behind the houſe is a large extent of wood, and ſtill behind this a ridge of cultivated hills, on which, according to the Keſwick proverb, *the ſun always ſhines*. The inhabitants here, on the contrary, call the vale of Derwent-water, *the Devil's chamber-pot*, and pronounce the name of Skiddaw fell, which terminates here, with a ſort of terror and averſion. Armathwaite-houſe is a modern fabrick, not large, and built of dark red ſtone, belonging to Mr. Spedding, whoſe grandfather was ſteward to old Sir James Lowther, and bought this eſtate of the Highmores. The ſky was overcaſt, and the wind cool; ſo after dining at a public houſe, which ſtands here near the bridge (that croſſes the Derwent juſt where it iſſues from the lake) and ſauntering a little by the water ſide, I came home again. The turnpike is finiſhed from Cockermouth hither, five miles, and is carrying on to Penrith; ſeveral little ſhowers to-day. A man came in who ſaid there was ſnow on Croſs-fell this morning.

Oct. 7. I walked in the morning to Crow-park, and in the evening up Penrith road. The clouds came rolling up the mountains all round very dark, yet the moon ſhone at intervals. It was two damp to go towards the lake. To-morrow I mean to bid farewel to Keſwick.

Botany might be ſtudied here to great advantage at another ſeaſon, becauſe of the great variety of ſoils and elevations, all lying within a ſmall compaſs. I obſerved nothing but ſeveral curious lichens, and plenty of gale or Dutch myrtle perfuming the borders of the lake. This year the wad-mine had been opened, which is done once in five years; it is taken out in lumps ſometimes as big as a man's fiſt, and will undergo no preparation by fire, not being fuſible; when it is pure, ſoft, black and looſe-grained, it is worth ſometimes thirty ſhillings a pound. There are no char ever

taken in theſe lakes, but plenty in Buttermere-water, which lies a little way north of Borrowdale, about Martinmas, which are potted here. They ſow chiefly oats and bigg here, which are now cutting and ſtill on the ground; the rains have done much hurt; yet obſerve, the ſoil is ſo thin and light, that no day has paſſed in which I could not walk out with eaſe; and you know I am no lover of dirt. Fell mutton is now in ſeaſon for about ſix weeks; it grows fat on the mountains, and nearly reſembles veniſon. Excellent pike and perch, here called *baſs*: trout is now out of ſeaſon; partridge in great plenty.

Oct. 8. I left Keſwick, and took the Ambleſide road in a gloomy morning; about two miles [rather a mile] from the town mounted an eminence called Caſtle-rigg, and the ſun breaking out diſcovered the moſt enchanting view I have yet ſeen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountains all in their glory; ſo that I had almoſt a mind to have gone back again. The road in ſome few parts is not completed, yet good country road, through ſound but narrow and ſtony lanes, very ſafe in broad day light. This is the caſe about Cauſeway-foot, and among Naddle-fells, to Langthwaite. The vale you go in has little breadth; the mountains are vaſt and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and ſee not the ſun by two hours in a day ſo long as at Keſwick. Came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on Leatheswater (called alſo Thirlmere, or Wythburn-water) and ſoon deſcending on its margin. The lake looks black from its depth, and from the gloom of the vaſt crags that ſcowl over it, though really clear as glaſs: it is narrow, and about three miles long, reſembling a river in its courſe; little ſhining torrents hurrying down the rocks to join it, but not a buſh to overſhadow them, or cover their march; all is rock and looſe ſtones up to the very brow, which lies ſo near your way that not above half the height of Helvellyn can be ſeen.

Next

Next I paſſed by the little chapel of Wythburn, out of which the ſunday congregation were then iſſuing; ſoon after a beck near Dunmail-raiſe, where I entered Weſtmorland a ſecond time; and now began to ſee Helm-crag, diſtinguiſhed from its rugged neighbours, not ſo much by its height as by the ſtrange broken outlines of its top, like ſome gigantic building demoliſhed, and the ſtones that compoſed it flung acroſs each other in wild confuſion. Juſt beyond it, opens one of the ſweeteſt landſcapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The boſom of the mountains ſpreading here into a broad baſon diſcovers in the midſt Graſmere-water; its margin is hollowed into ſmall bays, with bold eminences; ſome of rock, ſome of turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command; from the ſhore a low promontory puſhes itſelf far into the water, and on it ſtands a white village, with the pariſh church riſing in the midſt of it; hanging incloſures, corn-fields, and meadows, green as an emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole ſpace from the edge of the water; and juſt oppoſite to you is a large farm-houſe at the bottom of a ſteep ſmooth lawn, emboſomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountains ſide, and diſcover above them a broken line of crags that crown the ſcene. Not a ſingle red tile, no gentleman's flaring houſe, or garden walls, break in upon the repoſe of this little unſuſpected paradiſe; but all is peace, ruſticity, and happy poverty, in its neateſt, moſt becoming attire.

The road winds here over Graſmere hill, whoſe rocks ſoon conceal the water from your ſight; yet it is continued along behind them, and contracting itſelf to a river, communicates with Rydal-water, another ſmall lake, but of inferior ſize and beauty; it ſeems ſhallow too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within. Into this vale the road deſcends. On the oppoſite banks large and ancient woods mount up the hill; and juſt to the left of our way ſtands Rydal-hall, the family ſeat of Sir Michael le Fleming, a

large old-faſhioned fabrick, rounded with wood. Sir Michael is now on his travels, and all this timber far and wide belongs to him. Near the houſe riſes a huge crag, called Rydal-head, which is ſaid to command a full view of Windermere, and I doubt it not; for within a mile, that lake is viſible even from the road: as to going up the crag, one might as well go up Skiddaw.

I now reached Ambleſide, ſixteen miles from Keſwick, meaning to lie there; but on looking into the beſt bedchamber, dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate, gave up Windermere in deſpair, and reſolved I would go on to Kendal directly, fourteen miles farther*. The road in general fine turnpike, but ſome parts (about three miles in all) not made, yet without danger.

For this determination I was unexpectedly well rewarded; for the afternoon was fine, and the road, for the ſpace of full five miles, ran along the ſide of Windermere, with delicious views acroſs it, and almoſt from one end to the other. It is ten

* By not ſtaying a little at Ambleſide, Mr. Gray loſt the ſight of two magnificent caſcades: the one not half a mile behind the inn, the other down Rydal-crag, where Sir Michael le Fleming is now making a pathway to the top of it. Theſe, when I ſaw them, were in full torrent; whereas Lowdore water-fall, which I viſited in the evening of the very ſame day, was almoſt without a ſtream. Hence I conclude that this diſtinguiſhed feature in the vale of Keſwick, is like moſt of the northern rivers, only in high beauty during bad weather. But his greateſt loſs was in not ſeeing a ſmall water-fall, viſible only through the window of a ruined ſummer-houſe in Sir Michael's orchard. Here nature has performed every thing in little that ſhe uſually executes on her larger ſcale; and on that account, like the miniature painter, ſeems to have finiſhed every part of it in a ſtudied manner; not a little fragment of rock thrown into the baſon, not a ſingle ſtem of bruſhwood that ſtarts from its craggy ſides but has its pictureſque meaning; and the little central ſtream daſhing down a cleft of the darkeſt coloured ſtone, produces an effect of light and ſhadow beautiful beyond deſcription. This little theatrical ſcene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvas not bigger than thoſe uſually dropped in the opera-houſe.

ten miles in length, and at moſt a mile over, reſembling the courſe of ſome vaſt and magnificent river; but no flat marſhy grounds, no oſier-beds, or patches of ſcrubby plantations on its banks: at the head two vallies open among the mountains; one that by which we came down, the other Langdale, in which Wrynoſe and Hardknot, two great mountains, riſe above the reſt: from thence the fells viſibly ſink, and ſoften along its ſides; ſometimes they run into it (but with a gentle declivity) in their own dark and natural complexion; oftener they are green and cultivated, with farms interſperſed, and round eminences, on the border covered with trees: towards the ſouth it ſeemed to break into large bays, with ſeveral iſlands, and a wider extent of cultivation. The way riſes continually, till at a place called Orreſt-head it turns ſouth-eaſt, loſing ſight of the water.

Paſſed by Ings chapel, and Staveley; but I can ſay no farther, for the duſk of the evening coming on, I entered Kendal almoſt in the dark, and could diſtinguiſh only a ſhadow of the caſtle on a hill, and tenter grounds ſpread far and wide round the town, which I miſtook for houſes. My inn promiſed ſadly, having two wooden galleries, like Scotland, in front of it; it was indeed an old ill-contrived houſe, but kept by civil ſenſible people; ſo I ſtayed two nights with them, and fared and ſlept very comfortably.

Oct. 9. The air mild as ſummer, all corn off the ground, and the ſky-larks ſinging aloud (by the way, I ſaw not one at Keſwick, perhaps, becauſe the place abounds in birds of prey.) I went up the caſtle hill: the town chiefly conſiſts of three nearly parallel ſtreets, almoſt a mile long; except theſe, all the other houſes ſeem as if they had been dancing a country-dance, and were out: there they ſtand back to back, corner to corner, ſome up-hill, ſome down, without intent or meaning. Along by their ſide runs a fine briſk ſtream, over which there are three ſtone bridges; the buildings (a few comfortable houſes excepted) are mean, of ſtone,

and covered with a bad rough-caſt *. Near the end of the town ſtands a handſome houſe of Colonel Wilſon's, and adjoining to it the church, a very large Gothic fabrick, with a ſquare tower: it has no particular ornaments but double aiſles, and at the eaſt end four chapels or choirs; one of the Parrs, another of the Stricklands, the third is the proper choir of the church, and the fourth of the Bellinghams, a family now extinct. There is an altar tomb of one of them dated 1577, with a flat braſs arms and quarterings; and in the window their arms alone, arg. a hunting horn ſab. ſtrung gules. In the Strickland's chapel ſeveral monuments, and another old altar tomb, not belonging to the family: on the ſide of it a feſs dancetty between ten billets deincourt. In the Parr's chapel is a third altar tomb in the corner, no figure or inſcription, but on the ſide cut an eſcutcheon, of Roſs of Kendal (three water budgets) quartering Parr, (two bars in a bordure engrailed;) 2dly, an eſcutcheon, vaire, a feſs for marmion; 3dly, an eſcutcheon, three chevronels braced, and a chief (which I take for Fitzhugh;) at the foot is an eſcutcheon, ſurrounded with the garter, bearing Roſs and Parr quarterly, quartering the other two before mentioned. I have no books to look in, therefore cannot ſay whether this is the Lord Parr, of Kendal, Queen Catharine's father, or her brother the Marquis of Northampton: perhaps it is a cenotaph for the latter, who was buried at Warwick in 1571. The remains of the caſtle are ſeated on a fine hill on the ſide of the river oppoſite the town; almoſt the whole incloſure of the walls remains, with four towers, two ſquare, and two round, but their upper parts and embattlements are demoliſhed: it is of rough ſtone and cement, without any ornament

[* The accounts of things given by *haſty* travellers are generally inaccurate and often injudicious. As to the principal ſtreets of Kendal they are neither three in number, nor nearly parallel. They are but two. One about a mile in length, and another about half a mile. Theſe ſtreets contain indeed but few elegant houſes, they are however on the whole as open and well built as in moſt other towns. As to the *bad rough caſt*, our author ſpeaks of, judges of rough-caſt, have always ſuppoſed this country no way deficient either in its materials or in the manner of laying it on.]

ornament or arms, round, inclosing a court of like form, and surrounded by a moat; nor ever could it have been larger than it is, for there are no traces of outworks. There is a good view of the town and river, with a fertile open valley through which it winds.

After dinner I went along the Millthrop turnpike, four miles, to see the falls, or force of the river Kent; came to Sizergh (pronounced Sifer) and turned down a lane to the left. This seat of the Stricklands, an old catholic family, is an ancient hall-house, with a very large tower, embattled; the rest of the buildings added to it are of a later date, but all is white, and seen to advantage on a back-ground of old trees; there is a small park also well wooded. Opposite to this, turning to the left, I soon came to the river; it works its way in a narrow and deep rocky channel, overhung with trees. The calmness and brightness of the evening, the roar of the waters, and the thumping of huge hammers at an iron-forge not far distant, made it a singular walk; but as to the falls (for there are two) they are not four feet high. I went on down to the forge, and saw the demons at work by the light of their own fires: the iron is brought in pigs to Millthrop, by sea, from Scotland, &c. and is here beat into bars and plates. Two miles further, at Levens, is the seat of Lord Suffolk, where he sometimes passes the summer: it was a favourite place of his late Countess; but this I did not see.

Oct. 10. I proceeded by Burton to Lancaster, twenty-two miles; very good country, well inclosed and wooded, with some common interspersed. Passed at the foot of Farlton-knot, a high fell. Four miles north of Lancaster, on a rising ground, called Bolton (pronounced Bouton) we had a full view of Cartmel sands, with here and there a passenger riding over them (it being low water;) the points of Furness shooting far into the sea, and lofty mountains partly covered with clouds, extending north of them. Lancaster also appeared very

very conſpicuous and fine; for its moſt diſtinguiſhed features, the caſtle and church, mounted on a green eminence, were all that could be ſeen. Woe is me! when I got thither, it was the ſecond day of their fair; the inn, in the principal ſtreet, was a great old gloomy houſe, full of people; but I found talerable quarters, and even ſlept two nights in peace.

In a fine afternoon I aſcended the caſtle-hill; it takes up the higher top of the eminence on which it ſtands, and is irregularly round, encompaſſed with a deep moat: in front, towards the town, is a magnificent Gothic gateway, lofty and huge; the overhanging battlements are ſupported by a triple range of corbels, the intervals pierced through, and ſhewing the day from above. On its top riſe light watch towers of ſmall height. It opens below with a grand pointed arch; over this is a wrought tabernacle, doubtleſs once containing its founder's figure; on one ſide a ſhield of France ſemy-quartered with England; on the other the ſame, with a label, ermine, for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter. This opens to a court within, which I did not much care to enter, being the county goal, and full of priſoners, both criminals and debtors. From this gateway the walls continue and join it to a vaſt ſquare tower of great height, the lower part at leaſt of remote antiquity; for it has ſmall round-headed lights, with plain ſhort pillars on each ſide of them: there is a third tower, alſo ſquare, and of leſs dimenſions. This is all the caſtle. Near it, and but a little lower, ſtands the church, a large and plain Gothic fabrick, the high ſquare tower at the weſt end has been rebuilt of late years, but nearly in the ſame ſtile: there are no ornaments of arms, &c. any where to be ſeen; within it is lightſome and ſpacious, but not one monument of antiquity, or piece of painted glaſs is left. From the church-yard there is an extenſive ſea-view (for now the tide had almoſt covered the ſands, and filled the river) and beſides the greateſt part of Furneſs, I could diſtinguiſh Peel-caſtle on the iſle of Fowdry, which lies off its ſouthern extremity. The town is built on the ſlope, and

and at the foot of the caſtle-hill, more than twice the bigneſs of Auckland, with many neat buildings of white ſtone, but a little diſorderly in their poſition, and "ad libitum," like Kendal: many alſo extend below, on the keys, by the river ſide, where a number of ſhips were moored, ſome of them three maſted veſſels decked out with their colours in honour of the fair. Here is a good bridge of four arches over the Lune, that runs, when the tide is out, in two ſtreams, divided by a bed of gravel, which is not covered but in ſpring tides: below the town it widens to near the breadth of the Thames at London, and meets the ſea at five or ſix miles diſtance to ſouth-weſt.

Oct. 11. I croſſed the river and walked over a peninſula, three miles, to the village of Poulton, which ſtands on the beach. An old fiſherman mending his nets (while I enquired about the danger of paſſing thoſe ſands) told me in his dialect, a moving ſtory; how a brother of the trade, a *Cockler*, as he ſtiled him, driving a little cart with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horſeback following, ſet out one day to paſs the ſeven mile ſands, as they had been frequently uſed to do: (for nobody in the village knew them better than the old man did) when they were about half-way over, a thick fog roſe, and as they advanced they found the water much deeper than they expected: the old man was puzzled; he ſtopped, and ſaid he would go a little way to find ſome mark he was acquainted with; they ſtaid a while for him, but in vain; they called aloud, but no reply: at laſt the young women preſſed their mother to think where they were, and go on; ſhe would not leave the place; ſhe wandered about forlorn and amazed; ſhe would not quit her horſe and get into the cart with them: they determined after much time waſted, to turn back, and give themſelves up to the guidance of their horſes. The old woman was ſoon waſhed off, and periſhed; the poor girls clung cloſe to their cart, and the horſe, ſometimes wading and ſometimes ſwimming, brought them back to land alive, but ſenſeleſs with terror and diſtreſs,

and

and unable for many days to give any account of themſelves. The bodies of their parents were found the next ebb: that of the father a very few paces diſtant from the ſpot where he had left them.

In the afternoon I wandered about the town, and by the quay till it grew dark.

Oct. 12. I ſet out for Settle by a fine turnpike road, twenty-nine miles, through a rich and beautiful country, diverſified with frequent villages and churches, very unequal ground; and on the left the river Lune winding in a deep valley, its hanging banks cloathed with fine woods, through which you catch long reaches of the water, as the road winds about at a conſiderable height above it. In the moſt picturesque part of the way, I paſſed the park belonging to the Hon. Mr. Clifford, a catholic. The grounds between him and the river are indeed charming*; the houſe is ordinary, and park nothing but a rocky fell, ſcattered over with ancient hawthorns. Next I came to Hornby, a little town on the river Wenning, over which a handſome bridge is now building; the caſtle, in a lordly ſituation, attracted me, ſo I walked up the hill to it: firſt preſents itſelf a large white ordinary faſhed gentleman's houſe, and behind it riſes the ancient *keep*, built by Edward Stanley, Lord Monteagle. He died about 1529, in King Henry VIII. time. It is now only a ſhell, the rafters are laid within it as for flooring. I went up a winding ſtone ſtair-caſe, in one corner, to the leads, and at

* This ſcene opens juſt three miles from Lancaſter, on what is called the Queen's-road. To ſee the view in perfection, you muſt go into a field on the left. Here Ingleborough, behind a variety of leſſer mountains, makes the back-ground of the proſpect; on each hand of the middle diſtance, riſe two ſloping hills; the left cloathed with thick woods, the right with variegated rock and herbage: between them in the richeſt of vallies, the Lune ſerpentizes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear, through a well wooded and richly paſtured foreground. Every feature which conſtitutes a perfect landſcape of the extenſive ſort, is here not only boldly marked but alſo in its beſt poſition.

at the angle is a ſingle hexagon watch-tower, riſing ſome feet higher, fitted up in the taſte of a modern ſummer-houſe, with ſaſh windows in gilt frames, a ſtucco cupola, and on the top a vaſt gilt eagle, built by Mr. Charteris, the preſent poſſeſſor. He is the ſecond ſon of the Earl of Wemyſs, brother to the Lord Elcho, and grandſon to Colonel Charteris, whoſe name he bears.

From the leads of the tower there is a fine view of the country round, and much wood near the caſtle. Ingleborough, which I had ſeen before diſtinctly at Lancaſter to north-eaſt, was completely wrapped in clouds, all but its ſummit; which might have been eaſily miſtaken for a long black cloud too, fraught with an approaching ſtorm. Now our road began gradually to mount towards the Appenine, the trees growing leſs, and thinner of leaves, till we came to Ingleton, eighteen miles; it is a pretty village, ſituated very high, and yet in a valley at the foot of that huge monſter of nature, Ingleborough: two torrents croſs it, with great ſtones rolled along their beds inſtead of water; and over them are flung two handſome arches. The nipping air, though the afternoon was growing very bright, now taught us we were in Craven; the road was all up and down, though no where very ſteep; to the left were mountain tops, to the right a wide valley, all incloſed ground, and beyond it high hills again. In approaching Settle, the crags on the left drew nearer to our way, till we deſcended Brunton-brow into a chearful valley (though thin of trees) to Giggleſwick, a village with a ſmall piece of water by its ſide, covered with cots; near it a church, which belongs alſo to Settle; and half a mile farther, having paſſed the Ribble over a bridge, I arrived there; it is a ſmall market town ſtanding directly under a rocky fell; there are not in it above a dozen good looking houſes, the reſt are old and low, with little wooden porticos in front. My inn pleaſed me much (though ſmall) for the neatneſs and civility of the good woman that kept it; ſo I lay there two nights, and went,

Oct. 13.

Oct. 13. To viſit the Gordale-ſcar, which lay ſix miles from Settle; but that way was directly over a fell, and as the weather was not to be depended on, I went round in a chaiſe, the only way one could get near it in a carriage, which made it full thirteen miles, half of it ſuch a road! but I got ſafe over it, ſo there's an end, and came to Malham, (pronounced Maum) a village in the boſom of the mountains, ſeated in a wild and dreary valley. From thence I was to walk a mile over very rough ground, a torrent rattling along on the left hand; on the cliffs above hung a few goats; one of them danced and ſcratched an ear with its hind foot in a place where I would not have ſtood ſtock-ſtill

For all beneath the moon.

As I advanced the crags ſeemed to cloſe in, but diſcovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them: I followed my guide a few paces, and the hills opened again into no large ſpace; and then all further way is barred by a ſtream that, at the height of about fifty feet, guſhes from a hole in the rock, and ſpreading in large ſheets over its broken front, daſhes from ſteep to ſteep, and then rattles away in a torrent down the valley: the rock on the left riſes perpendicular, with ſtubbed yew-trees and ſhrubs ſtarting from its ſides, to the height of at leaſt 300 feet; but theſe are not the thing: it is the rock to the right, under which you ſtand to ſee the fall, that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very baſe it begins to ſlope forward over you in one black or ſolid maſs without any crevice in its ſurface, and overſhadows half the area below its dreadful canopy; when I ſtood at (I believe) four yards diſtant from its foot, the drops which perpetually diſtil from its brow, fell on my head; and in one part of its top, more expoſed to the weather, there are looſe ſtones that hang in the air, and threaten viſibly ſome idle ſpectator with inſtant deſtruction; it is ſafer to ſhelter yourſelf cloſe to its bottom, and truſt to the mercy of that enormous maſs, which nothing but an earthquake can ſtir. The gloomy uncomfortable

uncomfortable day well ſuited the ſavage aſpect of the place, and made it ſtill more formidable: I ſtayed there, not without ſhuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid; for the impreſſion will laſt for life. At the alehouſe where I dined in Malham, Vivares, the landſcape painter, had lodged for a week or more; Smith and Bellers had alſo been there, and two prints of Gordale have been engraved by them.

Oct. 14. Leaving my comfortable inn, to which I had returned from Gordale, I ſet out for Skipton, ſixteen miles. From ſeveral parts of the road, and in many places about Settle, I ſaw at once the three famous hills, of this country, Ingleborough, Pennygant, and Pendle; the firſt is eſteemed the higheſt, and their features not to be deſcribed, but by the pencil *.

Craven,

* Without the pencil nothing indeed is to be deſcribed with preciſion: and even then that pencil ought to be in the very hand of the writer, ready to ſupply with outlines every thing that his pen cannot expreſs by words. As far as language can deſcribe, Mr. Gray has, I think, puſhed its powers: for rejecting, as I before hinted every general unmeaning and hyperbolical phraſe, he has ſelected (both in this journal, and on other ſimilar occaſions) the plaineſt, ſimpleſt, and moſt direct terms: yet notwithſtanding his judicious care, in the uſe of theſe, I muſt own I feel them defective. They preſent me, it is true, with a picture of the ſame ſpecies, but not with the identical picture: my imagination receives clear and diſtinct, but not true and exact images. It may be aſked then, why am I entertained by well written deſcriptions? I anſwer, becauſe they amuſe rather than inform me; and becauſe, after I have ſeen the places deſcribed, they ſerve to recal to my memory the original ſcene, almoſt as well as the trueſt drawing or picture. In the meanwhile my mind is flattered by thinking it has acquired ſome conception of the place, and reſts contented in an innocent error, which nothing but ocular proof can detect, and which, when detected, does not diminiſh the pleaſure I had before received, but augments it by ſuperadding the charms of compariſon and verification; and herein I would place the real and only merit of verbal proſe deſcription. To ſpeak of poetical, would lead me beyond the limits as well as purpoſe of this note. I cannot, however, help adding that I have ſeen one piece of verbal deſcription, which completely ſatisfies me, becauſe it is throughout

Craven, after all, is an unpleaſing country when ſeen from a height; its valleys are chiefly wide, and either marſhy or incloſed paſture, with a few trees. Numbers of black cattle are fatted here, both of the Scotch breed, and a larger ſort of oxen with great horns. There is little cultivated ground, except a few oats.

Skipton, to which I went through Long-preſton and Gargrave, is a pretty large market-town, in a valley, with one very broad ſtreet gently ſloping downwards from the caſtle, which ſtands at the head of it. This is one of the good Counteſs's buildings*, but on old foundations; it is not very large, but of a handſome antique appearance, with round towers. A grand gateway, bridge, and moat, ſurrounded by many old trees. It is in good repair and kept up as the habitation of the Earl of Thanet, though he rarely comes thither: what with the ſleet, and a fooliſh diſpute about chaiſes, that delayed me, I did not ſee the inſide of it, but went

throughout aſſiſted by maſterly delineation. It is compoſed by the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, of Cheam in Surry; and contains, among other places, an account of the very ſcenes, which, in this tour, our author viſited. This gentleman poſſeſſing the conjoined talents of a writer and deſigner, has employed them in this manuſcript to every purpoſe of picturеſque beauty, in the deſcription of which a correct eye, a practiſed pencil, and an eloquent pen could aſſiſt him. He has, conſequently, produced a work unique in its kind at once. But I have ſaid it is in manuſcript, and, I am afraid, likely to continue ſo; for would his modeſty permit him to print it, the great expence of plates would make its publication almoſt impracticable.

[This excellent note ſeems to contain the juſteſt criticiſm on the nature and powers of *verbal deſcription*, as applied to *landſcapes* and *proſpects*. And now that the reader has gone through our author's ſpecimens of it in the foregoing *Guide*, if it appear, that he has not availed himſelf of theſe precepts as much as he might have done, he may make a ſcrutiny into his errors, a critical leſſon, in the next degree uſeful to inſtructions derived from ſuch examples as Mr. Gray's; and thus reap improvement, as well as amuſement, from the efforts of a haſty and redundant pen. ——Mr. Gilpin's tour is now publiſhed.]

* Anne Counteſs of Pembroke and Montgomery.

went on fifteen miles to Otley; firſt up Shode-bank, the ſteepeſt hill I ever ſaw a road carried over in England, for it mounts in a ſtraight line (without any other repoſe for the horſes than by placing ſtones every now and then behind the wheels) for a full mile; then the road goes on a level along the brow of this high hill over Rumbald-moor, till it gently deſcends into Wharldale, ſo they call the vale of the Wharf, and a beautiful vale it is, well wooded, well cultivated, well inhabited, but with high crags at a diſtance, that border the green country on either hand; through the midſt of it, deep, clear, and full to the brink, and of no inconſiderable breadth, runs in long windings the river. How it comes to paſs that it ſhould be ſo fine and copious a ſtream here, and at Tadcaſter, (ſo much lower) ſhould have nothing but a wide ſtony channel without water, I cannot tell you. I paſſed through Long-Addingham, Ilkeley (pronounced Eecly) diſtinguiſhed by a lofty brow of looſe rocks, to the right; Burkley, a neat and pretty village among trees; on the oppoſite ſide of the river lay Middleton-lodge, belonging to a catholic gentleman of that name; Weſton, a venerable ſtone fabrick, with large offices, of Mr. Vavaſour, the meadows in front gently deſcending to the water, and behind a great and ſhady wood; Farnley (Mr. Fawke's) a place like the laſt, but larger, and riſing higher on the ſide of the hill. Otley is a large airy town, with clean, but low ruſtic buildings, and a bridge over the Wharf; I went into its ſpacious Gothic church, which has been new roofed, with a flat ſtucco-ceiling; in a corner of it is the monument of Thomas Lord Fairfax, and Helen Aſke, his Lady, deſcended from the Cliffords and Latimers, as her epitaph ſays; the figures (which are not ill-cut, particularly his in armour, but bare-headed) lie on the tomb. I take them to be the parents of the famous Sir Thomas Fairfax.

ARTICLE IV.

ODE TO THE SUN,

BY MR. CUMBERLAND, PUBLISHED IN 1776.

SOUL of the world, refulgent Sun,
Oh take not from my raviſht ſight
Thoſe golden beams of living light,
Nor, 'ere thy daily courſe be run,
Precipitate the night.
Lo, where the ruffian clouds ariſe,
Uſurp the abdicated ſkies,
And ſeize the ætherial throne;
Sullen ſad the ſcene appears,
Huge Helvellyn ſtreams with tears!
Hark, 'tis giant Skiddaw's groan,
I hear terrific Lowdore roar;
The Sabbath of thy reign is o'er,
The anarchy's begun;
Father of light, return; break forth, refulgent ſun!

What if the rebel blaſt ſhall rend
Theſe nodding horrors from the mountain's brow——
Hither thy glad deliverance ſend,
Ah ſave the votariſt, and accept the vow!
And ſay, thro' thy diurnal round,
Where, great Spectator, haſt thou found
Such ſolemn ſoul-inviting ſhades,
Ghoſtly dells, religious glades?
Where Penitence may plant its meek abode,
And hermit Meditation meet its God.

Now by the margin of yon glaſſy deep
My penſive vigils let me keep;
There, by force of Runic ſpells,
Shake the grot where Nature dwells:

And

And in the witching hour of night,
Whilſt thy pale ſiſter lends her ſhadowy light,
Summon the naked wood-nymphs to my ſight.

Trembling now with giddy tread,
Preſs the moſs on Gowdar's head;
But lo, where ſits the bird of Jove,
Couch'd in his eyrie far above;
Oh, lend thine eye, thy pinion lend,
Higher, yet higher let me ſtill aſcend:
'Tis done; my forehead ſmites the ſkies,
To the laſt ſummit of the cliff I riſe;
I touch the ſacred ground,
Where ſtep of man was never found;
I ſee all Nature's rude domain around.

Peace to thy empire, queen of calm deſires,
Health crown thy hills, and plenty robe thy vales;
May thy groves wave untouch'd by waſteful fires,
Nor commerce crowd thy lakes with ſordid ſails!

Preſs not ſo faſt upon my aching ſight
Gigantic ſhapes, nor rear your heads ſo high,
As if ye meant to war againſt the ſky,
Sons of old Chaos and primæval Night.
Such were the heights enſhrined Bruno trod,
When on the cliffs he hung his tow'ring cell,
Amongſt the clouds aſpired to dwell,
And half aſcended to his God.
The prim canal, the level green,
The cloſe-clipt hedge that bounds the flouriſht ſcene,
What rapture can ſuch forms impart,
With all the ſpruce impertinence of art?

Ye pageant ſtreams, that roll in ſtate
By the vain windows of the great,
Reſt on your muddy ooze, and ſee

Old majeſtic Derwent force
His independent courſe,
And learn of him and nature to be free:
And you, triumphal arches, ſhrink,
Ye temples, tremble, and ye columns, ſink!
One nod from Wallow's craggy brow
Shall cruſh the dome
Of ſacerdotal Rome,
And lay her glittering gilded trophies low.

Now downward as I bend my eye,
What is that atom I eſpy,
That ſpeck in nature's plan?
Great Heaven! is that a man?
And hath that little wretch its cares,
Its freaks, its follies, and its airs;
And do I hear the inſect ſay,
"My lakes, my mountains, my domain?"
O weak, contemptible, and vain!
The tenant of a day.
Say to old Skiddaw, "Change thy place."
Heave Helvellyn from his baſe,
Or bid impetuous Derwent ſtand
At the proud waving of a maſter's hand.

Now with ſilent ſtep, and ſlow,
Deſcend, but firſt forbear to blow,
Ye felon winds let diſcord ceaſe,
And nature ſeal an elemental peace:
Huſh, not a whiſper here,
Beware, for Echo on the watch
Sits with erect and liſtening ear
The ſecrets of the ſcene to catch.
Then ſwelling as ſhe rolls around
The hoarſe reverberated ſound,
With loud repeated ſhocks
She beats the looſe impending rocks,

Tears

Tears down the fragments big with death,
And hurls it thundering on the wretch beneath.

Not ſo the Naiad *, ſhe defies
The faithleſs echo, and with yelling cries
Howls on the ſummit of rude Lowdore's brow;
Then with a deſperate leap
Springs from the rocky ſteep,
And runs enamour'd to the lake below.
So the Cambrian minſtrel ſtood
Bending o'er old Conway's flood,
White as foam his ſilver beard,
And loud and ſhrill his voice was heard;
All the while down Snowden's ſide,
Winding ſlow in dread array,
He ſaw the victor king purſue his way;
Then fearleſs ruſh'd into the foaming tide,
Curſ'd him by all his idol gods, and died.

Ah! where is he that ſwept the ſounding lyre,
And while he touch'd the maſter ſtring,
Bad *ruin ſeize the ruthleſs king*,
With all a prophet's fire?
Mourn him, ye naiads, and ye wood-nymps mourn,
But chiefly ye, who rule o'er Keſwick's vale,
Your viſitor bewail,
And pluck freſh laurels for his hallow'd urn;
He ſaw your ſcenes in harmony divine,
On him indulgent ſuns could ſhine,
Me turbid ſkies and threat'ning clouds await,
Emblems, alas! of my ignoble fate.

But ſee the embattled vapours break,
Diſperſe and fly,
Poſting like couriers down the ſky;
The grey rock glitters in the glaſſy lake;

* This alludes to the great water-fall at Lowdore.

And now the mountain tops are ſeen
Frowning amidſt the blue ſerene;
The variegated groves appear,
Deckt in the colours of the waning year;
And, as new beauties they unfold,
Dip their ſkirts in beaming gold,
Thee ſavage Wyburn, now I hail,
Delicious Graſmere's calm retreat,
And ſtately Windermere I greet,
And Keſwick's ſweet fantaſtic vale:
But let her naiads yield to thee,
And lowly bend the ſubject knee,
Imperial lake of Patrick's dale*:
For neither Scottiſh Lomond's pride,
Nor ſmooth Killarney's ſilver tide,
Nor ought that learned Pouſſin drew,
Or daſhing Roſa flung upon my view,
Shall ſhake thy ſovereign undiſturbed right,
Great ſcene of wonder and ſublime delight!

Hail to thy beams, O ſun! for this diſplay,
What, glorious orb, can I repay?
Not Memnon's coſtly ſhrine,
Not the white courſers of imperial Rome,
Nor the rich ſmoke of Perſia's hecatomb;
Such proud oblations are not mine;
Nor thou my ſimple tribute ſhall refuſe,
The thanks of an unproſtituted muſe;
And may no length of ſtill returning day
Strike from thy forehead one refulgent ray;
But let each tuneful, each attendent ſphere,
To lateſt time thy ſtated labours chear,
And with new Pœans crown the finiſht year.

ARTICLE

* This alludes to the great lake of Ulls-water, ſituate in Patterdale, i. e. Patrick's dale, a ſcene of grandeur and ſublimity far ſuperior in my opinion to the lake of Keſwick.

ARTICLE V.

A DESCRIPTION OF

DUNALD-MILL-HOLE,

By Mr. A. W.

TAKEN FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1760.

Lancaſter, Auguſt 26, 1760.

LAST Sunday I viſited a cavern about five miles from hence, near the road to Kirkby-Lonſdale, called Dunald-mill-hole, a curioſity, I think, inferior to none of the kind in Derbyſhire, which I have alſo ſeen. It is on the middle of a large common, and we are led to it by a brook, near as big as the new river, which after turning a corn-mill, juſt at the entrance of the cave, runs in at its mouth by ſeveral beautiful caſcades, continuing its courſe two miles under a large mountain, and at laſt making its appearance again near Carnforth, a village in the road to Kendal. The entrance of this ſubterraneous channel has ſomething moſt pleaſingly horrible in it.—From the mill at the top, you deſcend for about ten yards perpendicular, by means of chinks in the rocks, and ſhrubs of trees; the road is then almoſt parallel to the horizon, leading to the right, a little winding, till you have ſome hundreds of yards thick of rocks and minerals above you. In this manner we proceeded, ſometimes through vaults ſo capacious, we could not ſee either roof or ſides; and ſometimes on all four, from its narrowneſs, ſtill following the brook, which entertained us with a ſort of harmony well ſuiting the place; for the different height of its falls were as ſo many keys of muſic, which all being conveyed to us by the amazing echo, greatly added to the majeſtic horror which ſurrounded us. In our return we were more particular in our obſervations. The beautiful lakes (formed by the brook in the hollow part of the cavern) realize the fabulous Styx; and the murmuring falls from one rock to another broke the rays of our candles,

ſo as to form the moſt romantic vibrations and appearances upon the variegated roof. The ſides too are not leſs remarkable for fine colouring; the damp, the creeping vegetables, and the ſeams in the marble and limeſtone parts of the rock, make as many tints as are ſeen in the rainbow, and are covered with a perpetual varniſh from the juſt weeping ſprings that trickle from the roof. The curious in grottos, caſcades, &c. might here obtain a juſt taſte of nature. When we arrived at the mouth, and once more hailed all-chearing daylight, I could not but admire the uncouth manner in which nature has thrown together thoſe huge rocks, which compoſe the arch over the entrance, but as if conſcious of its rudeneſs, ſhe has cloathed it with trees and ſhrubs of the moſt various and beautiful verdure, which bend downwards, and with their leaves cover all the rugged parts of the rock.

As I never met with an account of this place in any other author, I therefore think it the greater curioſity; but its obſcure ſituation I take to be the reaſon.

[Parties, returning from the tour of the lakes to Lancaſter, who chuſe to ſee the above natural curioſity, muſt leave the Lancaſter road to the left, at the guide-poſt, for Kellet, about 4 miles from Burton. When in the village (a mile farther on) enquire for the road to the mill, which is then near 2 miles diſtant. Perhaps, when arrived at the cavern, if the traveller ſhould not think it *equal to his expectation and trouble*, it may yield him ſome compenſation to enjoy one of the beſt proſpects in the country, which is then about a mile off. Though hitherto unnoticed, a good deal, I think, might be juſtly ſaid in its praiſe; but previous deſcription is generally more tireſome than welcome.—To find this view, proceed eaſtward, in the direction of the laſt lane leading to the mill, to the top of the higheſt riſe that you will ſee on the common before you, and you will be at the ſtation. A very little to the eaſt, you will ſee a good road on the moor leading to Lancaſter, diſtant about 4 miles, and the ride will ſoon entertain with ſeveral agreeable objects on the banks of the Lune.]

ARTICLE

ARTICLE VI.

A DESCRIPTION

OF SOME NATURAL CURIOSITIES IN THE WESTERN EDGE OF YORKSHIRE, BY MR. ADAM WALKER, LECTURER IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. TAKEN FROM THE GENERAL EVENING POST, SEPT. 25, 1779.

SIR,

I Here ſend you an account of a tour I made ſome time ago, through the mountains and caverns near Settle, which I think no way inferior to thoſe of Derbyſhire.

Nigh the Chapel in the dale, on the north ſide of Ingleborough, I met with three caverns that are totally unlike any in this iſland, tho' caverns are common in all limeſtone countries. The firſt (nigh the chapel) is a pit ſinking from an even ſurface about forty yards into the ground, and is about the ſame number of yards in diameter. At the bottom is a deep pool of water, from whence iſſues a ſubterraneous brook, but through ſo narrow a paſſage, that in wet weather, the cavern fills up, and overflows its brim.—A quarter of a mile above this is another pit, of a paralellopiped form, being a chaſm between two perpendicular rocks, and tho' upwards of forty yards deep, one may eaſily leap over it. It ſeems one of thoſe breaks, or faults (as miners call 'em) where the regular ſtrata have been broken, and one part of them has ſunk below the other; for the bands of rock lie pretty horizontal, and in their fiſſures are found foſſils of very curious genera, ſhells, fiſh-bones, pipy-flints, with concretes of ſhells, ſtones, moſs, and other vegetables, in one maſs. Small ſcrew-like cylinders, ſome with holes through, which all effervеſce with an acid, and creep in a plate filled with vinegar, like thoſe found near Carrickfergus, in Ireland, by the diſcharge of their fixt air.

But

But a couple of hundred yards above this another cavern opens, much more aſtoniſhing than the others. The firſt approach to this preſents a perpendicular deſcent from nearly a level ſurface, beautifully bordered with trees and ſhrubs, which nature ſeems to have meant as a guard as well as beauty. On one ſide you may deſcend, by crawling from one broken ſtratum of rock to another, till you are twenty yards beneath the ſurface: in the deſcent one may reſt between the projecting parts of the rock, or creep many yards horizontally between them, where we ſhall find the rocks and ſtones encruſted with ſpar, and the cavernous parts filled with petrifactions, in the ſhape of ſhells, moſs, icicles, &c. Moſt of the ſparry and roof incruſtations, I take to be the fine particles of the limeſtone diſſolved by the rain water, in its deſcent through the rocks, which ſinking ſlowly through the roof of theſe caverns, the water evaporates, and leaves the fine particles of ſtone to concrete behind; forming hollow conic figures on the roof; or if they fall on the bottom of the cavern, form thoſe knobs of calcarious foſſil, which, cut off horizontally, are poliſhed into curiouſly variegated ſlabs. That the ſame impregnated waters falling on ſhells, fiſh-bones, &c. ſhould in time diſplace the calcarious matter of which theſe are naturally formed, and that theſe ſtony particles ſhould in time aſſume the ſame ſhape and form the ſhells, bones, ſnakes, &c. ſo commonly found in limeſtone countries, I cannot ſay I am ſo clear in.—May it not be that nature has ordained, that particles of ſuch and ſuch properties, meeting with a proper nidus in the bowels of the earth, and ſimilar to that in which they may aſſemble on the outſide of an animal, may run into the ſame forms, and amuſe us with the ſhape of cockles, limpets, ſnakes, &c. formed in the middle of rocks?

But to reſume our journey down this amazing cavern.—After deſcending from ledge to ledge in a retrograde motion, through arches of prodigious rocks, thrown together by the rude but awful hand of nature; at the depth of 70 yards

yards we ſee a parabolic caſcade, ruſhing from a hole nigh the ſurface, and falling the whole 70 yards, with a roar, which, reverberated by the rocks above, confounds and aſtoniſhes the moſt intrepid ear! The ſpray ariſing from this caſcade fills the whole cavern, and if the ſun happens to ſhine into it, generates a moſt vivid and ſurpriſing rainbow. Another caſcade, of not quite ſo great a fall, iſſues perpendicularly from a projecting rock with equal rapidity as the firſt, and is certainly a part of the ſame ſubterraneous brook; they fall together into a narrow pool at the bottom, which meaſures 37 yards in depth; and proceeding underground about a mile, break out, and form the large brook that runs by Ingleton, and from thence to the river Lune. In the time of great rains, the ſubterraneous channel that conveys away the water becomes too ſmall, and then the cavern fills to the depth of above 100 yards, and runs over at the ſurface.

To a mind capable of being impreſſed with the grand and ſublime of nature, this is a ſcene that inſpires a pleaſure chaſtiſed by aſtoniſhment! Perſonal ſafety alſo inſinuates itſelf into the various feelings, where both the eye and ear are ſo tremendouſly aſſailed.——To ſee as much water as would turn ſeveral mills, ruſh from a hole near 70 yards above the eye, in ſuch a projectile as ſhews its ſubterraneous fall to be very conſiderable before it enters the cavern; and to ſee the fine ſkirting of wood, with various fantaſtic roots and ſhrubs through a ſpray, enlivened by a perfect rainbow, ſo far above the eye, and yet within the earth, has ſomething more romantic and awful in it than any thing of the kind in the three kingdoms!

Aſcending from the dark excavations we found at the bottom of this dreary cavern, we once more bleſs ourſelves in broad day-light, and begin to mount the rugged ſides of frowning Ingleborough. Its top may have been a Roman ſtation for any thing I know; there are certainly the remains of a great circular ditch that incloſes the ſummit, but the extenſive

extenſive and variegated proſpect ſeduced me from conjectures and learned ſurmiſes. The ſouthern proſpect is a rugged barrier, that ſeems to turn the eye towards the fine plains of Lancaſhire and Cheſhire; with our glaſſes we could eaſily diſtinguiſh the Dee ſeparate the plain from the Welch mountains;—the fine indentations made by the bays of Liverpool and Preſton, lead the eye northward to that of Lancaſter, which appeared beneath our feet as a map, full of capes and inlets. But the ſea in front, and the Weſtmorland mountains to the right, make the ſublime of this proſpect;—before us the flat fields and woods inſenſibly melt into union with the ſea—while the black mountains frown over that element, and ſeem to ſpurn it from their feet. The Hill-bell, Langdale-pikes, Black-comb, &c. are eaſily diſtinguiſhed in this chaotic aſſemblage; while the coaſt of Galloway in Scotland, and the Iſle of Man, ſeem as clouds in the back-ground. The eaſt proſpect is a range of rich ſheep moors, of which Ingleborough appears the ſurly ſentry. In our road to Settle we met with the Ribble, which tumbles into a deep cavern, and is loſt in the bowels of the mountains for upwards of three miles, when it iſſues again into day-light, and with a continued roar makes its way to Settle. From hence I rode through a dreadful fog to Malm (or Malham) about ſix miles to the eaſt, and the road ending in a ſheep-track upon the high moors, was in much danger of loſing my way; but a blaſt of wind giving me a glimpſe of the vale, I got there very ſafe.

My firſt excurſion was to the *tarn*, (or little lake) ſkirted on one ſide by a peat bog, and rough limeſtone rocks, on the other; it abounds in fine trout, but has little elſe remarkable, except being the head of the river Air, which iſſuing from it, ſinks into the ground very near the lake, and appears again under the fine rock which faces the village. In the time of great rains this ſubterraneous paſſage is too narrow; the brook then makes its way over the top of the rock falling in a moſt majeſtic caſcade full 60 yards in one ſheet. This beautiful rock is like the age-tinted wall of a prodigious caſtle;

caſtle; the ſtone is very white, and from the ledges hang various ſhrubs and vegetables, which with the tints given it by the bog water, &c. gives it a variety that I never before ſaw ſo pleaſing in a plain rock. Gordale-ſcar was the object of this excurſion. My guide brought me firſt to a fine ſheet caſcade in a glen about half a mile below the ſcar, the rocks of a beautiful variegation and romantic ſhrubberry. We then proceeded up the brook, the pebbles of which I found incruſted with a ſoft petrify'd coating, calcarious, ſlimy, and of a light brown colour.—I ſaw the various ſtrata of the limeſtone mountains approach day-light in extenſive and ſtriking bands, running nearly horizontal, and a rent in them (from whence the brook iſſued) of perpendicular immence rocks:—on turning the corner of one of theſe, and ſeeing the rent complete —good heavens! what was my aſtoniſhment! The Alps, the Pyrenees, Killarney, Loch-Lomond, or any other wonder of the kind I had ever ſeen, do not afford ſuch a chaſm!—— Conſider your ſelf in a winding ſtreet, with houſes above an hundred yards high on each ſide of you;— then figure to yourſelf a caſcade ruſhing from an upper window, and tumbling over carts, waggons, fallen houſes, &c. in promiſcuous ruin, and perhaps a cockney idea may be formed of this tremendous cliff. But if you would conceive it properly, depend upon neither pen nor pencil, for 'tis impſſible for either to give you an adequate idea of it.—I can ſay no more than that I believe the rocks to be above 100 yards high, that in ſeveral places they project above 100 yards over their baſe, and approach the oppoſite rock ſo near that one would almoſt imagine it poſſible to lay a plank from one to the other. At the upper end of this rent (which may be about 300 yards horizontally long) there guſhes a moſt threatening caſcade though a rude arch of monſtrous rocks, and tumbling through many fantaſtic maſſes of its own forming, comes to a rock of entire petrifaction, down which it has a variety of picturesque breaks, before it enters a channel that conveys it pretty uniformly away.—I take theſe whimſical ſhapes to be the children of the ſpray, formed in droughty weather, when

when the water has time to evaporate, and leave the ſtony matter uninterrupted in its coheſion. Theſe petrifactions are very porous; crumbly when dry, and pulpy when wet, and ſhaped a good deal like crooked knotty wood.

I found here a ſtratum of white clay, perfectly free from grit, when tried by the teeth—it does not effervesce with an acid, nor diſſolve in water. When dry 'tis as white as this paper; light, cloſe, ſoapy, compact, and very hard. It appears to me like the petuntzee of the Chineſe, and though I have not tried it in the fire, believe it might be well worth the china or pot manufacturer's examination.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

ADAM WALKER.

No. 28. Haymarket, London,
September, 20*th*, 1779.

[It is apprehended the printer muſt have made a miſtake in the dimenſions of the natural curioſities at Chapel in the dale; if we read *feet*, inſtead of *yards*, we ſhall be much nearer the truth.

—There are ſeveral curious particulars relating to Ingleborough not mentioned in the above deſcription, which may be ſeen in an accurate account of this mountain, publiſhed in the *Annual Regiſter* for 1761.

The objects deſcribed in the above letter lie in the Yorkſhire road from Kendal to London, and may be beſt viſited from Kendal on your return from the lakes —The route will be thus. From Kendal to Kirkby-Lonſdale 12 miles. From thence to Ingleton 7 miles. From thence to Chapel in the dale 4 miles, where enquiry muſt be made for the curioſities in that neighbourhood.—Proceed from thence to Settle, by Horton 10 miles, which is 6 miles diſtant from Gordale-ſcar.]

ARTICLE

ARTICLE VII.

A TOUR TO THE CAVES,

IN THE

WEST-RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND*.

———————Of antres vaſt, and deſarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to ſpeak.

SHAKESPEARE'S OTHELLO, Act I.

SIR,

ACCORDING to promiſe, I ſit down to give you an account of our ſummer's excurſion.—After having made the tour of the lakes, we were induced to proceed from Kendal by Kirkby-Lonſdale, Ingleton, Chapel in the dale, Horton, and Settle, in order to ſee the caves and other natural curioſities in Craven in the Weſt-riding of Yorkſhire. This ſecond part of our tour was more entertaining to moſt of the party than the firſt, being peculiarly adapted to our taſte for natural hiſtory, for the great and ſublime. While ſome are pleaſed with the gay and beautiful, others are only to be rouſed and affected by the grand and terrible. The ſtrong and nervous ſenſations require objects proper for their gratification, no leſs than the moſt nice and delicate taſtes.—If elegant proſpects and the refinements of art are ſuited to *theſe*; the rough, irregular, and ſtupendous works of nature, are no leſs adapted to the enjoyments of the former. Objects accommodated

* This work, with the addition of ſome philoſophical conjectures on the deluge, remarks on the origin of fountains, and obſervations on the aſcent and deſcent of vapours, occaſioned by facts peculiar to the places viſited; alſo a gloſſary of old words uſed in the north of England; may be had of the publiſhers, price 1s. 6d.

commodated to the hardihood of a genius truly ſublime, are only to be met with in this iſland, among the wild and irregular mountains of the north, among the roaring cataracts that roll foaming down precipitate from their lofty ſummits, and the huge and dreary caverns, or profound and yawning chaſms they contain within their ſides:—it is here that nature delights, as it were, to perform her magnificent works in ſecret, ſilently ſatisfied with ſelf approbation.—As the moſt amuſing part of our tour, was in a country not much frequented by the curious and ſpeculative traveller, and never yet deſcribed to the public, an account of the objects we met with, may perhaps be not unentertaining: they may tend alſo to excite the curioſity of viſiting thoſe unfrequented, yet extraordinary parts of our own native country, and to communicate that rational pleaſure, which a benevolent mind wiſhes every one of the ſame ſentiments to partake of.

About ſix o'clock, one morning in June, we ſet off from Kendal, and after travelling about a dozen miles, along a good turnpike road over Endmoor, and Cowbrow, we arrived at Kirkby-Lonſdale ſoon after eight. About the mid-way we left the little ſteep white mountain, Farlton-knot, on the right about a mile. It is all compoſed of ſolid limeſtone, and is two or three hundred yards in height. Thoſe who have ſeen both, ſay, that on the weſt ſide it is very like the rock at Gibraltar. There were ſeveral good manſion houſes by the road ſide, which, at the begining of this century, were inhabited by a ſubſtantial ſet of yeomanry and country gentlemen, the moſt uſeful members of a community: they are now however moſtly let out to farmers; the deſire of improving their fortunes in trade, or the pleaſure of living in towns, have induced the owners to leave them:—reverſes of fortune or new attachments have cauſed many to ſell them, after they had been continued many centuries in their families. Kirkby-Lonſdale is a neat, well paved, clean town, ornamented with ſeveral genteel houſes, adjoining to ſome of which are elegant gardens. The houſes

are

are covered with blue ſlate, which has an agreeable effect on the eye of a ſtranger. A ſmall brook runs through the market ſtreet, which is uſeful and commodious to the inhabitants; afterwards it turns ſeveral mills in its ſteep deſcent to the river Lune. The church is a large and decent ſtructure. The roof is covered with lead, and ſupported by three rows of pillars. The ſteeple is a ſquare tower, containing ſix bells; the muſic of which we were entertained with at nine o'clock, they being played on by the chimes every three hours. Oppoſite to the church gates is the old hall, taken notice of one hundred and fifty years ago by drunken Barnaby in his *Itinerary*.—It is ſtill an inn, and no doubt keeps up its ancient character.

Veni Lonſdale, ubi cernam
Aulam factam in tabernam;
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,
Cyathi pleni, paucæ curæ;
Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
Curâ dignum, nihil vident.

I came to Lonſdale, where I ſtaid
At Hall, into a tavern made;
Neat gates, white walls, nought was ſparing,
Pots brimful, no thought of caring;
They eat, drink, laugh, are ſtill mirth making;
Nought they ſee that's worth care taking.

On our entrance into the church-yard we were ſtruck with the neatneſs and elegant ſimplicity of the vicarage houſe, which faced us. The pleaſant garden adjoining, ornamented with a neat octagonal ſummer-houſe, commanding one of the moſt delightful proſpects of nature, muſt render this ſweet retreat an happy abode to the worthy vicar.

We walked through the church-yard, which is large and ſpacious, along the margin of an high and ſteep bank, to a neat white manſion-houſe full in view, ſomewhat above half

a mile diſtant, called Underlay.—The proſpect was of the moſt amuſing kind. At the foot of the ſteep bank on which we walked, being about forty or fifty yards perpendicular, glided the large, pellucid river Lune, amongſt the rocks and pebbles, which amuſed the ear, whilſt the eye was entertaining itſelf with a vaſt variety of agreeable objects. A tranſparent ſheet of ſtill water about half a mile in length lay ſtretched out before us: at the high end of it was a groteſque range of impending rocks of red ſtone, about thirty yards in perpendicular height, which had an excellent effect in the ſcene, both by their colour and ſituation. We were told that in winter this precipice was in ſome parts ſo glazed over with ice, from the trickling water down the ſurface, as to make it appear like a ſheet of alabaſter. From other parts of the impending rocks hung great and enormous icicles, which made it appear like an huge organ.

After the eye had traverſed over a rich and fertile vale, variegated with woods and country houſes, the proſpect was terminated with a chain of lofty mountains, which run in a direction from ſouth to north, parallel to the courſe of the river. The neareſt were not above two or three miles off, and looked like the bold and ſurly ſentries of a legion, that ſeemed ſtationed beyond them. On our return we were amuſed with proſpects of a different nature. The church and town before us enlivened the ſcene: ſome mill-wheels, between them and the river, added an agreeable variety with their motion. The vale beneath ſeemed to dilate and expand itſelf; the few parts of it, which were viſible, afforded ſufficient ground to the imagination to conceive an aſſemblage of the moſt entertaining objects. Ingleborough, whoſe head was wrapt in a cloud, ſtood the fartheſt to the ſouth in the rank of mountains which faced us.

After breakfaſt, we walked by the ſide of the river to the bridge. The channel is deep, the ſtream rapid, among rocks, the banks on each ſide covered with trees of various foliage,

foliage, which ſerve both as a defence and ornament. The bridge is the moſt lofty, ſtrong, ancient, and ſtriking to the eye of a ſtranger, of any I have yet ſeen. It is built of freeſtone, has three arches, two large and one ſmaller; the height from the ſurface of the water to the top of the centre arch, except in a flood, is about twelve yards. The arches are of the ribbed ſort, which make the appearance the more groteſque. There is no memorial of its foundation; a negative argument of its vaſt antiquity. We were indeed amuſed with one anecdote of its founder, which ſeemed to be a remnant of the ancient mythology of the north, and one inſtance, among many, of eaſily accounting for any thing that is marvellous. The country people have a tradition, that it was built by the devil one night in windy weather; he had but one apron full of ſtones for the purpoſe, and unfortunately his apron-ſtring breaking as he flew with them over Caſterton-fell, he loſt many of them out, or the bridge would have been much higher.

From the top of the bridge the proſpect down the river is delightful; the ſides of the deep channel covered with trees, are nearly parallel for half a mile, and the water one continued ſurface, ſave here and there where a pointed rock lifts up its head above the ſtream. We walked down by the ſide of the river about a mile, and as we proceeded were continually preſented with new proſpects, while the ſoft murmurs of the river afforded a variety of different notes. The vale of Lonſdale dilating by degrees, preſented us in ſucceſſion with the different ſeats and villages that adorn it: Whittington and Arkholm to the weſt; Tunſtal, Melling, Hornby, and its caſtle, to the ſouth; and Leck to the eaſt. The brown and blue mountains of Burnmore, and Lyth-fell, terminated the view, which we could have wiſhed had extended ſtill farther to the ſouth. While we were ſelecting various objects for our amuſement, we ſuddenly and inſenſibly arrived at Overborough, the ſeat of Thomas Fenwick, Eſq. a modern houſe, and one of the largeſt and moſt elegant in

the county of Lancaſter, being ſituated on a riſing ground, though near the river Lune, its different fronts command all the delightful proſpects which the vale affords. During our excurſion through the gardens and pleaſure grounds adjoining, we were preſented with views of a different ſort to any we had hitherto enjoyed. Sometimes we were embowered with woods and lofty trees—nothing of the adjacent country to be ſeen, ſave here and there the blue peak of Ingleborough, or ſome neighbouring mountain, till we croſſed a broad viſta, which ſuddenly exhibited a new and unexpected ſcene of the winding vale beneath. A ſtranger in going from the hall to the gardens muſt be ſtruck with a ſurpriſe bordering on terror, on viewing the profound and gloomy glen by the ſide of his way. The trees which guard this ſteep bank prevent the eye from ſeeing the river Leck, which flows through a chaſm amongſt rocks at the bottom: imagination is left to conceive the cauſe of the deep and ſolemn murmurs beneath.

Our ideas of the beauties of art and nature were mellowed and refined by thoſe of venerable antiquity. We were now on claſſic ground; Overborough being moſt undoubtedly a Roman ſtation and garriſon, the *Bremetonacæ* of the emperor Antoninus, as may be collected from Tacitus, and other ancient writers. Bremetonacæ is placed twenty Roman, or eighteen Engliſh miles north of Coccium, or Ribcheſter; and twenty-ſeven Roman, or twenty-four Engliſh miles ſouth of Galacum, which ſome antiquaries conceive to be Apulby, though others, with more probability, think it was Brough. The diſtances correſpond, beſides the additional argument of their being nearly in the ſame direction, whether we conceive Galacum to be Apulby or Brough. The Roman road is eaſily traced from Ribcheſter into Yorkſhire, running on the north ſide of Slaidburn, through Croſſa Greta, then on the north ſide of Tatham chapel, through Bentham, to Overborough*.

Afterwards

* A full account of the antiquities of Bremetonacæ, or Overborough, may be ſeen in a quarto volume publiſhed by Richard Rauthmell.

Afterwards the Roman road goes through Caſterton, and Middleton, and as ſome think, by Borough-bridge, and Orton, to Apulby. Others, and perhaps from better reaſons, are of opinion, the road went by Sedbergh, or Sedburg*, over Blewcaſter, along Ravenſtonedale-ſtreet, and through Kirkby-Stephen, to Brough, or Burgh. For Antoninus's tenth *Itinerary* runs from Glanoventa, or Lancheſter, in the county of Durham, by Galacum, Bremetonacæ, Coccium, Mancunium, or Manchester, to Glenoventa, or Draton, in the county of Salop. In various places by the ſide of this road are high artificial mounts of earth, which were without doubt the ſtation of centinels, to prevent any inſurrections, or being ſurpriſed by an enemy: they may be now ſeen entire at Burton in Lonſdale, Overborough, Kirkby-Lonſdale, and Sedbergh. There are ſeveral lateral ones, as at Lunebridge near Hornby, at Melling, and Wennington. On our return we had the bridge full in view moſt of the way: its antiquity and greatneſs made its preſence venerable and reſpected. About a furlong before we arrived at the bridge, the town of Kirkby-Lonſdale appeared in a point of view peculiarly pleaſing. The high walls of a gentleman's garden, which were between us and the town, made it like a fenced city in miniature; the tower ſteeple of the church riſing proudly eminent above the blue ſlated houſes, with which it was on every ſide ſurrounded.

† We mounted our horſes at the bridge, about eleven o'clock, having ordered them down thither in order to ſave half an hour in going up the town for them. We travelled

 near

* *Cheſter*, or *Caſter*, is derived from the Latin word *caſtrum*, or *camp*. *Street* is derived from the Latin word *ſtratum*, or *military road*, or *cauſeway*. *Borough* or *Burgh*, from the Greek word *purgos*, or *watch tower*.

† If the traveller is diſtreſſed for time, and has no inclination to take a ſecond view of the river Lune and its environs, he may order his horſe to be ſent to Cowan-bridge, and walk through the park of Borough-hall, where he may be entertained with a variety of other proſpects.

near the bottoms of the mountains, on the ſide of Lonſdale, along the turnpike road, about an hour, being in three counties in that ſhort interval, Weſtmorland, Lancaſhire, and Yorkſhire, and amidſt a variety of entertaining proſpects. The number of ſmall carts laden with coals, and each dragged by one ſorry horſe, that we met, was ſurpriſing to a ſtranger. Many of the ſmaller farmers, betwixt Kirkby-Lonſdale and Kendal, earn their bread with carrying coals, during moſt part of the year, from the pits at Ingleton, Black-Burton, or properly Burton in Lonſdale, to Kendal, and the neighbouring places, for fuel, and burning lime, in order to manure their land. Theſe beds of coal, we were informed, are ſix or ſeven feet in thickneſs. A ſteam-engine was erected at Black-Burton, more commodiouſly to work their beſt collieries. A ſurvey was lately ſubſcribed for to be made, in order to have a canal from theſe pits to Lancaſter, where coals might be exported; as alſo to Kendal and Settle, which are towns much in want of fuel.

After we had got about ſix miles from Kirkby-Lonſdale, to a public houſe called Thornton-church-ſtile, we ſtopped to procure a guide, candles, lanthorn, tinder-box, &c. for the purpoſe of ſeeing Yordas-cave, in the vale of Kingſdale, about four miles off. By the advice of a friend, we took alſo with us a baſket of proviſions, which we found afterwards were of real ſervice. When we had gone about a mile, we were entertained with a fine caſcade, called Thornton-force, near ſome ſlate quarries, made by the river iſſuing out of Kingſdale. This cataract had ſome features different to any we had yet ſeen among the lakes; but which greatly conduced to render it peculiarly engaging. Part of the river tumbled with impetuoſity from the top of a ſtratum of huge rocks, perpendicularly about 20 yards: another part of it, in ſearch of a nearer and leſs violent courſe, had diſcovered a ſubterranean paſſage, and guſhed out of the ſide of the precipice; when they immediately again united their ſtreams in a large, round, deep, and black baſon at the bottom. From the margin

margin of this pool the view may be taken to the greateſt advantage: the high rock on the ſouth and oppoſite ſide, about half a dozen yards higher than the caſcade, and mantled with ſhrubs and ivy, leaves nothing on that hand for the imagination to ſupply. If the archetype was not in being it might be thought the ſubterranean ſtream was added to the picture, by the ingenuity of the artiſt, in order to give a finiſhing ſtroke to the beauty of the ſcene. This little river is worthy the company of the curious touriſt for about a mile along its courſe through a deep groteſque glen, fortified on each ſide by ſteep or impending high rocks. About a mile higher we came to the head of the river, which iſſues from one fountain called Keld's-head *, to all appearance more copious than St. Winifred's-well, in Flintſhire; though there is a broken, ſerpentine, irregular channel, extending to the top of the vale, down which a large ſtream is poured from the mountains in rainy weather. We now found ourſelves in the midſt of a ſmall valley about three miles long, and ſomewhat more than half a mile broad; the moſt extraordinary of any we had yet ſeen: it was ſurrounded on all ſides by high mountains, ſome of them the loftieſt of any in England,—Whernſide to the ſouth-eaſt, and Gragareth to the north. There was no deſcent from this vale, except the deep chaſm where we ſaw the caſcade. It ſeemed opened in ſome diſtant age, either by the gradual effect of the waſhing of the river, or ſome violent and extraordinary flood, burſting open the rugged barrier that pent it up: the vale above has all the appearance of having been once a lake, from the flatneſs of its ſurface, and its rich ſoil, like a ſediment ſubſided on the bottom of a ſtagnant water. We were informed, that the ſubterranean caſcade beneath, juſt now mentioned, has but lately made its appearance, and is every day more and more enlarging. We were quite ſecluded from the world, not an habitation for man in view,

* *Keld* ſeems the ancient Saxon or Britiſh word for *ſpring* or *fountain*, and is often made uſe of in that ſenſe in theſe parts of Yorkſhire.

but a lonely ſhepherd's houſe, with a little wood, and a few incloſures near it, called Breada-garth: it is on the north ſide of an high mountain, ſeldom viſited by man, and never by the ſun for near half a year. The ſhepherd, its ſolitary inhabitant, with longing eyes looks for returning verdure, when the ſun begins to throw his benign rays on the ſolitary abode. No monk or anchoret could deſire a more retired ſituation for his cell, to moralize on the vanity of the world, or diſappointed lover to bewail the inconſtancy of his nymph. The ſoil ſeemed the deepeſt and richeſt, in ſome parts of this vale, of any we had ever obſerved, and no doubt is capable of great improvement. We could not but lament, that inſtead of peopling the wilds and deſarts of North America, our fellow ſubjects had not peopled the fertile waſtes of the north of England. We have ſince indeed been informed that a plan is in agitation for having it incloſed, when no doubt but it will ſupport ſome ſcores of additional families. While we were muſing on the many bad effects of peopling diſtant countries, and neglecting our own, we arrived at the object of this excurſion, Yordas-cave: it is almoſt at the top of the vale, on the north-weſt ſide of it, under the high mountain Gragareth. We diſcovered it by ſome ſheep-folds at the mouth of a rugged gill or glen, in which we ſafely pent up our horſes. In rainy ſeaſons we were told a copious ſtream is poured down this gill, and a caſcade falls over the very entrance into the cave, ſo as to prevent any further approach. We however were favoured by the weather, and met with no obſtacle of that nature to ſtop our ingreſs, but boldly entered a large aperture to the left, into the ſide of the mountain, like the great door of ſome cathedral. Having never been in a cave before, a thouſand ideas, which had been for many years dormant, were excited in my imagination on my entrance into this gloomy cavern. Several paſſages out of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*, *Virgil*, and other claſſics, crowded into my mind together. At one time I thought it like the den where Cadmus met the huge ſerpent.

Silva

Silva vetus ſtabat, nullâ violata ſecuri;
Eſt ſpecus in medio virgis ac vimine denſus,
Efficiens humilem lapidum compagibus arcum;
Uberibus fœcundus aquis. Hoc conditus antro
Martius anguis erat.

Ovid's Met. *B.* 3. *Fab.* 1.

Within this vale there roſe a ſhady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark boſom ſtood
A buſhy thicket, pathleſs and unworn,
O'er run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidſt the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and ſhelving arches vaulted round;
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay.

Addiſon.

Indeed there wanted nothing but an ancient wood, to make one believe that Ovid had taken from hence his lively deſcription.

As we advanced within this *antre vaſt*, and the gloom and horror increaſed, the den of Cacus, and the cave of Poliphemus, came into my mind. I wanted nothing but a Sybil conductreſs with a golden rod, to imagine myſelf like Æneas, going into the infernal regions*. The roof was ſo high, and the bottom and ſides ſo dark, that with all the light we could procure from our candles and torches, we were not able to ſee the dimenſions of this cavern. The light we had, ſeemed only darkneſs viſible, and would ſerve a timid ſtranger, alone, and ignorant of his ſituation,

To conceive things monſtrous, and worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and chimeras dire.

Milton.

The

* See *Virgil's Æneid*, L. 3. l. 616. and L. 6. l. 205. and L. 6. l. 234.

The height of this cave was ſome where between a dozen and twenty yards, the breadth about the ſame dimenſion with the height, and the length at leaſt fifty or ſixty yards. Some of the party, who had ſeen both, thought it much more ſtupendous and magnificent than the famous Peak's-hole, in Derbyſhire.

Having paſſed a ſmall brook, which one of the party called the Stygian lake, we came to the weſtern ſide of the cave. It is a ſolid perpendicular rock of black marble, embelliſhed with many rude ſketches, and names of perſons now long forgotten, the dates of ſome being above two hundred years old. After we had proceeded thirty or forty yards northward, paſt ſome huge rocks that had ſome time fallen from the roof or ſide, and arrived at a colonade of rude moſſy pillars, ſtanding obliquely on their baſes, the road divided itſelf into two parts, but not like that of Æneas, when deſcending into the realms of Pluto;

Hâc inter Elyſium nobis; at læva malorum
Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartarus mittit.
Virgil's Æneid, *B.* 6. *l.* 542.

'Tis here in different paths the way divides;
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides:
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus deſcends;
The ſeat of night profound, and puniſh'd fiends.

No, they both had a divine tendency: on the right was the biſhop's throne, and on the left the chapter-houſe, ſo called from their reſemblance to theſe appendages of a cathedral. Here we could not but lament the devaſtation made in the ornaments of theſe ſacred places; ſome Goths, not long ſince, having defaced both throne and chapter-houſe of their pendent petrified works, which had been ſome ages in forming. The little caſcades which fell in various places from the roof

and

and sides with different trilling notes, served to entertain the ear with their watery music; while the eye was busy in amusing itself with the curious reflections which were made by our lights from the streams and petrifactions which appeared all around us. We were told by our guide, what a great effect the discharge of a gun or pistol would have upon our ears: but not being desirous to carry our experimental philosophy so far as to endanger or to give pain to the organs of hearing, we were not disappointed in having no apparatus for the purpose. We followed a winding passage amongst high and grotesque pillars, being led by the noise of a falling stream, till we arrived at the chapter-house. From the dome of this natural edifice fell a fine and clear cascade into a bason of transparent water, which served in a peculiar manner to embellish the works of nature, in a stile superior to any thing we can have in those of art. We were shewn a low and narrow passage on one of the shelves of the rock near the chapter-house, which we were informed led to a wider path, extending itself into the heart of the mountain; but our curiosity was satisfied without crawling among the rocks besmeared with slime and mud.

If we had not been cautioned to beware of coming out too suddenly, lest the quick transition from the dreary gloom of the cavern into the glare of sunshine should injure the sense of seeing, the curiosity for exploring every part in our return, now when our eyes were more opened, was sufficient to retard our steps, and prevent a too hasty egress. While we were regaling ourselves with the provisions we had brought, we enquired of our guide, if he could furnish us with any curious anecdotes relative to this cave. After informing us that it had been alternately the habitation of giants and fairies, as the different mythology prevailed in the country; he mentioned two circumstances we paid some attention to. About fifty or sixty years ago, a madman escaped from his friends at or near Ingleton, and lived here a week in the winter season, having had the precaution to take off a cheese, and

and ſome other proviſions, to his ſubterranean hermitage. As there was ſnow on the ground, he had the cunning of Cacus, (ſee *Virgil's Æneid*, L. 8. l. 209) to pull the heels off his ſhoes, and ſet them on inverted at the toes, to prevent being traced: an inſtance, among many others, of a madman's reaſoning juſtly on ſome detached part of an abſurd plan, or hypotheſis. Since that time, he told us, a poor woman big with child, travelling alone up this inhoſpitable vale, to that of Dent, was taken in labour, and found dead in this cave.

We now proceeded to examine the pits and chaſms apparently cauſed by the water after it has run through the cave: we aſcended the hill a little higher to view the gill above the cave: a ſtream of water flowed down it, which entering an aperture in the rock, we could ſee deſcend from ſteep to ſteep a conſiderable way. We made no doubt but it was the ſame ſtream which afterwards falls down through the roof of the chapter-houſe. Here was alſo a quarry of black marble, of which elegant monuments, chimneys, ſlabs, and other pieces of furniture, are made by a Mr. Tomlinſon, at Burton in Lonſdale; when poliſhed, this marble appears to be made up of entrochi, and various parts of teſtaceous and piſcoſous reliques.

We were perſuaded to climb up to the top of the baſe of Gragareth, the mountain in whoſe ſide Yordas is ſituated, in order to ſee Gingling-cave. It is on the edge of the flat baſe of the mountain, on a green plain by the ſide of a brook, looking down into the vale, Ingleborough appearing a little to the left or north-eaſt of Breada-garth, which was almoſt oppoſite. This natural curioſity is a round aperture; narrow at the top, but moſt probably dilating in its dimenſions to a profound extent. The ſtones we threw in made an hollow gingling noiſe for a conſiderable time. At intervals we could hear nothing of their deſcent, then again we heard them reſound in deeper keys, till they were either immerſed in ſome deep pool or were arrived at too great a diſtance to be heard; for

for there ſeemed a variety of different paſſages for their deſcent, ſome being much ſooner intercepted in their career than others. Two dogs that were with us, and a ſmall horſe brought up by one of the party, ſeemed violently agitated, and under fearful trepidations, under horrors reſembling thoſe we are told the animal creation are ſeized with, preceding or during an earthquake. Though our reaſon convinced us of the impoſſibility of the ground falling in beneath us, we could not but feel many apprehenſions, accompanied with ſenſations hitherto unknown. We could not learn that any ſwain had ever been adventrous enough to be let down in ropes into this vaſt hiatus, to explore thoſe unſeen regions, either from a principle of curioſity, or to ſearch for hidden mines. We were informed of ſome other openings into this mountain of a like kind with Gingling-cave, but being at a diſtance and of an inferior nature, we returned to Yordas for our horſes, which we had pent up in the ſheep-folds; and proceeding down the vale, we croſſed over it at the bottom to Twiſleton, and ſoon arived at Ingleton.

* After we had regaled and refted ourſelves comfortably at the Bay-horſe, we took an evening walk about a mile above the town, to the ſlate quarries by the ſide of the river Weaſe, or Greta, which comes down out of Chapel in the dale, and joins the Kingſdale river at Ingleton. Here we had objects both of art and nature to amuſe ourſelves with; on one hand was a precipice ten or twelve yards perpendicular, made by the labour of man, being a quarry of fine large blue ſlate, affording

* If the touriſt would proceed immediately to Chapel in the dale, he may go either below Breada-garth to Twiſleton, and then turn up the vale to Chapel in the dale; or, which is a nearer road, he may croſs Kingſdale above Breada-garth and aſcend the mountain, purſuing a rough and not well defined road, taking care to keep on the ſouth-weſt ſide of a ſwamp, near an hill, or heap of ſtones, called an hurder, on the baſe of Whernſide, and then to turn round the weſt corner of the mountain: afterwards he muſt turn his courſe eaſterly along the baſe of the mountain till he comes to ſome lanes, any of which will lead him by ſome houſes down to the chapel in the middle of the vale between Whernſide and Inglebourgh.

affording an uſeful and ornamental cover for the houſes in the adjoining parts of Yorkſhire, Lancaſhire, and Weſtmorland: on the other hand was the river rolling down from rock to rock in a narrow deep chaſm, where there was no room for human foot to tread between the ſtream and the rugged, high, ſteep rocks on each ſide. Several pieces of the ſlate were beſpangled with yellow marcaſites of a cubic form, and different ſizes, others were gilded over with the various foliages of ferns, pines, oaks, and other vegetables. This bed of ſlate runs nearly from ſouth to north by this place and the quarry near Thornton-force. Its length may be traced two or three miles, though but 200 or 300 yards in breadth, and indeed of good ſlate but a few yards broad: the plain of the ſtratum is nearly perpendicular to the horizon, and may afford matter of ſpeculation to the natural philoſopher, as to its cauſe, whether from ſome melted and liquid matter being forced up there at the deluge, or ſome ſubſequent volcano; as it is limeſtone rock on both the eaſt and weſt ſide of it, and apparently ſevered aſunder by the weight of the weſtern ſtratum ſeparating from the above by its inclination to the vale beneath. We croſſed the river by means of the broken fragments of rocks, which afforded us their rugged backs above the ſurface of the water to tread on. Here we met with a fine field for our entertainment as botaniſts. There was the lady's ſlipper, the fly orchis, rarely to be met with elſewhere, and many other ſcarce and curious plants. We croſſed over to take a ſecond view of Thornton-force, on the ſouth ſide of the Kingſdale river, and followed its murmuring ſtream down a deep glen, fortified with high precipices on each ſide, to Ingleton. Nor did we think ourſelves ill repaid for all the difficulties we had to encounter in our road amongſt rocks and ſtreams, as ſomething new and amuſing preſented itſelf almoſt every ſtep we took.

Ingleton is a pretty village, pleaſantly ſituated on a natural mount, yet at the bottom of a vale, near the conflux of two rivers, over which are thrown two handſome arches. If the ſtreams

ſtreams are ſometimes ſmall, the huge ſtones and fragments of rocks, which are rolled down the beds of theſe rivers, will ſerve to ſhew that at other times they are remarkably full and impetuous. * The church-yard, in the middle of which ſtands a neat ſacred edifice, commands a fine view of the vale of Lonſdale, almoſt as far as Lancaſter. The murmurs of the ſtreams below ſooth the ear, while the eye is ſelecting a variety of objects for its entertainment. On the back-ground are the lofty mountains of Gragareth, Whernſide, and Ingleborough, the ſummits of which, when they are not enveloped in the clouds, can ſcarcely be ſeen for their high intervening baſes. When the top of Ingleborough is covered with a thick white miſt, or, as the country people ſay, when he puts on his night-cap, there are often ſtrong guſts, called helm winds, blowing from thence to that part of the country which adjoins to its baſe. The like obſervation is made, by the mariners, of the table land at the Cape of Good Hope, on the coaſt of Africa. They are called helm winds from their blowing from the cloud or helmet that covers the head of the mountains. Amongſt other entertainments, the civil uſage, and good accommodations we met with at our inn, contributed not a little to heighten the amuſements and pleaſures of the day †.

Early next morning we ſet off for Ingleton-fells, or Chapel in the dale, along the turnpike road leading to Aſkrigg and Richmond.

* The editor of Barnaby's Journal has this diſtich on Ingleton.

Pirgus ineſt fano, fanum ſub acumine collis;
Collis ab elatis actus & auctus aquis.

The poor man's box is in the temple ſet;
Church under hill, and hill by waters beat.

† The writer of this *Tour to the caves* was informed of a deep and curious chaſm on the weſtern extremity of the baſe of Ingleborough, above the village of Caldecoates, about a mile or two from Ingleton; but as he did not ſee it himſelf, he has not attempted a deſcription of it from tradition.

Richmond. We had not travelled much above a mile before we came into the dale, which is about three quarters of a mile broad. For near three miles it had ſomething in its appearance very ſtriking to the naturaliſt: there were high precipices of limeſtone rock on each ſide; and the intermediate vale, to a lively imagination, would ſeem once to have been of the ſame height, but ſunk down by the breaking of pillars, which had ſupported the roof of an enormous vault. About three miles from Ingleton, is the head of the river Weaſe, or Greta, on the left hand ſide of the road, only a few yards diſtant from it. It guſhes out of ſeveral fountains at once, all within twenty or thirty yards of each other; having run about two miles underground, though making its appearance in two or three places within that diſtance. When there are floods it runs alſo above ground, though not in all places, except the rains are extraordinary great. This is the ſubterranean river mentioned by Dr. Goldſmith in his entertaining *Natural Hiſtory*, Vol. I. by the name of Greatah.

When we had gone about a mile farther, being four miles from Ingleton, we turned off the turnpike road to ſome houſes near the chapel, where we left our horſes. At firſt we imagined we had here met with an exception to the maxim of poet Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, viz.

A jeſuit never took in hand
To plant a church in barren land.

For the chapelry produceth neither wheat, oats, barley, peas, or any other ſort of grain; nor apples, pears, plumbs, cherries, or any kind of fruit: a ripe gooſe-berry was a natural curioſity in the ſummer ſeaſon, in moſt parts of the diſtrict; even their potatoes they have from other places. Yet though they were deſtitute of theſe productions, they were bleſſed with others as valuable, by way of compenſation. They abound with excellent hay ground and paſtures, and were rich in large flocks, and herds of cattle, which enabled them to purchaſe

purchaſe every conveniency of life. Having little intercourſe with the luxurious, vicious, and deſigning part of mankind, they were temperate, ſubſtantial, ſincere, and hoſpitable. We found an intelligent, agreeable, and entertaining companion and guide in the curate, who ſerved them alſo as ſchool-maſter: as Dr. Goldſmith obſerves on a like occaſion,

A man he is to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with *thirty* pounds a year.

The firſt curioſity we were conducted to was Hurtlepot, about eighty yards above the chapel*. It is a round, deep hole, between thirty and forty yards diameter, ſurrounded with rocks almoſt on all ſides, between thirty and forty feet perpendicular above a deep black water, in a ſubterranean cavity at its bottom. All round the top of this horrid place are trees, which grow ſecure from the axe: their branches almoſt meet in the centre, and ſpread a gloom over a chaſm, dreadful enough of itſelf without being heightened with any additional appendages: it was indeed one of the moſt diſmal proſpects we had yet been preſented with. Almoſt every ſenſe was affected in ſuch an uncommon manner, as to excite ideas of a nature truly horribly ſublime. When ever we threw in a pebble, or ſpoke a word, our ears were aſſailed with a diſmal hollow ſound; our noſtrils were affected with an uncommon complication of ſtrong ſmells, from the ramps and other weeds that grew plentifully about its ſides, and the rank vapours that exhaled from the black abyſs beneath. The deſcent of Æneas into the infernal regions came again freſh into my imagination, and the following paſſage out of *Virgil* obtruded itſelf on my memory.

* About one hundred yards below the chapel, there are the ruins of an old cave called Sandpot: the top has apparently ſometime fallen in and has covered the bottom with its ruins. A large caſcade is diſtinctly heard through this rubbiſh. If a deſcent was opened, no doubt but a ſubterranean paſſage would be diſcovered leading either to the caves above the chapel, or, more probably to Douk-cave, on the baſe of Ingleborough, if not to both.

Spelunca alta fuit, vaſtóque immanis hiatu,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorúmque tenebris;
Quam ſuper haud ullæ poterant impunè volantes
Tendere iter pennis: talis ſepe halitus atris
Faucibus effundens ſupera ad convexa ferebat;
Unde locum Gaaii dixerunt nomine Avernum.

Æneid, *B.* 6. *l.* 237.

Deep was the cave; and downwards as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky, rough deſcent;
And here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends;
And there th' unnavigable lake extends;
O'er whoſe unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird preſumes to ſteer his airy flight:
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake. *Dryden.*

After viewing for ſome time with horror and aſtoniſhment its dreadful aſpect from the top, we were emboldened to deſcend, by a ſteep and ſlippery paſſage, to the margin of this Avernian lake. What its depth is we could not learn; but from the length of time the ſinking ſtones we threw in continued to ſend up bubbles from the black abyſs, we concluded it to be very profound. How far it extended under the huge pendant rocks we could get no information, a ſubterranean embarkation having never yet been fitted out for diſcoveries. In great floods we were told this pot runs over; ſome traces of it then remained on the graſs. While we ſtood at the bottom, the awful ſilence was broken every three or four ſeconds, by drops of water falling into the lake from the rocks above, in different ſolemn keys. The ſun ſhining on the ſurface of the water, illuminated the bottom of the ſuper-incumbent rocks, only a few feet above; which, being viewed by reflection in the lake, cauſed a curious deception, ſcarce any where to be met with: they appeared at the like diſtance below its ſurface, in form of a rugged bottom. But alas! how fatal would be the conſequence, if any adventurer ſhould attempt

attempt to wade acroſs the abyſs on this ſhadow of a foundation. While we were ſtanding on the margin of this ſubterranean lake, we were ſuddenly aſtoniſhed with a moſt uncommon noiſe on the ſurface of the water under the pendant rocks. It is called by the country people Hurtlepot-boggart, and ſometimes the Fairy-churn, as a churn it reſembles. It is no doubt frightful to them, and would have been ſo to us, if we had not been apprized of the cauſe. We found it was effected by the glutting of the ſurface of the water againſt the bottom of ſome rocks, or paſſages worn into them to a conſiderable diſtance, when it was deſcending after rain, as then happened to be the caſe. This deep is not without its inhabitants; large black trouts are frequently caught in it by the neighbouring people. Botaniſts find here ſome rare and curious plants.

On our return from the margin of this Avernian lake, we found the obſervation of the poet Virgil very applicable.

———*Facilis deſcenſus Averni:*
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, ſuperaſque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt. Æneid, *B.* 9. *l.* 126.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way:
But to return, and view the chearful ſkies;
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies. *Dryden.*

When we arrived in the ſuperior regions, we purſued our journey about a hundred and fifty yards farther up a very narrow groteſque glen, over a natural bridge of limeſtone, above ten yards thick, having the ſubterranean river Weaſe, or Greta, underneath. When we got to the head of this gill, we were ſtopt by a deep chaſm called Ginglepot, at the bottom of a precipice, it is of an oblong and narrow form; an enterprizing perſon, with a ſteady head, and active heels, regardleſs of the fatal conſequences from a falſe ſtep, might

leap over it. It is filled with ſmooth pebbles at the bottom, except at the ſouth corner, where there is deep water, which in floods ſwells up to the top, and iſſues out in a vaſt torrent. The length of this chaſm is about ten yards, and the perpendicular depth, at the north corner, about twenty yards. In our way from Hurtlepot, we could not help remarking the ruins of two ſmall artificial mounts of earth, which we were told formerly ſerved as butts, when the inhabitants exerciſed themſelves in the ancient military accompliſhment of archery. The naturaliſt muſt alſo be entertained with the ſucceſsful efforts that had been made by the roots of ſome old aſhes, to get acroſs the dry and broad bed of rocks to a rich bed of ſandy ſoil, in order to ſupport their aged parents, for ever doomed to dwell on the ſteep ſide of a barren and rugged cliff.

Returning back a little way from Ginglepot in order to find a paſſage out of this dreary glen, we proceeded about an hundred and twenty yards higher, when we came to Weathercoat-cave or cove*, the moſt ſurpriſing natural curioſity of the kind in the iſland of Great Britain. It is a ſtupendous ſubterranean cataract in a huge cave, the top of which is on the ſame level with the adjoining lands. On our approach to its brink, our ears and eyes were equally aſtoniſhed with the ſublime and terrible. The margin was ſurrounded with trees and ſhrubs, the foliage of which was of various ſhapes and colours, which had an excellent effect, both in guarding and ornamenting the ſteep and rugged precipices on every ſide. Where the eye could penetrate through the leaves and branches, there was room for the imagination to conceive this cavern

* The word *cave* is pronounced by the country people *cove*, or *coave*. This hint may be of ſervice to a ſtranger in his enquiries. This cave is not above 100 yards from the turnpike road from Lancaſter to Richmond: it is on the left hand ſide of the twenty ſecond mile ſtone from Lancaſter, from whence the caſcade may be diſtinctly heard. The delicate and timid may neither be afraid of their perſons or cloaths, if they have no mind to deſcend. They may ſtand ſafe on the margin of either Hurtlepot, Ginglepot, or Weathercoat-cave. They will there ſee enough to aſtoniſh them, and imagination will ſupply the reſt.

cavern more dreadful and horrible, if poſſible, than it was in reality. This cave is of a lozenge form, and divided into two by a rugged and groteſque arch of limeſtone rock: the whole length from ſouth to north is about ſixty yards, and the breadth about half its length. At the ſouth end is the entrance down into the little cave; on the right of which is a ſubterranean paſſage under the rocks, and a petrifying well: a ſtranger cannot but take notice of a natural ſeat and table, in a corner of this groteſque room, well ſuited for a poet or philoſopher; here he may be ſecluded from the buſtle of the world, though not from noiſe; the uniform roaring however of the caſcade will exclude from the ear every other ſound, and his retirement will conceal him from every object that might divert the eye. Having deſcended with caution from rock to rock, we paſſed under the arch, and came into the great cave, where we ſtood ſome time in ſilent aſtoniſhment to view the amazing caſcade. The perpendicular height of the north corner of this cave, was found by an exact admeaſurement to be thirty-ſix yards: near eleven yards from the top iſſues a torrent out of an hole in the rock, about the dimenſions of a large door in a church, conveying uſually as much water as the new river at London. It ruſhes forwards with a curvature which ſhews, that it has had a ſteep deſcent before it appears in open day; and tumbles precipitate twenty five yards perpendicular down on the rocks at the bottom, with a noiſe that amazes the moſt intrepid ear. The water ſinks as it falls amongſt the rocks and pebbles, running by a ſubterranean paſſage about a mile, where it appears again by the ſide of the turnpike road, viſiting in its way the other caverns of Ginglepot and Hurtlepot. The cave is filled with the ſpray that ariſes from the water daſhing againſt the bottom, and the ſun happening to ſhine very bright, we had a ſmall vivid rainbow within a few yards of us, for colour, ſize, and ſituation, perhaps no where elſe to be equalled. An huge rock that had ſometime been rolled down by the impetuoſity of the ſtream, and was ſuſpended between us and the top of the caſcade, like the coffin of Mahomet, at Medina,

had an excellent effect in the ſcene. Though the ſtream had poliſhed the ſurfaces of the pebbles on which it fell at the bottom by rolling them againſt each other; yet its whole force was not able to drive from its native place the long black moſs that firmly adhered to the large immoveable rocks. We were tempted to deſcend into a dark chamber at the very bottom of the cave, covered over with a ceiling of rock above thirty yards thick, and from thence behind the caſcade, at the expence of having our cloaths a little wet and dirtied, when the noiſe became tremendous, and the idea for perſonal ſafety awful and alarming, as the rocks on which we ſtood and every one about us ſeemed to ſhake with the vaſt concuſſion. We were informed, that in a great drought the divergency of the ſtream is ſo ſmall, that we might with ſafety go quite round the caſcade. At the bottom we were ſhewn a crevice where we might deſcend to the ſubterranean channel, which would lead us to Ginglepot, and perhaps much further; we were alſo ſhewn above, a ſhallow paſſage between the ſtrata of rocks, along which we might crawl to the orifice out of which the caſcade iſſued, where it was high enough to walk erect, and where we might have the honour of making the firſt expedition for diſcoveries; no creature having yet proceeded in that paſſage out of ſight of day-light: but as we were apprehenſive the pleaſure would not be compenſated by the dangers and difficulties to be encountered in our progreſs, we did not atempt to explore theſe new regions*.

After

* The writer of this *Tour*, in company with the owner of the cave and ſome others, has ſince been in the paſſage out of which the caſcade iſſues; but not able to tell how far it extends, as it was high and wide enough to admit paſſengers much farther than they were. The owner of the cave and others have been in the paſſage beneath, half way to Ginglepot: they have no doubt but it leads thither, they did not get ſo far, owing to the water deepening, more than the height leſſening. Another ſubterranean river, that from Gatekirk above, meets this caſcade directly underneath it, along which there is a paſſage and which the above party in ſome meaſure through miſtake explored, by miſſing their way in their return, by getting far beyond the caſcade before they were convinced of their error, by the noiſe of the caſcade gradually decreaſing.

After a little rain another cascade similar to the former falls nearly from the same height, on the west side of the cave, appearing and disappearing, with great variety, amongst the rocks, as if it fell down the chimney of a ruinous building, where several holes were made into it in the gable-end. If the rains still increase, a large stream sets in out of the room by the side of the little cave; and in great floods a vast river falls into the great cave, down the precipice on the eastern side. Nothing can be more grotesque and terrible than to view this cave when about half full of water. A variety of cascades issue from crannies in every quarter: some as small as a tap in an hogshead, and others as copious as rivers, all pouring with impetuosity into this deep and rugged bason. With their united streams they are sometimes able to fill the whole capacity of the cavern, and make it overflow; the subterranean crannies and passages of this leaky vessel not being able, with the encreased pressure from above, to carry off the water as fast as it is poured in; but this happens only about six or seven times in twenty years*.

Having satisfied our curiosity in viewing this wonder of nature, and moralized on the insignificancy of all human attempts in producing any thing like it, we ascended into our native regions, and proceeded to another, called Douk-cove, about a mile south, on the other side of the turnpike road, towards the foot of Ingleborough, whose height now appeared to great advantage from the nature of our own elevated situation. Douk-cove is something similar to that of Weathercoate, but not heightened so much with the vast and terrible: the cavity indeed is longer and wider, but not deeper; the rocks not so high and steep, except on the east side, where the hawks and other birds build their nests, not

* The owner of the cave says that it run over in the back end of the year 1757, before Christmas in 1759, in 1771 two or three times, and all in the back end of the year, and in February 1782, and November 1783. But during this interval, the water has been several times near the top of the cave. Before it runs over a large stream issues out of the well before the Weathercoate-house.

dreading the approach of human foot. They both ſeem once to have been covered over, like Yordas, but the roofs to have fallen in by ſome inundation, or other accident. The ſtream of this caſcade does not fall above five or ſix yards, and is not ſo large as the former; though, like it, is immediately abſorbed amongſt the rocks beneath. The ſubterranean paſſage out of which it iſſued is very curious. By the help of a ladder we aſcended, and went along it to ſome diſtance, by means of candles: when we had gone about forty or fifty yards, we came to a chaſm twelve or fifteen yards in depth from the ſurface, through which we could ſee broad day. How far we could have proceeded, we know not; we returned, after we had been about a hundred yards. This would be looked on as a great curioſity in many countries; but after thoſe we had ſeen, our wonder was not eaſily excited. No doubt but another ſubterranean paſſage might be diſcovered, by ridding away the rubbiſh at the bottom of the cave, where the water ſinks.

We were now on the baſe on which Ingleborough* ſtands, and greatly elevated above all the weſtern country. Our diſtance from the bottom, where the ſteep aſcent of this high mountain begins, was about a mile in a direct horizontal line, over rocks and pits. The fineneſs and clearneſs however of the day induced us to aſcend its ſides and gain its ſummit: though we had many a weary and ſlippery ſtep, we thought ourſelves amply repaid when we got to the top, with the amuſement we received in viewing the ſeveral extenſive and diverſified proſpects, and in making our obſervations, as botaniſts and natural hiſtorians, on its productions and contents. All the country betwixt us and the ſea, to the extent of forty, fifty, and ſixty miles from the

* The word *Ingleborough* ſeems to be derived from the Saxon word *ingle*, which ſignifies *a lighted fire*; and *borough*, or *burgh*, which comes originally from the Greek word *purgos*, and ſignifies *a watch tower*; the labials *p* and *b* being often changed into each other: for here a beacon is erected, on which a fire uſed to be made as a ſignal of alarm in times of rebellions or invaſions.

the north-weſt, by the weſt to the ſouth-weſt, lay ſtretched out beneath us, like a large map, with the roads, rivers, villages, towns, ſeats, hills and vales, capes and bays, in ſucceſſion. Elevation is a great leveller; all the hills and little mountains in the country before us, appeared ſunk in our eyes, and in the ſame plain with the adjacent meadows. To the north-weſt, the proſpect was terminated at the diſtance of forty or fifty miles, by a chain of rugged mountains in Weſtmorland, Lancaſhire, and Cumberland, which appeared as barriers againſt the fury of the ocean. To the weſt, the Iriſh ſea extends as far as the eye can penetrate, except where the uniformity of the watery proſpect is interrupted by the Iſles of Man and Angleſey. The blue mountains in Wales terminated our further progreſs, after we had traced out the winding of the coaſt all the way from Lancaſter, by Preſton, and Liverpool. A curious *deceptio viſus* preſented itſelf: all the vales between us and the ſea appeared lower than its ſurface; owing to the ſky and earth both apparently tending to a line drawn from the eye parallel to the horizon, where they at laſt appeared to meet. To the eaſt and north, the proſpect was ſoon terminated by a number of black, irregular, chaotic mountains, which by their indentations and winding ſummits, gave us reaſon to believe they contained habitable vales between them. Their ſides afford an hardy and wholeſome paſture for ſheep, and their bowels contain rich mines of lead, ſome of which are wrought with great advantage to the proprietors.

The immenſe baſe on which Ingleborough ſtands is between twenty and thirty miles in circumference: the riſe is in ſome places even and gradual; in others, as to the north and weſt, it is rugged and almoſt perpendicular. The top is plain and horizontal, being almoſt a mile round, having the ruins of an old wall about it, from which ſome ingenious antiquaries endeavour to prove that it has once been a Roman ſtation, and place of great defence. Of late years it has never been frequented by any, except ſhepherds, and the curious in proſpects,

proſpects, and the neighbouring country people, who reſorted to the horſe races, which were formerly annually held on its top. On the weſtern edge there are the remains of what the country people call the beacon, ſome three or four yards high, aſcended by a flight of ſteps. The ruins of a little watch-houſe is alſo adjoining: no doubt in time of wars, inſurrections, and tumults, and particularly during the incurſions of the Scots, a fire was made on this beacon, to give the alarm to the country round about. The ſoil on the top is ſo dry and barren that it affords little graſs, the rock being barely covered with earth: a ſpongy moſs is all the vegetable that thrives in this lofty region. The ſtones on the ſummit, and for a great way down, are of the ſandy gritty ſort, with freeſtone ſlate amongſt them: upon the baſe, the rocks are all limeſtone, to an enormous depth. Near the top indeed, on the eaſt ſide, is a ſtratum of limeſtone, like the Derbyſhire marble, full of entrochi. Several ſprings have their origin near the ſummit, particularly one on the north ſide, of pure and well-taſted water, called Fair-weather-ſyke, which runs down by the ſide of a ſheep-fence wall into a chaſm called Meir-gill. All the other ſprings, as well as this, when they come to the limeſtone baſe, are ſwallowed up, and after running perhaps a mile underground, make their appearance once again in the ſurrounding vales, and then wind in various courſes to the Lune or the Ribble, which empty themſelves into the Iriſh ſea.

A naturaliſt cannot but obſerve a number of conical holes, with their vertexes downwards, not only all over the baſe of Ingleborough, but particularly a row near the ſummit. They are from two to four or five yards diameter, and from two to three or four yards deep, except Barefoot-wives-hole, hereafter mentioned, which is much larger. They reſemble thoſe pits about mount Ætna, Veſuvius, and the various parts of Sicily and Calabria, as deſcribed by Hamilton, and other writers. What may have been the cauſe of them, is left for the determination of the ingenious naturaliſt.

The

The other ſtones and foſſils on and about Ingleborough, are black and brown marbles, abounding with white ſea ſhells, ſparks of ſpar, and flakes of entrochi: ſpars of various ſorts, the ſtalactical and icicle in the caves, ſlates pale and brown, and near Ingleton blue; black ſhiver, tripoli or rotten-ſtone blood-ſtone, and lead ore. The ſoil on the baſe and ſides of Ingleborough (where there is any) is chiefly peatmoſs, which the country people get up and burn for fuel: the cover is in general ling or heath: other vegetables are ferns of various kinds; reindeer moſs, and various other moſſes; heleborines, white and red; the different ſorts of ſeedums; crane's bills, ſcurvy-graſs, bird's eyes, various liver-worts, orchiſes, roſe-wort, lilly of the valley, mountain columbines; the hurtle-berry or bill-berry, knout-berry, cran-berry, cloud-berry, and cow-berry. The ſhrubs are mountain-vine, bird-cherry, mountain-aſh, gelder-roſe, burnet-roſe, ſtone-bramble, red and black currants. In the Foal-foot which is in the north-weſt corner of this mountain, is found the viviparous-graſs, and the roſe-of-the-root, which has a yellow flower, and is like houſe-leek. Near Ingleton, as was before obſerved, is the lady's ſlipper, and fly orchis. The chief animals found on and about Ingleborough, are grouſe, the ring-ouſle, and wheat-ear; the fox, mountain-cat, wild-cat, pole-cat, weaſle, ſtoat, badger, and martin.

The perpendicular height of this mountain above the level of the ſea is 3987 feet, as taken by a neighbouring country gentleman. The country people are all perſuaded that Whernſide on the north ſide of the vale of Chapel in the dale is higher than Ingleborough, from ſnow continuing longer on its top, and other circumſtances. The elevation appears ſo nearly the ſame to the eye, that nothing but an exact admeaſurement can determine this honour for theſe rival, ſoaring candidates. The top of Ingleborough is the firſt land however that ſailors deſcry in their voyage from Dublin to Lancaſter, though above thirty miles from the ſea, which ſhews the great height of this mountain. Though not an argument

argument for its being higher than Whernſide, as it is not ſo well ſituated to be ſeen from the Iriſh ſea.

In our return we viſited the long, deep, and dreadful chaſm of Meir-gill, on the weſt ſide of the ſheep-fence wall, running north and ſouth over the baſe of Ingleborough: it is about eighty yards long, but in moſt places ſo narrow that a perſon may ſtride over it, and is no where above two or three yards wide; in one place there is a curious natural bridge over it. The depth is very different, in different places; at one place we found it a hundred feet, forty-eight of which was in the water. One part will admit a bold and active adventurer down almoſt to the water by a gradual, but ſlippery deſcent: here the ſhaſhow of the ſuperincumbent rocks like that in Hurtlepot, forms a deceitful appearance in the water: the bottom ſeems not above two feet below the ſurface; but how fatal would be the attempt to wade this abyſs in queſt of further diſcoveries, from this ſhadow of encouragement? The narrowneſs of this crevice at the top has ſomething dreadful and alarming in it: how fatal would one falſe ſtep prove to the unwary ſhepherd amongſt the ſnow, when the mouth is drifted up; or to a ſtranger bewildered in the fog, and looking forwards with eager eyes for ſome habitation, or frequented path? Harmleſs and heedleſs ſheep have often been ſuddenly ſwallowed up by this gaping wonder of nature. To ſay that no living creature ever came out of its mouth, would be a propoſition too general. Trouts of a protuberent ſize have been drawn out of it, where they had been long nouriſhed in ſafety, their habitation being ſeldom diſturbed by the inſidious fiſherman.

A little further to the eaſt we came to another curioſity of nature, called Barefoot-wives-hole: we had noticed it in our aſcent up the ſide of Ingleborough. It is a large round pit in form of a funnel, the diameter at top being about fifty or ſixty yards, and its depth twenty-ſix. It is eaſily deſcended in moſt places, though on the ſouth ſide there is an high

high rocky precipice, but is dry, the waters that are emptied into it being ſwallowed up among the rocks and looſe ſtones at the bottom. In our way back we alſo ſaw Hardrawkin, and ſome other ſubterranean paſſages of leſs note, which had been formed by the waters in their deſcent from the mountain adjoining to Ingleborough, to the vale beneath. Indeed the whole limeſtone baſe of this monſter of nature is perforated and excavated in all directions, like a honeycomb *.

From the Chapel in the dale we ſhaped our courſe towards the ſouth-eaſt corner of Whernſide, along the road leading to the village of Dent. As we proceeded, the curate entertained us with an account of ſome ſingular properties obſervable in the black earth, which compoſes the ſoil in the higher parts of the vale, in various moraſſy places. It is a kind of *igneum lutum*, or rather a ſort of putrified earth, which in the night reſembles fire, when it is agitated by being trod upon: the effects it produces in a dark evening are truly curious and amazing. Strangers are always ſurpriſed, and often frightened to ſee their own and horſes legs beſprinkled to all appearance with fire, and ſparks of it flying in every direction, as if ſtruck out of the ground from under their feet. They are as much alarmed with it, as the country people are with the *will with the wiſp*, or mariners with the luminous vapour of the delapſed *Caſtor and Pollux*. Though the dark and dreary moor is broke into thouſands of luminous particles, like ſo many glow-worms, when troubled by the benighted traveller, yet if any part of this natural phoſphorus is brought before a lighted candle, its ſplendour immediately vaniſhes, and it ſhrinks back into its original dull and dark ſtate of ſordid

* Limeſtone has all the appearance of having been once in a ſoft ſtate and eaſily ſoluble in water; this principle will account for the ſcallops on the ſurface of limeſtone rocks, being made perhaps by the water draining off, while the ſtone was ſoft; alſo for the chinks and crevices amongſt them, made by their ſhrinking together, when dried by the ſun. The caves themſelves proceed from a great part of the rock moſt probably being diſſolved and waſhed down by the ſtreams pervading the different ſtrata.

ſordid dirt. While we were endeavouring to account for this curious phænomenon on the principles of putrifaction and electricity, we arrived at the firſt object of this lateral excurſion from the turnpike road, Gate-kirk-cave*. The brook which runs through it forms a fine natural baſon of tranſparent water at its egreſs, where we entered the cave, gradually encreaſing in depth till about five or ſix feet at moſt. I believe every one preſent thought it reſembled the cave deſcribed by Ovid in the ſecond of his *Metamorphoſis*, where Actæon unfortunately met with Diana and her nymphs amuſing themſelves with bathing, when ſeparated from his companions during the chace.

Vallis erat piceis, & acutâ denſa cupreſſu,
Nomine Gargaphiæ; ſuccinctæ cura Dianæ;
Cujus in extremo eſt antrum nemorale receſſu,
Arte laboratum nulla: ſimulaverat artem
Ingenio natura ſuo: nam pumice vivo,
Et levibus tophis nativum duxerat arcum.
Fons ſonat â dextrâ, tenui pellucidus undâ,
Margine gramineo patulos ſuccinctus hiatus.
Hic Dea ſilvarum venatu feſſa ſolebat
Virgeneos artus liquido perfundere rore. Ov. *B.* 3. *Fab.* 2.

Down in a vale, with pine and cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle winds, and brown with ſhade,
The chaſte Diana's private haunt there ſtood,
Full in the centre of a darkſome wood,
A ſpacious grotto, all around o'er grown
With hoary moſs, and arch'd with pumice-ſtone.
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling ſwell into a lake below:

Nature

* A furlong or two before we arrived at Gate-kirk, we paſſed a little caſcade among ſome hollow limeſtone rocks, which would be a fine embelliſhment to a gentleman's garden or park. All the ground about ſeemed hollow, and we ſaw various chaſms and empty ſpaces between the ſtrata of rocks, though none worth a particular deſcription in a country abounding with ſuch a variety of a ſuperior nature.

Nature had every where ſo play'd her part
That every where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with art,
Here the bright goddeſs, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat. *Addiſon.*

Over the cave, where the water flows, is another ſubterranean paſſage, of about twenty-four feet in length, and from three to ten in height: it enters the other obliquely, and looks like a natural orcheſtra, and where indeed a band of muſic would exhibit to great advantage to an audience below. The roof of the cave, at the entrance by the ſtream, is about two yards high, but ſoon encreaſes to ſix. When we had proceeded out of ſight of day, a new train of ideas were excited in our imaginations. We could not but fancy that it was like the cave of Polypheme, or of ſome giant in modern romance, who hung up the mangled limbs of the unhappy victims that fell into his hands, to the dome of his murky den. From the roof were pendant large petrifactions in every groteſque ſhape; ſome like hams, others like neat's tongues, many like the heads and various parts of different animals. Some parts of this cave appeared like dreary vaults or catacombs, where were depoſited the reliques of ancient heroes, or martyrs. Some rocks at the bottom appeared like huge ſtone coffins, and ſome large petrifactions on the ſhelves like virgins or children repreſented in alabaſter. As we proceeded along we met with ſeveral bye ſtreets or lanes, down ſome of which came tinkling little currents, but they ſeemed not to admit a paſſenger with eaſe to any great diſtance: as we went along we obſerved that the way divided for a conſiderable part of the whole length into two main ſtreets, which united again, made by the current dividing above into two ſtreams. After we had gone near an hundred yards, we met with an orifice, which eaſily admitted us above ground: we had no curioſity to explore any farther, as the roof was now become only ſome four feet high, and not admitting us with eaſe beyond this aperture. The brook which runs through this cave is the main ſtream of the river Greta, which runs underground

ground for at leaſt two miles, making its appearance here, at Weathercoate, and a few other places in its way down to its open channel. The pools that are formed by the brook after its exit out of the cave, exhibit a pleaſing and rural ſcene, being ſhaded with rocks, weeping willows, and mountain aſh.

Having travelled a mile or two further, and paſſed through the little remote village of Winterſcales, we came to the natural curioſity we were in queſt of, Greenſide-cave: it is under the ſouth-eaſt corner of the lofty mountain Whernſide: the mouth was wide and high, and the road rugged; but the roof gradually ſunk, or the bottom aroſe, till it was troubleſome getting along, ſoon after we were out of ſight of day. A ſmall brook ran along the bottom, as in the other caves, but there were none of the curious petrifactions we ſaw in moſt of them to delight the eye. Churchill's deſcription of the Caledonian cave of famine, with a few alterations, will convey a juſt idea of Greenſide-cave,

This lonely cave (hard tax on Scottiſh pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beaſt ſuply'd:
There ſnares without, entangling briers ſpread,
And thiſtles arm'd againſt th' invader's head:
Here webs were ſpread of more than common ſize,
And half ſtarv'd ſpiders prey'd on half ſtarv'd flies;
In queſt of food, efts ſtrove in vain to crawl,
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, ſmear'd the ſlimy wall—
The cave around with falling rivulets rung,
And on the roof unhealthy vapours hung.

Near the mouth of this cave is a thin ſtratum of coal, not many inches thick: ſome attempts have been made to work it, but affording ſo ſmall gains, and the inhabitants being ſo well ſupplied with this article from Ingleton, it was ſoon deſerted. Being ſo near the top of Whernſide, we ventured to aſcend to the ſummit. The proſpects were not diverſified with many pleaſing objects, being ſurrounded almoſt on all

ſides

ſides with brown and blue chaotic mountains. We had a peep into the pleaſant vale of Dent beneath us, which made us wiſh to ſee it all. Pendle-hill appeared over the top of Ingleborough, which gave us an high idea of our own elevation, this latter mountain being much higher than the former. We were ſurpriſed to ſee four or five tarns or pools of water on a plain very near the ſummit of Whernſide. Two of them were large, being two or three hundred yards in length, and nearly of the ſame breadth; for one was almoſt circular, but the other oblong. There was a very thin bed of coal almoſt on the top of this mountain, and we were told, another correſponded with it on the top of the great Colm, a lofty mountain on the other ſide of that branch of the vale of Dent called Dibdale. We were told ſome curious anecdotes of the vaſt cunning and ſagacity of the ſheep dogs in this country, in diſcovering the ſheep that had been buried under large drifts of ſnow for ſome days, and that muſt inevitably have periſhed with hunger, or been drowned with the melting of that vapour, if not diſcovered by theſe uſeful animals.

We now ſhaped our courſe back to Winterſcales, and from thence to a public-houſe called Gearſtones, by the ſide of the turnpike road, at the bottom of the mountain Cam. Here we refreſhed ourſelves, and left our horſes, while we went about half a mile to the ſouth, to explore another ſubterranean wonder of nature, called Catknot-hole. The entrance into it at firſt is not above three or four feet high, but almoſt immediately encreaſes to as many yards. We had not gone out of ſight of day, before we were obliged to wade up to the mid-leg, a few yards, through a little pool made by the rill that comes out of this cave. The paſſage grew narrower, but wide enough to walk along with eaſe, except in one or two places, where we were in danger of daubing our cloaths with a red ſlime. We proceeded above a quarter of a mile, when the road grew wider, but the roof was ſo low that we could not go on with eaſe and pleaſure: perhaps if we had muſtered humility and fortitude enough to have

crouched and crawled a little, we might have come to where the roof again would have been as high as we ſhould have deſired. In ſome places there were alleys out of the main ſtreet, but not extending to any great diſtance, ſo as to admit of paſſengers. The rocks jutted out, and were pendant in every groteſque and fantaſtic ſhape; moſt of them were covered over with a fine coating of ſpar, that looked like alabaſter, while icicles of various ſhapes and colours were pendant from the roof; all generated by the fine particles of ſtone that exiſt in the water, which tranſudes through the roof and ſides, and leaves them adhering to the rock in their deſcent to the bottom. The various coloured reflections, made by the ſpars and petrifactions that abounded in every part, entertained the eye with the greateſt novelty and variety; while at the ſame time, the different notes made by the rill in its little caſcades, and reverberated from the hollow rocks, amuſed the ear with a new ſort of rude and ſubterranean muſic, but well enough ſuited to our ſlow and gloomy march. This was the longeſt ſubterranean excurſion we had yet made, and if we might have formed our own computation of its extent, from the time we were in going and coming, and not from the real admeaſurement of our guide, we ſhould have thought it two or three times as long as it was; ſo much were we deceived in our eſtimate of a road, unlike any we had ever before travelled. The romantic caſcades, pools, and precipices in the channel of the river Ribble, that runs by the mouth of this cave, are not unworthy the notice of a ſtranger.

We were in ſome ſuſpenſe whether we ſhould purſue the turnpike road over Cam, to ſee the natural curioſities in Wenſleydale: but as we learnt there was only one remarkable object of the genus of thoſe we were now in queſt of, Hardraw-ſcar, we deſiſted; as we ſhould have loſt others more valuable, which lay in a different route. The deſcription, however, which was given of it by our reverend guide, was ſo lively and pictureſque, that its own merit will be a ſufficient apology for its inſertion.

"Hardraw-ſcar

"Hardraw-ſcar is near the town of Hawes, in Wenſleydale, and bears ſome diſtant affinity to the tremendous Gordal (hereafter taken notice of.) The chaſm is pervious at the bottom, and extends above three hundred yards in length, fortified with huge ſhattered rocks on each ſide, which are in ſome places thirty-three yards perpendicular, and the intervallum above eighty. At the far end is an amazing cataract, which pours forth a vaſt quantity of water, that falls into a deep baſon. Behind the water-fall is a deep receſs excavated out of the ſolid rock: here the ſpectator may ſtand behind the ſtream ſecure from its madefying effects, and may go quite round it upon one of the numerous *ſaxa ſedilia*, at the diſtance of ten yards from the water. In the year 1740, when fairs were held on the Thames, this caſcade was frozen, and conſtituted a prodigious icicle of a conic form, thirty-two yards and three quarters in circumference, which was alſo its height."

After having determined to go by Settle, we had our doubt whether we ſhould proceed by Ling-gill, which is a curious and romantic channel of a ſmall river, having high and groteſque rocks on each ſide; or take a more weſtern direction on the other ſide of the river Ribble, in order to ſee ſome other caves and chaſms. Our taſte for curioſities of this ſort induced us to adopt the latter plan. We returned about a mile before we left the turnpike road, and then turning off to the left, proceeding almoſt to the ſame diſtance, we came to Alan or Alumn-pot, two or three furlongs above the little village of Selſide. It is a round ſteep hole in the limeſtone rock, about eight or ten yards in diameter, and of a tremendous depth, ſomewhat reſembling Elden-hole, in Derbyſhire. We ſtood for ſome time on its margin, which is fringed round with ſhrubs, in ſilent aſtoniſhment, not thinking it ſafe to venture near enough to its brim, to try if we could ſee to its bottom. The profundity ſeemed vaſt and terrible, from the continued hollow gingling noiſe excited by the ſtones we tumbled into it. We plummed it to the

depth of a hundred and ſixty-five feet, forty-three of which were in water, and this is an extraordinary dry ſeaſon: as the direction of this hole was not exactly perpendicular but ſomewhat ſloping, it is very probable we were not quite at the bottom. A ſubterranean rivulet deſcends into this terrible hiatus, which cauſed ſuch a dreadful gloom from the ſpray it raiſed up as to make us ſhrink back with horror, when we could get a peep into the vaſt abyſs. We were informed, that not long ſince ſome animals, an ox and a calf at different times, had the misfortune to tumble into this dreary pit, being tempted by the untaſted herbage to venture too far on its ſlippery margin. Only a low mound of earth ſurrounds its brim; for a ſtone wall would anſwer no other purpoſe, than to afford the curious traveller materials to throw in for his amuſement. Any advantage ariſing from the ſkins and carcaſes of theſe animals, were not ſufficient inducement to tempt a neigbouring adventurous youth to be let down by ropes to the bottom of this frightful chaſm. The waters run from its bottom above a mile underground, and then appear again in the open air, below the little village of Selſide. After having excited the ſeveral paſſions of curioſity, dread, and horror, from the negative knowledge we got of the capacity and depth of this huge pot, we went a little higher up the mountain, and came to another hiatus called Long-churn. We deſcended down till we came to a ſubterranean brook: we firſt aſcended the cavern, down which the ſtream ran, proceeding in a weſtern direction, for at leaſt, as we imagined, a quarter of a mile, till we came to a crevice which admited us into our native region. We meaſured the diſtance between the two extremities above ground, and found it two hundred and forty one yards, but it muſt be nearly double that diſtance along the paſſage below, on account of all the turnings and windings. The petrifactions here were the moſt numerous of any we had yet ſeen, few people coming either to break them off or deface them. When we were almoſt arrived at the weſtern extremity, we came to a fine round baſon of pellucid

pellucid water from three to twelve feet deep, known by the name of Dr. Banniſter's hand baſon. A lofty, ſpacious, and elegant dome is placed immediately over it, which nicely correſponds to the hollow receptacle at the bottom: into this baſon a rivulet falls down a ſteep rock above ſix feet high, which is very dangerous to get up, and muſt be done at the expence of a wet ſkin, except a ladder is taken along with the party, or the waters are leſs copious, than when we were there: there is alſo ſome danger leſt the adventurer ſhould fall back, and have his bones broken by circumjacent rocks, or be drowned in the doctor's baſon. After having ſurmounted this obſtacle, and proceeded ſome yards farther, we were favoured with an egreſs into our own element, as was before obſerved; no unwelcome change, after having been ſo long excluded from it. After having reſted ourſelves a little, we returned to the chaſm, where we firſt entered Long-churn, and deſcending again purſued the rivulet eaſt-ward, along another extenſive ſubterranean paſſage, called Dicken-pot, which ſlopes and winds by degrees till it enters the gaſtly and tremendous Alan-pot. We went a hundred and fifty-ſeven yards along this *antre vaſt* till we came to a ſteep rock full twelve feet perpendicular: here we ſtopped; a wiſe conſideration! We might have deſcended perhaps without danger, but the queſtion was how we were to get up again; which, without ropes or a ladder, would be totally impracticable: at the far end was an elegant lofty dome called by the country people St. Paul's. There is no doubt but if we had ventured further we might have come to Alan-pot, at leaſt ſo near, as either to have ſeen the water that ſtagnates at its bottom, or the light that is admited into this gaping monſter of nature.

There are ſeveral other caves all along from hence on the ſouth ſide of Ingleborough, above the village of Clapham, to Ingleton: but we poſtponed the pleaſure of exploring theſe hidden receſſes of nature till another ſummer. We deſcended from hence along the banks of the river Ribble four or five

miles farther to the village of Horton, ſituated at the bottom of the lofty and elegant mountain Penegant. As we went along we paſſed a large heap of ſmall round ſtones, called an *hurder:* we were told there were two other by the ſide of the turnpike road, in a field called the Slights, one about a mile, and the other a mile and a half eaſt of the Chapel in the dale. They ſeem evidently placed there by human hands, and what was moſt extraordinary, they were all ſmall, round, ſandy, and gritty ſtones, and all the ſtones on the ſurface of the ground near them are limeſtone. No doubt they were *tumuli* of ſome deceaſed chieftains in the neighbourhood, or who died on their travels.

Before we left Horton we viſited ſome natural curioſities of the cavern kind on the baſe of Penegant*. Dowgill-ſcar, a little above Horton, is a groteſque amphitheatre of limeſtone rocks, compoſing an high precipice, which muſt appear awful and grand in a flood, when a large torrent of water falls from the top, full in view: a ſmall ſubterranean paſſage was able to take all the water when we were there. A romantic gallery, on the north ſide of the rocks, had a good effect in the ſcene. About a mile or two above Horton, upon the baſe of Penegant, we viſited Hulpit and Huntpit holes: the one, if we could have deſcended into it, would have appeared like the inſide of an enormous old Gothic caſtle, the high ruinous walls of which were left ſtanding, after the roof was fallen in. The other was like a deep funnel, and it was dangerous to come near its edges. Horton-beck or brook, runs through the one, and Branſil-beck through the other of theſe pits, but through which I cannot remember; they each run underground near a mile; Horton-beck appearing again at Dowgill-ſcar, and Branſil-beck at a place called Branſil-head.

* The word *Pen* is of Phænician extraction, and ſignifies *head* or *eminence*. It was firſt introduced into Cornwall, where the Phænicians had a colony, who wrought the tin mines. Hence we have many names in Cornwall which begin with *Pen*. Moſt mountains in Wales begin with *Pen*. In Scotland the labial letter *p* is changed into *b*, and *Pen* into *Ben*, as *Benlomond Beneviſh*, &c.

head. But what is moſt extraordinary, theſe ſubterranean brooks croſs each other underground without mixing waters, the bed of one being on a ſtratum above the other; this was diſcovered by the muddy water after a ſheep waſhing going down the one paſſage, and the ſeeds or huſks of oats that were ſent down the other. About a couple of miles from Horton, on the right hand ſide of the road to Settle, is a curious ſtone quarry, at a place called Culms or Coums. The ſtones are of a blue kind, like ſlate, from one to three inches thick: ſome are two or three yards broad, and five or ſix yards long; they are made uſe of for floors in houſes, being ſometimes laid over cellars on joiſts; they are alſo uſed for gate-poſts, foot-bridges, and partitions between the ſtalls in ſtables and cow-houſes.

At Stainforth, which is about three miles from Horton, and two from Settle, we were entertained with two caſcades, one in the Ribble, near the road, about ſix or eight yards high, and another a little above the village, perhaps twenty or thirty yards perpendicular.

About a quarter of a mile before we arrived at Settle, we turned to the right, along the road towards Kirkby-Lonſdale, about a mile, under the high and romantic rocks called Giggleſwick-ſcar, in order to ſee the well by the way ſide, that ebbs and flows. We were in luck, ſeeing it reciprocate ſeveral times while we were there, and not ſtaying above an hour. We could not however learn, with any degree of certainty, by what intervals of time, and to what heights and depths the reciprocation was carried on. We were informed that if the weather was either very droughty or very wet, the phænomenon ceaſed. I have ſeen ſome philoſophical attempts to ſolve this extraordinary curioſity, on the principle of the ſyphon, but in vain; as on that hypotheſis, if the ſyphon is filled by the ſpring, it will flow on uniformly for ever. We were told by drunken Barnaby, an hundred and fifty years ago, that it puzzled the wits of his age.

Veni Giggleſwick, parum frugis
Profert tellus, clauſa jugis :
Ibi vena prope viæ
Fluit, reſluit, nocte, die ;
Neque norunt unde vena,
An â ſale vel arenâ.

Thence to Giggleſwick, moſt ſteril,
Hem'd with ſhelves and rocks of peril ;
Near to the way, as a traveller goes,
A fine freſh ſpring both ebbs and flows ;
Neither know the learn'd that travel,
What procures it, ſalt or gravel.

As we approached towards Settle, in our return, a white rock, like a tower, called Caſtleber, immediately above the town, and about twenty or thirty yards in perpendicular height, engaged our attention. This precipice is partly natural and partly a work of art ; it is made deeper and more dangerous every day, in conſequence of ſtones being got from its bottom and ſides, to ſupply an adjoining lime kiln.

Settle is irregularly built, has a large and ſpacious market-place, but not many good houſes in it : though by no means an inconſiderable town either for trade, riches, or number of inhabitants : it has no church or chapel. The church is at Giggleſwick, about a mile off, which appeared to be the court end of the pariſh, conſiſting chiefly of gentlemen's houſes.

From Settle we proceeded eaſtward over the moors and mountains about half a dozen miles, to Malham, or Maum, in order to ſee ſome other natural curioſities of the precipice and cataract kind. We had already indeed ſeen ſo many, that our wonder could not eaſily be excited, except there were more great and terrible : as ſuch we had them repreſented at Settle, or elſe we ſhould ſcarce have left the turnpike road ; and when we ſaw them we were not diſappointed, for

for great and terrible they are. The firſt was Malham-cave, (or vulgarly Maum-cove) though it has properly nothing of the cave about it. It is a fine amphitheatre of perpendicular limeſtone rock, on the ſide of the moor, at leaſt a hundred yards high in the middle. The rocks lie ſtratum upon ſtratum, and on ſome there are *ſaxa ſedilia*, or ſhelves, ſo that a perſon of great ſpirit and agility, but of ſmall and ſlender body, might almoſt walk round. A ſmall brook ſprings out at the bottom of the rocks; but in floods the narrow ſubterranean paſſage is not able to give vent to all the water, when there pours down a ſtupendous cataract, in height almoſt double that of Niagara. This is the higheſt perpendicular precipice I have ever ſeen, and I think not enough known and admired by travellers for its greatneſs and regularity. After purſuing our journey near a mile, by the ſide of the deep and romantic channel of the river Air, which waſhes the baſe of many a rugged and high precipice in its impetuous courſe to the vale beneath, we came to Gordale, the higheſt and moſt ſtupendous of them all. The proſpect of it from the ſide of the oppoſite weſtern bank is awful, great, and grand. After viewing for ſome time its horrid front with wonder and aſtoniſhment, we were tempted to deſcend with care and circumſpection down the ſteep bank on the weſt ſide to this river, which being interſperſed with trees and ſhrubs, enabled us to rely on our hands, where we could find no ſure foot hold. The water being low we met with no difficulty in ſtepping from one broken fragment of the rocks to another, till we got on the other ſide, when we found ourſelves underneath this huge impending block of ſolid limeſtone, near a hundred yards high. The idea for perſonal ſafety excited ſome awful ſenſations, accompanied with a tremor. The mind is not always able to diveſt itſelf of prejudices, and unpleaſing aſſociations of ideas: reaſon told us that this rock could not be moved out of its place by human force, blind chance, or the eſtabliſhed laws of nature. We ſtood too far under its margin to be affected by any crumbling deſcending fragment, and a very ſmall

one

one would have cruſhed us to atoms, if it had fallen upon us: yet in ſpite of reaſon and judgment, the ſame unpleaſing ſenſations of terror ran coldly through our veins, which we ſhould have felt, if we had looked down, though ſecure, from its lofty top. Nothing however fell upon us but a few large drops, which ſweat from out its horrid prominent front. Some goats friſked about, with ſeemingly a wanton careleſſneſs, on the brink of this dreadful precipice, where none of us would have ſtood for all the pleaſant vales waſhed by the river Air. Some lines in *Virgil's Eclogues* ſeemed to receive additional beauties when repeated in this groteſque ſcene.

Non ego vos poſthac, viridi projectus in antro,
Dumoſa pendere procul de rupe videbo.

Virgil Ecl. I. *l.* 76.

No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall I e'er ſee my goats high up the brow
Eating the prickly ſhrubs, or void of care
Lean down the precipice, and hang in air.

A little higher up is a fine caſcade, where the river ſtriving for an eaſier and gentler deſcent, has forced a way through the rocks, leaving a rude natural arch remaining above. If a painter wanted to have embelliſhed his drawing of this romantic ſcene with ſome groteſque object, he could have added nothing which would have ſuited his purpoſe better, if nature had not done the work for him.

* From Gordale we proceeded to a curious lake, called Maum or Malham-tarn, abounding with fine trout, upon the top of the moor; and from thence by Kilſey-crag to Graſſington, on the banks of the river Wharf. Coming unexpectedly

* If Kelſey-crag ſhould not be thought an object worth going ſix or ſeven miles to ſee, the beſt way from Gordale to Skipton, will be by Kirkby, Malhamdale, and Gargrave.

pectedly to the crags of Kilſey, I was a good deal amazed at the proſpect. They are by the ſide of the vale, along which deſcends the river Wharf: like thoſe at Giggleſwick, they extend in a line to ſome diſtance, but are higher and more prominent. The road we came along winding down amongſt theſe crags, ſo that we were preſented with a full view of them on a ſudden, which cauſed the greater ſurpriſe. After having refreſhed ourſelves at Graffington, we travelled about nine miles farther and came to Skipton. The country all round us is uneven and rugged; the vales are fertile on the ſurface, and the mountains beneath it abound with rich mines of lead. After we had viſited the caſtle (which belongs to the Earl of Thanet) and the curious canal behind it, above the mills, which leads to the limeſtone quarry, by the ſide of a romantic deep glen, we left Skipton. Before our departure we were for ſome time in doubt, whether we ſhould aſcend the ſteep and black hill of Rombaldſmoor, and ſo proceed down the vale of Wharldale, one of the pleaſanteſt in England to Otley, and ſo to Leeds,—or go by Keighley, Bingley, and Bradford, along the ſide of the new canal, and view the locks and other contrivances on this new and uſeful work of art. Moſt of us having been the former road, and this with its objects being quite new, we were induced to proceed along it. At Kildwick, about four miles from Skipton, we paſſed under this aquæduct, where it was banked up a great height above the adjoining lands, at a vaſt labour and expence; there have been ſome violent ſtruggles between the elements of earth and water: the mounds have not always been able to keep the water within its proper limits, they having oftener than once, been broken through by the preſſure on their ſides. About a mile further, at Steeton, we could not but obſerve the ſteep aſcent and deſcent of the road over a hill, when a level path might have been made almoſt equally near along the ſide of the river. The inconveniences that muſt attend carriage in carts and waggons, from ſuch ill-concerted roads, perhaps might ſuggeſt the expediency of a canal. The uſe and practicability of ſuch an undertaking in

in a mountainous country, one would imagine might give the inhabitants a hint to make their roads wind with eaſy aſcents and deſcents along the ſides of the vale. From Skipton to Otley, the road is carried up and down the corner of the ſteep mountain Rombaldſmoor, when as near a one might have been conducted along the vale beneath. The inhabitants might have carried to the market the produce of their lands, and brought coals and manure at a little expence, if this plan had been adopted; but the prejudices againſt improvements and innovations are not eaſily removed. At Bingley we were entertained with the locks; there are five or ſix of them together, where the barges aſcend or deſcend eighty or ninety feet perpendicular, in the diſtance of about a hundred yards. They are elegant, and well finiſhed, but ſeem too deep not to leak and be frequently out of repair.

About four miles before we arrived at Leeds, in our way from Bradford, we were ſuddenly preſented with the grand and venerable ruins of Kirkſtal-abbey, full in view from the road: we ſtood ſome minutes looking with ſilent reſpect and reverence on the havock which had been made by time on this ſacred edifice. How much ſoever we might condemn the miſtaken notions of monkiſh piety, that induced the devotees to lethargic ſupineneſs, and to forſake all the ſocial duties of life in order to be good men; yet we ſecretly revered that holy zeal which inſpirited them to exert every power in erecting ſtructures, the magnitude and beauty of which might excite ideas worthy of the Deity to whom they were dedicated; and alſo reprobated that fanatic bigotry which ſuffered them to decay and go to ruin, becauſe they were once inhabited by a ſet of chriſtians whoſe manner of worſhip was not orthodox. While we were moralizing thus on religious prejudices, the inſtability of the work of men's hands, and the fading glories of this world, we came to Leeds.

As the largeneſs and extent of this thriving manufacturing town, with all its elegant buildings in and about it, are well known to you, and as you have alſo ſeen every thing worth notice in and near the road from thence, I ſhall here take my leave of you, and no longer tire you with a relation of the adventures and curioſities I met with in my ſummer's journey.

ADDRESS

TO THE GENIUS OF THE CAVES.

——————Hail kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors hail!

THOMPSON.

——————THOU ſpirit dread,
That hover'ſt o'er this rocky region erſt,
With burning ſulphur, and volcanic ſtreams
Of fire extinct, all hail!—thou whoſe loud ſhriek
Midſt ſcowling tempeſts, oft the liſtening ſwain
Haſt heard agaſt; oft in ſlow pacing clouds,
That drag their ſweeping trains o'er Gragareth's ſteep,
Has trac'd thy wild fantaſtic form. Thy ſteps
Through many a rugged, uncouth path, well pleaſ'd
I follow, whether from the dread abyſs
Of ſome unfathom'd cavern *, Echo's groans,
With many a dreary pauſe between, from rock
To rock rebound, and break upon my ear
Like diſtant thunder: or my raptur'd gaze,
E'en from the yew-fring'd margin, down the ſteep,
Purſues † the foaming cataract's headlong courſe,
Till ſpent and dazzl'd on thoſe wat'ry hues
Midway it reſts, where light refracted paints
Each cluſtering dew-drop's glaſſy orb, and vies

With

* Gingling-cave, on Gragareth.

† Weathercoat-cave, in Chapel in the dale.

With melting Iris' vernal-tinctur'd bow.
Or whether by the taper's glim'ring ray
Led on, my ſteps pervade thy ſecret ſhrine,
Yordas, where hid from Phæbus' garriſh eye,
With contemplation, thy compeer, thou ſit'ſt,
And like a curtain ſpread'ſt thy cloud of night
Around thy throne. I feel, I feel thee near!
Full many a young idea, that 'ere this
Hath ſlept in ſilence, at thy thrilling call
Starts from its trance, and, kindling into life,
With joy and mingled awe attemper'd, ſwells
My crowded ſoul, and ever and anon,
As at the wizard's call, my ſtraining eye,
Quick glancing, ſees a thouſand fleeting ſhapes
Scatter'd from bright ey'd fancy's dewy plume.

Parent of horrors, hail! to my fix'd eye
Thy ſacred form, in theſe, theſe ſolemn ſcenes
Reveal'd, deſcends: and O! more awful far
This great deſign, grav'd by fair nature's hand,
Theſe frowning rocks, and min'ral roofs reflect
Thy ſemblance, than could Raphael's warmth deviſe,
Than Phidias featur'd marble: and thy voice,
Borne on the panting wing of each low blaſt
That ſighs along the vault, awakes the ſoul
To feelings more ennobled than the lyre
Of Orpheus, or the rapture-breathing ſtrains
Of Handel e'er inſpir'd. O! may I oft
In this Egerian cave, great power, attend
Thy ſacred preſence; here with nature's ſelf
Hold converſe; 'till by juſt degrees my mind
Through ſcience' footſteps pierce the harmonious maze
Of ſacred order, and to brighter views
From day to day aſpiring, trace at length,
Through all the wonders of this nether world,
Th' *Eternal* cauſe; to him on rapture's wing
Dart her ſwift flight, and ſcale the walls of heaven.

ARTICLE

ARTICLE VIII.

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF FURNESS FELLS;

OR,

OBSERVATIONS ON PLACING OBJECTS ON THE EMINENCES, AND PLANTING TREES IN THE VALLIES SEEN IN THIS TOUR; BEING THE NOTE INTENDED FOR PAGE 43.

FURNESS FELLS, and the adjacent parts here alluded to, are ſo peculiarly diſtinguiſhed with *pictureſque* beauty, that they deſerve a more minute deſcription. This country conſiſts of a ſucceſſion of mountains and vallies, formed and intermixed in all the poſſible variety of rural nature. Much of the vallies, and the baſes of moſt of the hills, are covered with young wood, which at certain periods is cut down and charred for the uſe of the neighbouring furnaces. On this account, the copſes, which conſiſt of various kinds of trees, conſtantly, in the ſummer, exhibit every pleaſing colour of youthful vegetation. The main ſhoots, alſo, ſpring up ſo ſtraight, and the collateral ones at ſuch ſmall angles with them, that they give an uncommon idea of vegetating vigour; and when they are ſeen rooted in the clefts of rocks, fancy will conceive them not unlike the ſtreams of ſome fluid burſting forcibly from its priſon. Among theſe copſes are found ſeveral neat villages, houſes, and ſpaces of cultivated land, which, with a number of brooks and rivers, tumbling and tinkling among them, conſtitute a ſcene of ſylvan beauty exceedingly lively and ſingular. But what ſtill enhances the whole, is the goodneſs of the highways, of which, in fine weather, it is not extravagant

travagant to ſay, in general, that they are more like the walks of a gentleman's pleaſure ground, than roads for ordinary occupation. This circumſtance, though in part owing to the peculiar goodneſs of the materials, is, nevertheleſs, much indebted to the neatneſs and public ſpirit of the inhabitants.

A laudable taſte for adorning nature has led us from *ornamented gardens* to *ornamented farms*, and, being in the poſſeſſion of good roads (an eſſential article for the diſplay of rural beauty) there ſeems to be but one thing wanting to make this a truly *ornamented country*. What I mean here is, *artificial objects* raiſed on proper parts of the mountains and eminences, which at every turn are preſented to us through ſome agreeable opening or other.

Eminences are as naturally fit places for objects intended to attract the diſtant eye, as they are for enabling the eye to ſurvey diſtant objects. Hence to decorate them with *columns*, *obeliſks*, *temples*, &c. has the ſanction of natural fitneſs. And if to this conſideration we add that of the inherent beauty of the objects themſelves, and remember, that there is nothing ſets off the beauties of nature ſo much as elegant works of art,—juſtifying motives for theſe erections can never be wanting to any one who has a taſte for rural beauty, and is willing to accompliſh as much of it as is in his power. But this is not all. The practice is certainly patriotic. For ſuch elegant ornaments will at leaſt naturally contribute to diffuſe a ſerenity and cheerfulneſs of mind into every beholder; and thence (if we may be pardoned the figure) like electrical conductors, they may be ſuppoſed to bring down a little of the happy placidity of better regions, to add to the natural quantity ſhooting about on the earth. As another motive it may be obſerved, that it is pleaſing in any country to ſee the inhabitants ſo much at eaſe in mind and circumſtances as to pay attention to theſe fanciful undertakings, and moreover, that as a man

of

of ſenſe appears the more ſo for ſeeming conſcious of the importance of what he ſays, ſo every traveller will conceive the better of a people, who, ſenſible of the natural advantages of their country, are found diſpoſed to make the beſt of them.

How theſe objects ſhould be formed or ſituated muſt for the moſt part be determined by circumſtances under the eye of taſte. One thing however ſeems worthy of particular notice in this place, which is, that erections of this ſort would have the moſt grand and characteriſtic effect placed on eminences, ſo as to have the ſky for a back-ground. When this is the caſe, the hills they are raiſed upon ſhould be bounded by agreeable lines, ſeen at a great diſtance, and much in ſight of the principal roads*.

The moſt ſimple of theſe erections are obeliſks, and properly formed ſummer-houſes †. But a ſeries of columns conſtituting a temple, or ſupporting arches, pediments, &c. would have by much the beſt effect, provided they were properly large, for the ordinary points of view. Through the openings of theſe columns, the ſky would always give

 them

* If they be not intended alſo for a near inſpection, they need not be of any expenſive materials. Provided they be well formed in outline (and for the *deſign* of which artiſts of taſte ſhould always be applied to) common ſtone and mortar will do very well.

† This kind of ſummer-houſe ſhould either be octagonal, or at leaſt have more than four ſides. And if either of theſe ſorts of erections be not placed on very pointed hills, care ſhould be taken to raiſe them (either by raiſing the earth on which they ſtand, or by giving them a high ruſtic baſe, &c.) ſo that the ſides of the hills will not prevent a complete ſight of their elevation from the principal points of view.---Nothing can be worſe managed than to ſee theſe objects as if riſing beyond the top of the hill, or from the bottom of a fiſh-pond.

Perhaps a ſummer-houſe ſtanding on proper ruſtic arches (through which the ſky might be ſeen) would, for the following reaſon, in ſome caſes have a good effect.

them a ſtriking appearance; but in an evening, if the ſun ſet behind them, no ſpectacle of the kind could be imagined more grand and attractive, or more accordant with the ſublimity of the ſurrounding mountains.—Perforated doors and windows, in the imitation of old Gothic ruins, it is true, would yield part of this effect, but their gloomy and irregular appearance renders them in the caſe before us generally improper.

Something of this kind (on the bolder eminences particularly) ſeems to be all the eſſential article that is wanting to perfect the rural beauties of this country; except, indeed, it may be thought, that a little more attention paid to the removal and planting of trees, would be of uſe for that end; and concerning which I beg leave to lengthen this article with a few obſervations.

Trees are certainly the ornament and pride of vegetable nature. A bird deſpoiled of its plumage ſcarce ſeems more mutilated and ungainly than countries and incloſures deſtitute of trees. They have a good effect planted even (in their worſt ſituation) any how in hedge rows; but if they be lightly ſcattered with taſte in proper parts of the incloſure itſelf, they become infinitely more pleaſing. Hence, though nature has done wonders in the diſpoſition of trees in ſome of her favourite haunts, yet ſtill (if not in them) ſhe may be improved upon in others, by the aſſiſtance of art. And let not the lips of ſordidneſs object to the purport of this hint, that if put in practice it would aſk ſome care and expence, and probably prevent the growth of what is more profitable to the owner, and ſerviceable to man: for the God of nature is far from having fully proportioned the animals of the earth to its produce. And as he renders fruitleſs innumerable ſeeds of almoſt every vegetable and animal creature, ſo the application of a part of our care, and a portion of the earth to its own ornament, is, I am perſuaded, ſo far from being culpable or improper, that (in humble imitation of the divine

vine love of beauty and liberality) it ſeems as much to be required from the pious votary of nature as his admiration of what comes immediately from its own efforts. In both caſes God is alike honoured; and honour to God is certainly too nearly connected with religion to make it in any caſe an act of indifference. Do then, ye affluent and proſperous land-holders, pay ſome attention to this particular. Study the ſubject through the medium of books and pictures, and ſometimes ſpare, and ſometimes plant a tree for ornament's ſake. And, if you think them reaſonable ones, obſerve alſo the few following remarks, humbly offered to your conſideration.—They ſhall be made as brief as poſſible.

The greateſt nicety and perfection in the art of planting trees lies in the uſe of exotics, and an ingenious mixture of foliage, in order to decorate, for *near inſpection*, the marginal views of a lawn, walk, &c. But if ever a fondneſs for agriculture, built upon a love of ſimple nature and ſober piety, (of which there are too, *too* few indications in our preſent manners) ſhall turn the general taſte of the kingdom towards *ornamented farms*, ſuch an event cannot be ſuppoſed to be ſuddenly brought about. Hence the precepts that relate to this elegant part of gardening, will in this place be wholly unneceſſary, and our attention muſt be confined to the management of the larger trees, which are already found in theſe regions.

Scotch firs, though a favourite tree with many people, ſeem to require a good deal of judgment in their uſe; for they may be ſo planted as to injure a landſcape more perhaps than they are generally ſeen to adorn it. In hanging-woods (with which this country abounds) they frequently appear to diſadvantage *however diſpoſed*. A ſingle tree in this caſe often looks like a blot, and a plantation like a daub; eſpecially in winter, when the moſt is expected from their verdure. The reaſon of this ſeems to be the darkneſs of their colour, and the obviouſneſs of their *whole* form and

out-line: from the firſt particular they always attract the eye more than any thing elſe, and, from the ſecond, hurt the imagination with preſenting to it only a parcel of ſmall *limited* ſtreaks or patches, aukwardly *inclined* to the horizon. When ſlightly and irregularly interſperſed in woods of this kind, they may now and then pleaſe from variety. But, in general, they come ſo forward to the eye, and, at a good diſtance, in winter, ſo much reſemble *yew*, *holly*, and the like gloomy and barren-looking trees, that they do a real injury to the ſoft and pleaſing tints, which reſult from the native ſtems, and which, from uſe, beſt accords with the idea of thriving woodlands.

For theſe reaſons Scotch firs look beſt when they are ſeen in large *horizontal* plantations, on low (or at leaſt *not* high) ground; when the front is only expoſed to ſight, (hence their depth backward imagined very great) and when the blue vapours of an extended horizon are ſeen over their tops. In this caſe they have a very grand effect, and form a fine dark contraſt to the pale and diſtinct features of the over-looking hills.

Thoſe circular groups of trees called *clumps*, are oftener ſeen than worthy of praiſe. They appear to have the beſt effect (if they muſt be uſed) for near views, or when they are found in the middle of a *level* open vale of fine lawn or meadow. But on the *ſides* of diſtant hills, or mountains, (where they are ſeen *all round)* their appearance is truly paltry. The more ſmooth and large theſe eminences are, the more improper this ſpecies of ornament becomes; and in ſhort, I apprehend, the features of a lady's face would ſcarce be more injured by the mark of her thimble, than the features of ſeveral hills would be by theſe unnatural circles.—At the ſame time however that we cenſure this mode of decorating mountains, it may be proper to obſerve that if they be wholly covered with wood, or lightly interſperſed with ſingle trees, &c. the effect will be natural and pleaſing.

But

But the moſt abſurd decoration of theſe eminences in vogue is a few trees placed on their top, ſo that the whole boles of the foremoſt ranks may be ſeen down to their very roots. Trees we know are chiefly the produce of the lower parts of the earth's ſurface, and to ſee the roots of ſome above the heads of others, as it were, tier above tier, is not natural, and therefore not beautiful.—Houſes, which are the work of art, ſeldom look well in this form. In ſhort, whatever be the circumſtances of the baſe of a fine mountain as to wood, its top ſhould either be wholly naked, or ornamented with one of thoſe artificial erections ſpoken of above.

Theſe obſervations will alſo hold good with reſpect to little abrupt prominences, or ſwells, in ornamented grounds; which (if they muſt be tampered with) would receive more improvement from being encircled with an aſſortment of ſhrubs, over whoſe tops the crowns of the hills (either plain or terminated with ſome agreeable erection of ſtone) might be fairly ſeen, than from a few large trees, planted, as we often find, on their ſummits. For where theſe ſwells are pretty frequent (as they moſtly are in uneven countries) art is better applied in lowering them, as it were *to the eye*, than in giving them *real* additional height.

As to avenues of tall trees, they have certainly a noble effect for a private walk, or the firſt part of an approach to a gentleman's ſeat. But, ſeen from diſtant eminences, they often betray a good deal of the formality of a common fence.

To cloſe the ſubject with a maxim or two more. Keep all large trees at a good diſtance from every neat-looking houſe*. Always conſider extenſive unevenly-bounded fo-

* Reſpecting *houſes* I would juſt obſerve, by the bye, that to any perſon, ſave a native inured to them, buildings of *blue rag* without mortar have a very mean and depreſſing look, and that, if it fall conveniently within reach, the common rough-caſt of limeſtone countries has the moſt neat and chearful appearance of any outſide finiſh, of an eaſy expence, and of eaſy management.

reſts to have an infinitely better effect in a landſcape, than an equal quantity of trees diſperſed over it in crowded formally-incloſed patches. And, above all things, never forget the ſuperlative beauty which (for a near view) may be given to a park, farm, or cultivated country, by ſingle trees, lightly and irregularly placed out of the hedge-rows.

The bounds of this article will not admit of more than a few leading remarks on this ſubject; but I fancy if the above hints were obſerved they would be ſufficient, under the influence of taſte, for the intended purpoſe. And though they are thrown out more particularly with a view to one part of the country included in this tour, yet it is all ſo much alike, in ſeveral reſpects, that they might be attended to with the ſame advantage in every other. And were theſe ideas verified, I flatter myſelf this northern diſtrict would be worthy of being termed the Britiſh Arcadia, and exhibit, nearly to the utmoſt pitch of the poet's fancy,

"An ample theatre of ſylvan grace."
Maſon's Engliſh garden.

This to the more wealthy of its inhabitants. To the more humble I will juſt ſubjoin a finiſhing word.

That you are placed in one of the moſt beautiful diſtricts in the kingdom, the number of its viſitors of all ranks conſtantly teſtify; and you will ſee it is one purpoſe of this book to make it ſtill more known. And if you be not the happieſt people, the fault muſt be in yourſelves; ſince nature has bountifully beſtowed upon you every eſſential requiſite of enjoyment. Be therefore content to purſue your innocent, though humble vocations, without letting a wiſh wander beyond your peaceful vales; and now and then turn your thoughts towards thoſe particulars which annually bring among you ſo many wealthy and reſpectable viſitors. Keep your highways in good order (for, as obſerved before, their

their beauty is eſſential to rural beauty*.) Preſerve your native modeſty, and never let envy mar your civility. When you prune a fence joining to a public road, put the branches where they can be no annoyance †, and then, as you are already exemplary in many moral virtues, you will ſet a pattern of rural decency worthy of the imitation of ſeveral politer parts of the kingdom.

* The great advantage that any town receives in appearance, merely from the letters on the various *ſigns*, &c. being elegantly done, is very evident. And were the *finger-poſts* on the roads executed with proper taſte, they might be made as ornamental as they are uſeful; and hence yield due credit to the public-ſpirit of the townſhips to which they belong, inſtead of being thought (as they often are at preſent) lamentable indications of their ignorance and poverty.

† It may alſo be here proper to remind the huſbandmen and farmers of another ſlovenly practice they are frequently guilty of in moſt countries; I mean the cuſtom of throwing *ſtones*, *weeds*, and other kinds of *rubbiſh*, from their fields, upon the face of the roads, with no more regard to the ſeemlineſs of its appearance than to the moral honeſty of the deed. If they cannot comprehend that they have no more right to make uſe of the roads for this purpoſe than a neighbour's field, and, that, though generally connived at, the practice is wrong, the ſurveyors would do very well to teach them this decent piece of knowledge by the proper ſeverities of the law.

ARTICLE IX.

ACCOUNT OF

ENNERDALE.

IN a ride from Keſwick to Ennerdale, the mountains, between whoſe baſe an irregular avenue opens for the curious touriſt, are more variegated than thoſe in other regions of this little world of wonders. In the courſe of ten minutes travelling, he will behold the moſt beautiful verdure climbing to the ſummit of one, a buſhy wood creeping to the top of another, and the moſt tremendous fragments of rock ſcowling from the front of a third. The Pillar challenges particular notice.

If a tranſient ſtorm diſturb, or intercept the view, which frequently happens in the ſereneſt days of ſummer, the appearance is not only awful but pleaſing; and the traveller will frequently *behold* a tempeſt, without *feeling* it. The commotion is far above him; and, where he treads, all is calm, ſolemn, and ſilent. As he approaches the vale of Ennerdale, in whoſe boſom one of the moſt enchanting of the lakes is ſeated, he will find the rugged ſcenery of the country gradually refining, and as he winds round the foot of the Pillar, he will diſcover a viſta which cannot fail to ſtrike the moſt indifferent obſerver with aſtoniſhment and pleaſure.

The mountains, which ſerve to heighten this ſcene and enhance its ſurpriſe, are Stye-head, Honiſter-crag, Waſtdale, the Pillar, and Red-pike. The Liza waters the baſe of the latter

latter, and on its margin lies an even, level road, not formed by the hand of man, but presenting the appearance of a pavement to the eye, whose view, though not bounded by any of the towering objects already mentioned, must rest on the verdant island of Gillerthwaite, whose romantic situation must be seen; description cannot furnish an idea of its beauty.

An essayist, in the provincial paper of this country, speaking of this place, says, "It forms a picture such as the canvas never presented; it embraces a variety so distributed as no pencil can ever imitate. No designer in romance ever allotted such a residence to his Fairy inhabitants. I had almost said no recluse over wooed religion in such a blessed retirement"——"The genius of Ovid would have transformed the most favoured of his heroes into a river, and poured his waters into the channel of the Liza, there to wander by the verdant bounds of Gillerthwaite; the sweet reward of patriotism and virtue."

Gillerthwaite is not, however, an island, though almost as much contrasted in the landscape as land with water. It is a patch of enclosed, and apparently highly-cultivated ground, on a stony desart of immeasurable extent; for the mountains on each side of it are the most barren in their aspect, and continue that appearance till their heads mix with the horizon. There are two decent farm-houses on the enclosure, and, from the serpentine tract of the valley, no other habitation of man is visible.

From Gillerthwaite, the road already briefly described (and which a very little industry might make convenient for most occasions) leads towards the pride of the valley, once the seat of power and splendour, of which some faint remains are yet to be traced. The lake of Ennerdale appears in view. To the left, a majestic wood, rising gradually up the side of Cold-fell, from the opposite shore of the water, imparts

imparts the moſt graceful ornament to the entrance into a region perfectly different from the laſt. A ſhort turn to the right lays the whole lake and valley open to the view, and Herd-houſe preſents his tawny front, as Regent of the ſcene. The furniture of the lake (if the expreſſion may be allowed) is totally changed. On the traveller's ſide (the eaſt) the farms are ſtretched out, and exhibit a verdure ſeldom ſeen in the moſt fertile parts of this kingdom; and in a compaſs of a few miles, the number of ſmall tenements, ſeem to ſay with Goldſmith,

"Here ev'ry rood maintains its man."

On the oppoſite ſhore of this little ocean (which is frequently ſeen vexed with *little* ſtorms of ſhort duration) the mountain towers with great dignity; neither terrible nor inviting in its aſpect; but ſuited to the ſerenity of the ſpot, which is calculated to inſpire ſentiments at once ſublime and chearful.

The language of poetry never applied "*The clear mirror of the flood*" with greater propriety than a deſcription of this lake would adopt it on many occaſions; the extent of the water is particularly calculated, with the height of the adjoining mountain, to produce the moſt aſtoniſhing reflection from its ſurface; and the ſituation of the neighbouring mountains occaſion ſuch frequent changes of the atmoſphere, in the courſe of a ſummer's day (and at no other ſeaſon, it is preſumed, theſe parts are viſited by ſtrangers) that the touriſt will hardly be diſappointed in viewing the picture in all its great variety of light and ſhade.

ARTICLE

ARTICLE X.

SPECIMENS OF

THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

Theſe are taken from the poems of the ingenious and modeſt RELPH; an author of ſome eſtimation in thoſe parts, and whoſe paſtorals in particular are admired by all judges, for their exact delineation (after the beſt claſſic models) of the language and manners of his ruſtic countrymen.

HARVEST;

OR,

THE BASHFUL SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL.

IN THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

WHEN welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the ſhelter of a neighbouring grove,
Robin, a love-ſick ſwain, lagg'd far behind,
Nor ſeem'd the weight of falling ſhow'rs to mind;
A diſtant, ſolitary ſhade he ſought,
And thus diſclos'd the troubles of his thought.

Ay, ay, thur drops may cuil my out-ſide heat,
Thur callar blaſts may wear the boilen ſweat:
But my het bluid, my heart aw' in a bruil,
Nor callar blaſts can wear, nor drops can cuil.

Here,

GLOSSARY.

Thur, theſe. cuil. cool. caller, cold. wear, cool or allay. boilen, boiling. het, hot. bluid, blood. aw', all. bruil, broil.

Here, here it was (a wae light on the pleace)
'At firſt I gat a gliff o' Betty's feace:
Blyth on this trod the ſmurker tripp'd, and theer
At the deail-head unluckily we ſhear:
Heedleſs I glim'd, nor could my een command,
'Till gaſh the ſickle went into my hand:
Down hell'd the bluid; the ſhearers aw' braſt out
In ſweels of laughter; Betty luik'd about;
Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace:
What cou'd I de in ſeck a diſpert keaſe?

Away I ſleeng'd, to grandy meade my mean,
My grandy (God be wud her, now ſhe's geane)
Skilfu' the guſhen bluid wi' cockwebs ſtaid;
Then on the ſair an healen plaiſter laid;
The healen plaiſter eas'd the painful ſair,
The arr indeed remains, but neathing mair.

Not ſae the other wound, that inward ſmart,
My grandy cou'd not cure a bleedin heart;
I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,
And aw my life-time mun be fworc'd to bear,
'Leſs Betty will a kind phyſician pruive;
For nin but ſhe has ſkill to medcin luive.

But how ſhou'd honeſt Betty give relief?
Betty's a parfet ſtranger to my grief:

Oft

GLOSSARY.

Wae, woe. pleace, place. 'at, that. gliff, a tranſient view. feace, face. trod, foot-path. ſmurker, ſmiler. theer, there. deail-head, a narrow plat of ground in a common field. ſhear, reaped. glim'd, looked aſkance. een, eyes. gaſh, to cut. hell'd, poured. 'aw, all. braſt, burſt. ſweels, ſwells or burſts. luik'd, looked. reed, red. reeder, redder. feace, face. de, do. ſeck, ſuch. keaſe, caſe. ſleeng'd, went creepingly away. grandy, grandmother. meade, made. mean, moan. wud, with. geane, gone. guſhen, guſhing. bluid, blood. cockwebs, cobwebs. ſair, ſore. healen, healing. arr, ſcar or mark. neathing, nothing. mair, more. ſae, ſo. bworn, born. lang, long. mun, muſt. fworc'd, forc'd. pruive, prove. nin, none. luive, love. parfet, perfect.

Oft I've reſolv'd my ailment to explain;
Oft I've reſolv'd indeed,—but all in vain:
A ſpringin bluſh ſpread faſt owr aither cheek,
Down Robin luik'd, and deuce a word cou'd ſpeak.

Can I forget that neet? (I never can)
When on the clean ſweep'd hearth the ſpinnels ran.
The laſſes drew their line wi' buſy ſpeed;
The lads as buſy, minded every thread.
When ſad! the line ſae ſlender Betty drew,
Snap went the thread, and down the ſpinnel flew;
To me it meade—the lads began to glop—
What cou'd I de? I mud, mud take it up;
I tuik it up, and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
E'en reach'd it back without the ſweet reward.

O laſtin ſtain, even yet it's eith to treace,
A guilty conſcience in my bluſhen feace:
I fain wad weſh it out, but never can;
Still fair it bides, like bluid of ſackleſs man.

Nought ſae was Wully baſhfu'—Wully ſpy'd
A par of ſciſſars at the laſs's ſide;
Thar lows'd, he ſleely drop'd the ſpinnel down—
And what ſaid Betty?—Betty ſtruive to frown;
Up flew her hand to ſouſe the cowren lad,
But ah! I thought it fell not down owr ſad:
What follow'd I think mickle to repeat,
My teeth aw' watter'd then, and watter yet.

E'en

GLOSSARY.

Springen, ſpringing. owr, over. aither, either. luik'd, look'd. neet, night. ſpinnels, ſpindles. wi', with. ſae, ſo. meade, made. glop, ſtare. de, do. mud, muſt. tak, take. tuik, took. gangs, goes. pleaguy, plaguy. laſten, laſting. eith, eaſy. treace, trace. bluſhen, bluſhing. feace, face. wad, wou'd. weſh, waſh. bides, abides. bluid, blood. ſackleſs, innocent. ſae, ſo. Wully, Willy. par, pair. thar, them. lows'd, loos'd. ſleely, ſlyly. ſpinnel, ſpindle. ſtruive, ſtrove. cowren, crouching. owr, over. mickle, much. aw', all. watter'd, water'd.

E'en weel is he 'at ever he was bworn!
He's free frae aw' this bitterment and ſcworn.
What mun I ſtill be faſh'd wi' ſtraglen-ſheep,
Wi' far fetch'd ſighs, and things I ſaid a-ſleep;
Still ſhamfully left ſnafflen by my ſell,
And ſtill, ſtill dogg'd wi' the damn'd neame o' *mell?*

Whare's now the pith (this luive! the deuce ga' wi't!)
The pith I ſhew'd whene'er we ſtruive to beat;
When a lang lwonin through the cworn I meade,
And buſtlin far behind the leave ſurvey'd.

Dear heart! that pith is geane, and comes nae mair,
'Till Betty's kindneſs fall the loſs repair;
And ſhe's net like (how ſud ſhe?) to be kind,
'Till I have freely ſpoken out my mind,
'Till I have learnt to feace the maiden clean,
Oil'd my ſlow tongue, and edg'd my ſheepiſh een.

A buik theer is—a buik—the neame—ſham fawt:
Something o' compliments, I think, they caw't:
'At meakes a clowniſh lad a clever ſpark,
O hed I this! this buik wad de my wark;
And I's reſolv'd to hav't, whatever't coſt;
My flute—for what's my flute if Betty's loſt?
But if ſae bonny a laſs but be my bride,
I need not any comfort lait beſide.

Farewell

GLOSSARY.

Weel, well. 'at, that. bworn, born. frae, from. ſcworn, ſcorn. mun, muſt. faſh'd, troubled. wi', with. ſtraglen, ſtraggling. ſhamfully, ſhamefully. ſnafflen, ſauntering. ſell, ſelf. neame, name. o' mell, of the hindmoſt. [*mell* a beetle.] whare's, where's. luive, love. ga' wi't, go with it. ſtruive, ſtrove. lang, long. lwonin, lane. cworn, corn. meade, made. buſtlin, buſtling. leave or lave, all the reſt. geane, gone. nea mair, no more. ſall, ſhall. ſud, ſhou'd. feace, face. een, eyes. buik, book. theer, there. neame, name. ſham faw't, ſhame befall it. caw't, call it. 'at meakes, that makes. hed, had. wad, wou'd. wark, work. I's, I'm. hav't, have it. whatever't, whatever it. ſae, ſo. lait, ſeek.

Farewell my flute then yet or Carliſle fair;
When to the ſtationer's I'll ſtright repair,
And bauldly for thur compliments enquear;
Care I a fardin, let the 'prentice jeer.

That dune, a handſome letter I'll indite,
Handſome as ever country lad did write;
A letter 'at ſall tell her aw' I feel,
And aw' my wants without a bluſh reveal.

But now the clouds brek off, and ſineways run;
Out frae his ſhelter lively luiks the ſun,
Brave hearty blaſts the droopin barley dry,
The lads are gaen to ſhear—and ſae mun I.

GLOSSARY.

Stright, ſtreight. bauldly, boldly. thur, theſe. enquear, enquire. fardin, farthing. dune, done. 'at ſall, that ſhall. aw', all. brek, break. ſineways, ſundry ways. frae, from. luiks, looks. droopin, drooping. gaen, gone. ſhear, reap. ſae mun. ſo muſt.

HORACE, Book II. Ode 7.

TRANSLATED IN THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

THE ſnaw has left the fells, and fled,
Their tops i' green the trees hev' cled,
The grund wi' ſindry flowers is ſawn;
And to their ſtint the becks are fawn:
Nor fear the nymphs and graces mair
To dance it in the meadows bare.

The

GLOSSARY.

Snaw, ſnow. fells, mountains. i'green, in green. hev' cled, have clad. grund, ground. wi', with. ſindry, ſundry. ſawn, ſown. ſtint, uſual meaſure. becks, rivulets or ſmall brooks. fawn, fall'n. mair, more.

The year 'at ſlips ſae faſt away,
Whiſpers we mun not think to ſtay:
The ſpring ſuin thows the winter froſt,
To meet the ſpring does ſimmer poſt,
Frae ſimmer, autumn clicks the hauld,
And back at yence is winter cauld.
Yit muins off-hand meake up their loſs;
But ſuin as we the watter croſs,
To Tullus great, Æneas guid,
We're duſt and ſhadows wuthout bluid.
And whae, Torquatus, can be ſworn
'At thame abuin 'ill grant to-mworn?
Leeve than; what's war't i' murry chear
Frae thankleſs heirs is gitten clear.
When death, my friend, yence ligs ye faſt,
And Minus juſt your duim has paſt,
Your reace, and wit, and worth 'ill mak
But a peer ſhift to bring you back.
Diana (ſhe's a goddeſs tee)
Gets not Hippolitus ſet free;
And, Theſeus, aw' that ſtrength of thine,
Can never brek Pirithous' chyne.

GLOSSARY.

'At ſlips, that ſlides. ſae, ſo. mun not, muſt not. ſuin, ſoon. thows, thaws. ſimmer, ſummer. frae ſimmer, from ſummer. clicks, catches or ſnatches away. hauld, hold. yence, once. cauld, cold. yit, yet. muins, moons. meake, make. ſuin, ſoon. watter, water. guid, good. wuthout bluid, without blood. whae, who. 'at thame abuin, that them above. 'ill, will. to-mworn, to-morrow. leeve than, live then. war't, laid out or expended. i' murry, in merry. frae, from. gitten, got or gotten. yence, once. ligs, lays. Minus, Minos. duim, doom. reace, race. 'ill mak, will make. peer, poor. tee, too. aw', all. brek, break. chyne chain.

ARTICLE

ARTICLE XI.

SOME REMARKS

RESPECTING THE PROVINCIAL WORDS, &c. USED BY THE COMMON PEOPLE IN THE LIMITS OF THIS TOUR.

THE language of any people, however refined it may become in time, has undoubtedly arifen from fome rude original, and he, therefore, who wifhes thoroughly to underftand its genius and primary elements, muft, if poffible, make himfelf acquainted with its formation in its earlieft ftages. Now this knowledge is often beft acquired from the mouths of the vulgar, who, living far removed from refinement, have probably retained a dialect nearly the fame with that which refulted from the laft cafual admixture it underwent among their ruftic anceftors; and which in England was the union of the Saxon with the ancient Britifh. On this account the critic in our language would at prefent receive the beft information concerning its principles and character, by ftudying the provincial dialects of the times in fome of the moft retired diftricts. And as they are now fuffering a daily change from the rapid progrefs made of late in every branch of politenefs, it is to be wifhed, that for this end our provincial hiftorians had carefully attended to and preferved the peculiar terms and phrafes of the vulgar dialects, current in their refpective divifions*. Particularly this was to be wifhed

* It is alfo to be wifhed (and in this wifh I have the concurrence of feveral judicious friends) that the ingenious in thefe parts would immediately fet about making collections of the *oldeft words* and *peculiar phrafes* ufed by their common neighbours, and preferve them in cafe fome learned and properly-qualified perfon fhould hereafter undertake to give us a complete dictionary of the *Weftmorland and Cumberland dialects*, to whom they might be of the greateft fervice. Of fuch a work the lifts of words which has lately appeared in the *Tour to the Caves*, might be a beginning.

of the counties of Weſtmorland and Cumberland, where the common ſpeech at this day (beſides many obſolete words uſed by our elder poets, from Chaucer down to Spencer, &c.) contains ſeveral unnoticed roots and elements of derivation. Theſe dialects are much different in many words from the broad Lancaſhire: and were they collected and digeſted in ſome ſuch manner as the ſpecimens of an *Engliſh-Britiſh-Dictionary*, given us by the ingenious and learned author of the *Hiſtory of Manchester*, and his completed, I am ſatisfied theſe works, with the aſſiſtance of the Welch, ancient Corniſh, Iſlandic, and the remains of other Gothic and Teutonic languages, would throw an unexpected light on the baſes, ſtructure, and analogies of the Engliſh tongue.

As a ſlight ſpecimen of this, I will put down the derivation of a few words, of which we find little in our dictionaries, or little ſatisfactory. Many more might be given from a curſory recollection, but we muſt not forget the chief intent of this volume, and that *Swift's diſcourſe on the antiquity of the Engliſh tongue* is perhaps in more hands than may know the due limits of its ridicule. And ſhould theſe etymologies appear to ſome more whimſical than juſt, it ſhould be remembered

There are alſo in theſe parts (as in every other part alike retired) ſeveral ſtories of apparitions, witches, fairies, &c.—ſeveral traditionary tales of ſtrange occurrences,—and many compoſitions of rural bards, under the titles of *ſpeech plays*, *maſking ſongs*, &c. which if collected as much as poſſible in their provincial dreſs, and preſerved in ſome public library, before they are likely to be loſt in the more engaging amuſements of theſe improving times, might be of conſiderable uſe to the future gramarian, hiſtorian, or inveſtigator of the progreſs of ſociety and manners. The poet too, might from theſe traditionary narratives, and ſuperſtitious ideas, gain more materials for ſome provinces of his fanciful art, than from the richeſt invention: for it is not eaſy to ſuppoſe he can form for himſelf as ſtriking a combination of events, and aſſociation of ideas, as may have been furniſhed by the accidents of time, and the fruitfulneſs of ſuperſtition; and on the account of which *ſtrikingneſs*, theſe fire-ſide tales have obtained ſo long and general a tradition as many of them can boaſt—But I am content with barely throwing out a hint, which if thought worth notice will not need any farther enlargement.

bered that they appeal to the only *kind* of evidence of which they are capable; that they cannot *all* yield the *ſame* degree of conviction, and that this ſort of enquiry is a matter of *ſelf-perſuaſion* from a view of circumſtances, and not of *demonſtrative proof* from undeniable principles.

Deſs, in this vulgar dialect, is *to put in order*. Hence a *writing-deſk*, in which are contained little cells, and other conveniences of arrangement, has its name. *Diſtaff* is conſequently properly *deſs-ſtaff*, or a ſtaff or rod on which the flax is fitly diſpoſed for ſpinning. It is alſo probable that from this idea we have the word *dreſs*, both as applied to the perſon and things, as *dreſſing* of victuals, &c.

The endeavour of children to get upon any thing, is in this country termed *to clever*. Hence the phraſe of *a clever fellow* primarily means one who is capable of ſurmounting any thing he undertakes

Kink, is to be thrown into the convulſions which we obſerve in the higheſt degree of coughing or laughter. Hence the cough in children which always puts on this ſtrained appearance is called the *Kink cough*. From an ignorance of this etymology, though with ſome reference to the ſound, we find the word wrote *chin*, or *king-cough*. Alſo the *loops* which twiſted threads (or hairs for fiſhing-lines) are apt to run into are ſometimes called *kinks*. From which it appears in both caſes, that an idea of *convulſion* is implied in the term *kink*.

Wee, in Cumberland, ſignifies *little*. Hence *wevel* (the inſect in corn) is formed of *wee* and *evil*, and means, the *little evil*. *Wee* combined with *edge* makes *wedge*, a well-known inſtrument with a *ſmall* or *thin* edge.

Hee, is the term for *high*. Hence *hedge* is from *hee-edge*, or *high-edge*. At firſt this fence would be made of earth and ſtones, and afterwards quick fences ſerving the ſame purpoſe would have the ſame name.

Any thing that moves on a pivot (as the part of the loom that is pulled by the hand among the threads) is called a *ſlay*. Hence a hammer faſtened upon a ſhaft to move in this manner is called a *ſledge* from *ſlay* and *edge*. It is not ſo clear that *ſledge* is from *ſea-edge*, but the verb *to ſlay*, comes plainly from the like idea of *ſwinging the arm*.

Do, in theſe parts is *dee* or *due*. Hence *Devil* is formed of *dee-evil*. In like manner, the true original meaning of *ſnivel* and *drivel* (from whence we have the opprobrious terms of *ſniveler* and *driveler*) may be eaſily gained,

When cabbins ſerved for houſes, what they put over the entrance to keep out the weather, was called *due o'er*, that is, the thing to *do-over*. Hence the origin of the word *door*, both as an opening and as an inſtrument.

Heck, is a little gate made of rails (generally pointed and upright) for ſeveral domeſtic purpoſes. Whence we have the term *hack* for an implement uſed in digging. The long pointed feathers on a cock's neck are alſo on this account called *hackles*. Hence the name of *hackle* for the well-known inſtrument for dreſſing flax, and hence alſo the etymology of the word *icicle*, which is evidently *ice-hackle*, or a long pointed piece of ice, and which conveys a very characteriſtic idea.

Arr (whence *ſcarr*) ſignifies *a mark*, made by the action of ſomething upon another. Hence the common term *arr-edge*, means the edge of any thing that is liable to hurt or *arr*. But as a final ſyllable the term is of the moſt ſtriking uſe in explaining words.—*Wizard* hence evidently means one *marked* with *wiſdom*; *Godard* with *goodneſs*; *haggard*, with the ſhrivelled, &c. look of a *hag*; *drunkard*, with *drink*; *ſluggard*, with *ſloth*; *muſtard*, with *muſt*; *dotard*, with *dotage*; *Richard*, with *riches*; *coward*, perhaps with the proverbial *timidity* of a *cow*, and query if *aukward*, be not from *oak-ard i. e.* one marked with the *ſtiff*, *ruſty* look of an *oak?*

Hence

Hence too the eruptive diſorder which appears on the ſkin, like marks made by the ſcratching of a cat, is vulgarly called *cat-arrles;* and query if the term *harrow* be not from the *marks*, or *arrs*, made in *rows*, by that inſtrument, *i. e* an *arr-row?*

Kelter, or *ſkelter*, (a word almoſt forgot) means *order* as to arrangement, or *condition* as to body. Hence the phraſe of people running *helter ſkelter*, means running in deſpite of all order; *helter* order meaning *hang* order, as we ſay *hang* ſorrow, &c.

Stirrup, is from *Stay-rope*, a rope with a nooſe at the end, faſtened to the ſaddle to put the foot in, in which form ſome old drawings repreſent it.

Healm, or *heam*, is a Saxon word for *ſtraw*, though now out of uſe, and is here the preſent vulgar pronunciation of *home*. From this circumſtance it is not improbable but that ſtraw, which once conſtituted the moſt general bed, might give the name to the place of domeſtic repoſe, by the ſame figure that has denominated our ordinary repaſts *meals*, from the *meal* that was heretofore the general food, and as *boarding* and *tabling* mean the gratuity of ſo much per week for victuals eat on *boards* and *tables*, &c.—Hence it is eaſy to ſee *hamlet* means a *lot* or parcel of *homes;* and hence is had perhaps the term *ham* for the wooden collar now put on the neck of a cart horſe, from its connection with a *boſs*, or *ſupport*, which it is well known was not long ſince in ſeveral places made of *ſtraw*, called a *barriham*.

Stee, is the vulgar name here for *ladder*, and *ſteel* for *ſtyle*. Hence the idea of ſomething high or upright, which is contained in theſe words, *ſteep, ſtep, ſteeple*.

Hoſe, is an old Furneſs-fell word for the *throat;* and the canvas pipe with which ſailors draw water from their caſks, &c.

&c. is called a *hoſe*. From this it ſeems not improbable, that *ſtockings* have been called *hoſe* on account of their *throat-like* appearance.

Cap or *cob*, means *head*, *maſter*, *top*, &c. Hence the common word *cobby* means *heady*, *tyrannical*, and hence *cob-nut* (or *job-nut*) means a ſtrift for maſtery between the contending nuts.

Atter, it is well known ſignifies blood or gore, and hence we have a very characteriſtic meaning in the name of *atter-cob* given in theſe parts to the ſpider; *i. e.* a *bloody tyrant*. Mr. Whitaker derives this word from the Welch term *Adyr-cop* ſignifying the *top-inſect*, in alluſion to its common reſidence in the tops of houſes, but I imagine the above is the more likely etymology, as it is more ſignificant of its ſanguinary manner of living.

Scale, means *to ſpread* or *diſperſe abroad*. It is uſed in the following paſſage of *Shakeſpear's Coriolanus*, and, after puzzling the former editors, was only diſcovered by Mr. Stevens in the laſt edition.

> ——————I ſhall tell you
> A pretty tale, it may be you have heard it;
> But, ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
> To *ſcale't* a little more.

Thus much reſpecting the *meaning of words*; what follows is a concluding remark with regard to *ſound*.

One would think there is ſo great a likeneſs in the form of theſe originally Saxon or Britiſh words, *wound*, *ſound*, *bound*, *ground*, *pound*, &c. that there could be no variation in the form of pronouncing them, wherever they were all uſed. Yet the word *wound* is of late become an exception among the politer part of the world, who pronounce it *woond*, or in ſuch

ſuch a manner as it will not rhyme with any of the other words. This mode of ſpeaking the word under conſideration is preciſely the *vulgar one* uſed in ſome of theſe northern parts where they call *ſound*, *ſoond*—*hound*, *hoond*—*pound*, *poond*—*ground*, *groond*, &c. in which pronunciation, though we cannot think there is much beauty, there is undoubtedly a becoming uniformity worthy of imitation.

It is not eaſy to ſee on what account this word *wound* was ſingled out for the favourite alteration, but it is eaſy to ſee that its new ſound will injure the rhymes of many of our beſt poets, particularly Pope, who always conſiders *wound* as rhyming with any of the other words above-mentioned. This hint may perhaps give a ſouth-country perſon, a different idea than he might have entertained of the propriety of the innovation in queſtion: for certainly nothing ought to be adopted into a language which is *unneceſſary* contrary to its analogy and fundamental laws.

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